"HUNTING THE MASTODON," AN ADVENTURE STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH, BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

CHICAGO LEDGER

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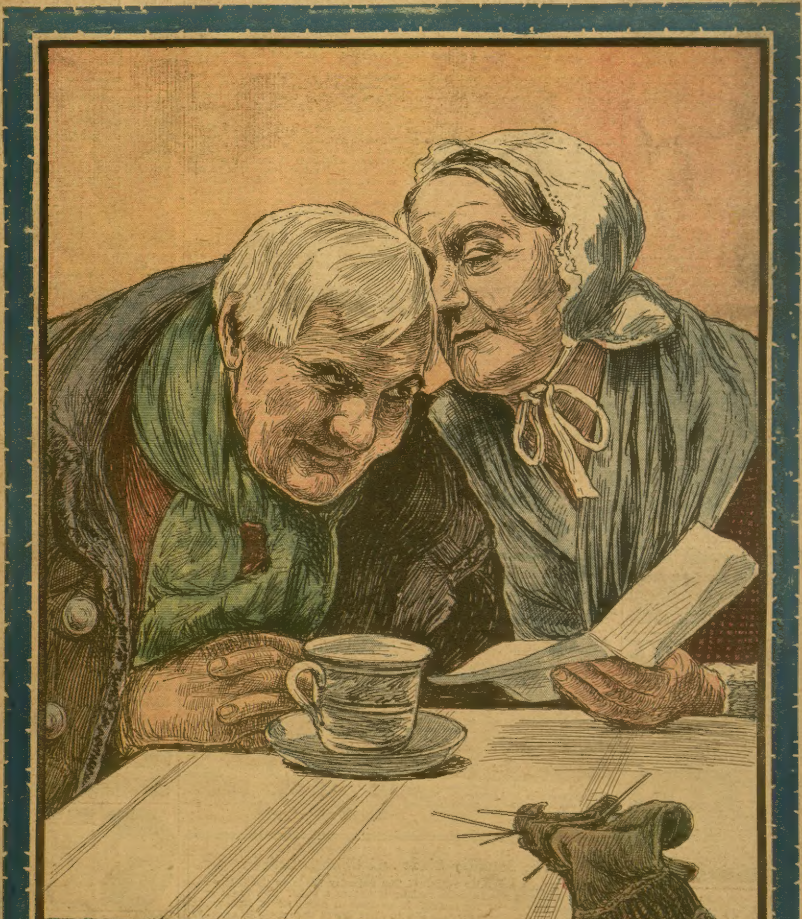

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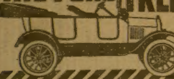

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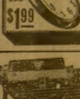

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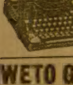

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This Is a Woman's War

THIS is in a very real sense a woman's war. The Chinese traditions of Attila do not contain accounts of such barbarities practiced upon women and children as those in Belgium and France. The barbarities practiced upon men make it equally a woman's war. It is a false philosophy that teaches women to talk of peace when there can be no peace and to keep on affirming the proposition that women can put an end to all wars, when in that act they narcotize those who should be heart and soul in the great rear guard that must stand behind our boys on land and sea, says the Chicago Post.

Women make up the morale of that rear guard, and thus of the front line itself. In the American Revolution, which changed the tides of all history, women played an inspiring part.

Patrick Henry and Mr. Pendleton, Washington's colleagues in the Virginia delegation, spent a day and night at Mount Vernon on their way to attend the first Continental Congress. Mr. Pendleton afterward wrote to a friend:

"I was much pleased with Mrs. Washington and her spirit. She seemed ready to make any sacrifice, tho I know she felt very anxious. She talked like a Spartan mother to her son on going to battle. 'I hope you will all stand firm—I know George will,' she said. When we set off in the morning she cheered us with good words—'God be with you, gentlemen.'

"To a kinswoman who deprecated what she called 'George's folly,' Martha Washington wrote: 'Yes, I foresee consequences—dark days and darker nights; domestic happiness suspended; social enjoyments abandoned; property of every kind put in jeopardy by war, perhaps; neighbors and friends at variance, and eternal separations on earth possible. But what are all these evils when compared with the fate of which the port bill may be only a threat? My mind is made up. George is right; he is always right. God has promised the righteous, and I will trust Him.' "

In the dark days that came Martha Washington was a Red Cross and chaplain all in one. A young girl who accompanied her on her errands of mercy at Valley Forge, many years after, recalling those days, said: "I never in my life knew a woman so busy from early morning until late at night, providing comforts for the sick soldiers. Every day, except Sunday, the wives of the officers in camp, and sometimes other women, were invited to Mr. Pott's to assist her in knitting socks, patching garments and making shirts for the poor soldiers, when materials could be procured. Every day she might be seen with basket in hand and with a single attendant going among the huts, seeking the keenest and most needy sufferers and giving all the comfort to them in her power. I sometimes went with her, for I was a stout girl, 16 years old.

"On one occasion she went to the hut of a dying sergeant, whose young wife was with him. His case seemed particularly to touch the heart of the good lady, and after she had given him wholesome food prepared with her own hands she knelt down by his straw pallet and prayed earnestly for him and his wife with her sweet and solemn voice. I shall never forget that scene."

When John Adams went to the meeting of delegates mentioned above the thoughts of his gifted wife were with him, and she wrote:

"What course you can or will take is wrapped in the bosom of futurity. Uncertainty and expectation leave the mind great scope. Did ever any kingdom or State regain its liberty, when once it was invaded, without bloodshed? I cannot think of it without horror. Yet we are told that all the misfortunes of Sparta were occasioned by the too great solicitude for present tranquility, and from an excessive love of peace they neglected the means of making it sure and lasting. They ought to have reflected, says Polybius, that, 'As there is nothing more desirable or advantageous than peace when founded in justice and honor, so there is nothing more shameful and at the same time more pernicious when attained by bad measures and purchased at the expense of liberty.' "

Those who were shocked at the Russian "Battalion of Death" had forgotten our Revolutionary heroine, Molly Pitcher. This is a war to make secure the liberties for which those men and women fought and sacrificed, and it calls for the wholehearted service and self-sacrifice of those who believe in American ideals and free institutions.

Superstitions About Brides

Married in gray, you will go far away.

Married in black, you will wish yourself back.

Married in brown, you will live out of town.

Married in red, you will wish yourself dead.

Married in green, ashamed to be seen.

Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow.

Married in blue, he will always be true.

Married in pink, your spirits will sink.

Married in white, you have chosen aright.

Marry Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday the best day of all; Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all.

A January bride will be a prudent housekeeper and very good-tempered.

A February bride will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

A March bride will be a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

An April bride will be inconstant but fairly good looking.

A May bride will be handsome, amiable and likely to be happy.

A June bride will be impetuous and generous.

A July bride will be handsome and smart, but a trifle quick-tempered.

An August bride will be amiable and practical.

A September bride will be discreet, affable and much liked.

An October bride will be pretty, coquettish, loving but jealous.

A November bride will be liberal, kind, but of a wild disposition.

A December bride will be fond of novelty, entertaining, but extravagant.

The bride should never entirely don her wedding garments before the hour set for the ceremony, as this is supposed to bring the worst of luck.

The would-be happy bridegroom also must never behold his bride arrayed in the wedding garments until he meets her at the altar.

The finding of a spider on the wedding gown by the bride is considered a sure sign of happiness to come.

* * *

Blind and Deaf.

Knicker—"Is Jones physically disqualified to be a soldier?"

Bocker—"He can't see red, white and blue; he can't hear the call of duty and his legs run backward."

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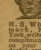
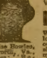


H. S. Whittmack, New York, writes: "I compliment you on your wonderful system. Did not know one note from another, but in a short time have mastered the piano and am now composing music."



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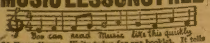

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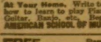

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VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY 12, 1918. No. 2.

Donivan's Alma Mater

By Augustin W. Breeden

They asked Donivan for the name of his alma mater and they had him guessing. But whoever heard of an Irishman who couldn't think his way out of a predicament? Donivan is no exception, and he'll keep you laughing all the way thru.

THE latest addition to Laurelhurst Hotel society, summer before last, was one Michael Donivan, a fellow with a charming, cheeky, Hibernian face, red hair, and a nose like a newly sprung toadstool, and with pockets fairly bulging with greenbacks. Mrs. Poindexter, the manageress of the big mountain caravansary, managed to introduce him to a number of her guests, tho it must be confessed that most of those who accepted introductions to the charming Irish-American were rather of the H-2. O-2's than of the F. F. V's. They were mostly the blond and the blonded, the rouge and the berouged, or else the plain and the near-plain.

It was remembered afterward that he did not meet the glorious Julia Van Lorn of New York's best aristocracy, nor yet her bosom friend Elizabeth Mardens, she who afterward married the intrepid Captain Grisholm under such exceptional circumstances. Still Michael was not aware of these fine social distinctions, and he wrote to his brother, who ran the Casino in Juarez, that he was getting to be a regular swell and was taking a plunge into high society.

And Michael abjured the royal game of draw poker and all other such manly sports, and allowed the ladies of Laurelhurst to induct him into the mysteries of five hundred, auction bridge, and various other feminine amusements. He even learned to play tennis, altho sometimes, when a high ball was lobbed at him, he forgot he wasn't playing scrub, and batted it over the high netting and down into the depths of the mountain gorge which lay between Laurelhurst and Big Bal' peak.

Michael was an adept at the gentle art of bluffing; he was the most ingenuous impostor alive. He had wheedled and bluffed our sister republic out of an oil concession in the Tampico field, and had then proceeded to make half a million dollars in the same number of minutes, subsequently bluffing his way into what he termed "swell" society. So when the bon ton of Laurelhurst, one and another, hinted gently that they should not be disappointed to learn of his antecedents, he promptly informed them that he was descended from King Killikinick of Ireland.

"And my mother," he would add, careful to avoid the least suspicion of a brogue, "was a Culpepper—yes, a Culpepper of Virginia. Now you would hardly think it to look at my red hair, would you? But I got the carrot top from King Killikinick."

One afternoon on the verdanda Mrs. Rice-Goldenburg listened with lifted lorgnette to this wonderful genealogy, and asked sweetly:

"And what is your alma mater, Mr. Donivan?"

Now poor Micky didn't know that alma mater is merely a cant name for the college one is graduated from, and his mind was on ancestral glories rather than youthful achievements; so he replied glibly:

"It's a harp and shamrock with the letters KK—that stands for King Killikinick, you see. We use it on all our stationery, my family does."

"I beg your pawdon!" The terrible lady leveled her lorgnette at the unblinking Irishman. "I asked you about your alma mater, not your family crest."

For once Michael's resourcefulness deserted him for a moment. Somehow that alma mater was too much for him; and before he could recover his usual sang-froid, Mrs. Rice-Goldenburg had risen and sailed grandly away into the hotel.

But that lorgnette burned into Michael's soul, and he spent the remainder of the day and half the night raging like the heathen he was.

The next morning Miss Claire Tousyngham, the blondest of the blonded, the rougest of the rouged, even at the tender age of 17, big-toothed like the wolf that ate Red Riding Hood's grandmamma, and loud about her papa's money, and his yacht, and his shooting box, and his club membership, and his various and varied directorships, asked with cruel directness about Micky's ancestry. Micky was mad.

"Sure," he replied, in the brogue of the vaudeville Irishman, "me mither's people back in the ould kintry was descended from Queen Naptha of Beaumont, and on me faather's side they coom down from ould King Distillate of Tampico and Tuxpam."

"And what is your alma mater?" asked she of the big teeth, grinning like the wolf in the fairy tale.

"Oh, me alma motter," hesitated Micky, abashed in spite of his anger. "You want to know me alma motter, eh? Well, senorita poquita mia, if you must know, I'm a Catholic!"

The girl threw back her blond head, opened wide her big mouth, and laughed inordinately; and before Michael could recover himself properly, she, like the lady of the lorgnette, had arisen and disappeared inside the hotel.

Poor Micky was in the doldrums. After all, these butterflies had it on him. True, he was the possessor of half a million dollars. But it seemed a real, genuine swell was supposed to carry an alma mater concealed somewhere about his person; and he had no such article and didn't even know where one could be bought.

That afternoon Ina Hopkinson, the plainest of the plain, proposed tennis singles to Michael, and he, thinking: "The ugly one won't be so smart-Alecky maybe," accepted her challenge. On the way to the court she asked innocently:

"By the way where were you educated, Mr. Donivan?"

"Yale," glibly.

"How interesting! My brother Harold is a son of Eli."

"Whose son?"

"A son of Eli," repeated the girl, with the shiest ghost of a smile on her homely features. "It's a sort of fraternity, you know, like the Daughters of the Confederacy."

She seemed to recall something very amusing. Presently she looked shyly at Michael, and he knew the hateful query was coming.

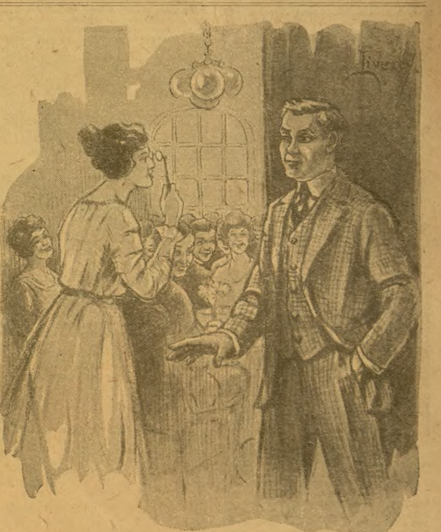
Sure enough: "By the way, Mr. Donivan, what is your alma mater?"

"It's—it's——" Mickey had one of his sudden inspirations. "It's a six-cylinder Champion," he said proudly, "with a green body."

The girl tried for a moment to control her merriment. Then she cried: "Oh, Mr. Donivan, you're too funny for anything!" and burst into peals of silvery laughter.

The subject wasn't mentioned again between them, but Micky played a miserable game of tennis, and then hid himself in his room until the shades of night were falling. He was positively becoming afraid of these bon tons, and was literally hiding from them. But in the gloaming he strolled alone on the terrace beside the hotel. Then in the twilight fluttered by him a vision that made his heart beat like an air hammer with—was it with love?

She was a raven-haired colleen, with the daintiest of dimples in her left cheek and a daintily-tilted chin, and she was dressed in a green tailored skirt, green sport-boots with sheer hose to match, a green silk waist, and on her head the sauciest little green turban with the sauciest little green stick-up in the world. Micky watched her as she disappeared toward the rear of the hotel and then rushed around to the front to see if he could find any one who could introduce him to this wonder in green. But no one, it seemed, had ever seen his wonder, or even heard of her. Finding his search for her all but hopeless—he had pursued it for three solid hours like a detective working on a clew—Micky became at once convinced that he was hopelessly and irrevocably in love with her, and that he was doomed to die a bachelor if he failed to find her. So to his lornness over the elusive alma mater was added a deeper lornness over an elusive angel in green.



"It's a Brin Moore Alumbness, 1915 Model, With All the Latest Improvements," Said Donivan.

But Micky was determined at least to secure an alma mater and put a stop to that worry. So, early the next morning, he strolled down thru the mountain hamlet below the hotel to the little depot and souvenir shop on the narrow-gauge, a shop where they sell souvenir copies of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," souvenir splinters from the lonesome pine itself, souvenir spoons of Laurelhurst Hotel, souvenir views of Big Bal' and other peaks of the Great Smokies, souvenir everything.

"Where do you keep your alma motters?" asked Michael, with a labored effort at carelessness.

"Haven't that view, I reckon," replied the girl behind the counter. "Here's a view of the American Matterhorn—it's only about twenty miles from here—maybe that's what you want."

"Such ignorance!" muttered Micky, in disgust.

He climbed the steep street to the only other likely place in the tiny village, a sort of book-music-drug store. This time he did not make a fool of himself by asking for an alma motter outright; he decided on what he regarded as a very clever ruse; he would buy every queer and up-to-date looking object he didn't know the name of. His eyes fell upon a plaque and easel, indeed an amateur painter's kit complete; he had seen an artist fellow up at Laurelhurst with just such an outfit.

"What is the price?" he asked, pointing.

"Twenty-five dollars, sir." The obsequious little clerk spoke with a bow and scrape as if he were addressing the Sublime Porte of Turkey.

"I'll take it, senor," said Michael, producing a roll of greenbacks that must have looked like an old-fashioned backlog to the little shopkeeper. "Send it up to the Hotel, Suite 23. By the way, what make is that"—he hesitated on the words "alma mater" and saved himself.

"That plaque and easel?" prompted the ambitious and obsequious little man of trade. "It's imported goods; it's made by a French house."

"Can't open; one ante lost," mused Micky, doing his regretting in terms of draw poker.

Then he had another of his sudden inspirations, and gambler that he was by nature, he was ready to back his inspiration with money. His eyes fell on a talking machine. He'd bet that was it. They called them everything nowadays—phonograph, graphophone, screechella, graphonilla, shriekana, nearly every name imaginable—so why not alma mater? And all these rich swells owned them and kept them in their rooms. He laid his hand upon a beautiful one, a mahogany cabinet.

"How much, senor?"

"A hundred and twenty-five, with a dozen choice records thrown in, sir."

"I'll take, senor mio," decided Micky. "Send it up." Then casually. "By the way what make of alma motter is that?"

The ambitious little dealer looked puzzled for a moment and then replied: "It's a Eumerica—made by a German-American firm. It's different from the others. The needle starts from the center and works out toward the edge—very superior to the old way of starting at the edge and coming toward the center. It's a superior machine in tone and timbre, solid mahogany thruout."

"Gracias, senor," said Michael, "and are there many other makes of these alma motters used here in America?"

The little tradesman was young and very ambitious to learn from the "swell gents" up at the big hotel. You know the type—very ambitious to learn. He actually pronounced the words alma motter after the distinguishingly dressed Michael, in a sort of lip-speaker's whisper. Then he replied:

"W'y yes, there are four or five makes of alma motters used here. But the Eumerica—you pronounce it You-mair-ree-ka—is the best."

"Gracias, senor," cried Michael as he departed. "Adios!"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir; I'll do so right away—to sweet twenty-three!" cried the obsequious and ambitious little tradesman.

That same day Miss Ethel Neidringhaus of Chicago—or was it Milwaukee—engaged Michael in conversation and said to him with a great air of insouciance:

"By the way, Mr. Donivan, I don't believe I ever heard you say what your alma mater is."

"It's a Eumerika," replied Micky, glibly, "the best machine on the market for tone and timber, solid mahogany thruout."

The girl forgot her good breeding and screamed in her merriment. Poor Micky was completely squelched. He felt that the polite little shopkeeper had betrayed him, nothing less.

But his Irish fighting blood was up at last. He was not to be defeated. He hurried back to the same little shopkeeper to buy a forty-cent dictionary. The obsequious and ambitious kept him waiting the fraction of a minute longer than he commonly kept these famous people waiting, because he was painting an elaborate sign in the back room, and had to get the paint off his hands. Michael, glancing thru the back door, saw this much of the sign: "We Sell Al——" That was all that had been completed. But Micky's mind was on the dictionary, not on a sign. He did not wait till he got back to the hotel to hunt up his word, but sat down beneath a tree and ran his finger down the list of A's—Almanac, Almighty, Almond—that was the nearest he came to it. Then trying the double-L's, the nearest he got was Alligator and Allodium.

"The devil!" he muttered. "It's not big game nor patent medicine I'm after. Well, it's not in the dictionary, anyway. Them women are evidently parleyvooin' fransay at me. Well, I'll get even wid 'em; I'll spit Mex to 'em from now on if they get fly."

Michael was in the depths of the doldrums. As a society man he had proved a complete failure, in spite of his wealth, and all for the lack of a dinky little alma motter, that maybe didn't cost over fifty cents or a dollar. He threw his dictionary into a mountain gulch and hurried back into the village. There he borrowed from an old shoemaker the catalog of a mail-order house that has made Chicago famous. But the nearest he came to his objective here was Almonds, chocolate-coated, see grocery list, and Alpacas, blues, blacks and grays. Desperate, he hastened back to the hotel's telegraph office and wired the following "ad" to one of New York's leading dailies:

> "Wanted: One first-class alma motter, any make. Will pay fancy price for good article. Address Suite 23, Laurelhurst Hotel, Big Bald, North Carolina."

And now that Mickey had done all in his power to secure his alma mater—hopeless as the case yet seemed—he began to long, with oh, such a longing for one more sight of his queen in green. Fleeing from the eternal and unanswerable question which had its lair on the front veranda, Michael made his way toward the rear of the big hotel and lay down upon the grass under a wild cherry tree and close to an umbrageous grape arbor and ornamental cast-iron bird bath. He was lying on the green, gazing up at the blue, and swearing softly to himself, when suddenly, framed in the kitchen doorway, and softened and made picturesque by the fine silvery meshing of the screen, appeared none other than the angel of his dreams.

Standing with dimpled arm bare to the biceps and a dishcloth depending from one lilylike hand, she looked winsomely past him, laboriously unconscious. And Micky tried to look winsomely past her, conscientiously unconscious. His emotion was almost cutting off his breathing. She put a dainty finger to a dimple in her left cheek and smiled; he put a stubby finger to a stubby-bearded left cheek and grinned. She started to turn away and he leaped to his feet, leaped up and caught a limb of the cherry tree in his strong right hand, pulled up and chinned it once, one-handed, let down and then pulled up and chinned it a second time. Then the angel with the dishcloth called evidently to some one inside the kitchen to come and see the feat; but he could not chin the limb the third time, and he dropped to the ground deeply disgraced and hurried away.

"And only to think," he said to himself, "the little colleen baun is a common hotel pearl-diver. Well, it's a dirty shame, for she could queen it over any o' them swell dames at the front if she had half a chance!"

That night in the gloaming Michael set up his new Eumerica in the umbrageous grape arbor, turned its lily horn toward the kitchen doorway, and played "Ever of Thee." His angel once more appeared in the doorway with a halo from an inside electric light about her glorious raven locks. She smiled sweetly and waved her dishcloth as those literally true words came sweetly from the Eumerica: "Thou wert the star, that, mildly gleaming, shone on my path when all was dark and drear." The star gleamed on his path till an imperative voice called it from its constellation back to the pearl-diving; and then gleamed and gleamed in his dreams all night long.

The next morning the only excuse he could think of for camping under that wild cherry tree was to pretend to be an artist and to be painting there. He bustled in a very businesslike manner with his folded easel under his right, his folding stool, mahl-stick, and paint box hugged under his left, and his plaque strung on his left thumb, artist fashion. And, as could be expected, his little pearl-diver came and posed in the doorway, her white arms bare to the biceps, her starry black eyes shooting him to the heart like Cupid's arrows. And Michael unabashedly seated himself before his canvas and began to make elaborate dabs and passes at it with his dry brush. The colleen continued to pose and smile and pretend to be unconscious of his presence there; but she put a dainty finger to the dimple in her left cheek, most fetchingly, and tilted her chin to its most effective killing angle.

And then Michael, losing his head completely, swabbed his brush in the cast-iron bird bath and began wildly to mix crimson, chrome yellow, ultramarine, and flake white together into a chromatic chaos. Then, holding his mahl-stick fiercely between his teeth, as the villain at the movies holds his dagger, he began to daub and smear at the canvas with a result that was at once weird and wonderful.

Presently the model left her stand and came out to Micky. He hastily pulled the muslin flap down over the canvas. This bluffing was awful when it was called.

"Please, mister, mightn't I see your sketch of the mountains? I'm that fond of scenery sketches!"

"It's barely started," replied Micky, in businesslike tones. "I'd rather you wouldn't see it till it's finished."

"And when will you be painting again?"

"Is the light on the mountain yonder good in the afternoon, and at what hour?" asked Micky in reply.

WHEN MARGARET LAUGHS

A tender curve of Cupid's choicest bow,
A dart of fun in sylvan violet eyes.
Two rounded clefts in cheeks of purest snow,
Where red and warm a bed of roses lies—
When Margaret laughs.

There chimes the silver tinkle of a bell,
In maze of melody surpassing sweet;
There runs a joyous brook thru quiet dell,
The perfume of old gardens at its feet—
When Margaret laughs.

One greets that careless ring of girlish glee
As he would hear a sudden bird-song start;
More wondrous strains were never borne to me;
I only know content is in my heart
When Margaret laughs.

CHARLOTTE RUDYARD, *in Harper's Weekly.*

"We get the dishes wa—we get the light on the mountain best at between 3 and 4," replied the colleen, with a charming blush.

"Then adois till 3 or 4 o'clock this afternoon, my pretty colleen," cried Micky. "But say, you don't happen to know where I could get a good alma motter, do you?"

The colleen baun showed a beautiful double row of pearly teeth and her starry black eyes sparkled.

"Say, you're Mr. Michael Donivan, aren't you?" she dimpled. "Now me own first name is Alma; but as it happens me second name is not Motter, but Bresnihan, the more bad luck."

The dishwasher finished with a charming laugh, and Micky was tempted to catch her in his arms then and there.

"But say, Mr. Donivan," she said seriously, "I understand the trouble you're in. I've been hearin' av their unholy mirth anent this alma motter business. Let me give you some advice. From now on when one o' them swell dames ties into you, you beat her to it and say right quick: 'Good marnin', madam—or good avenin', as the case may be—by the way, what's your alma motter?' "

Michael grabbed her suds-softened hand and carried it to his lips.

"Ah, macushla!" he cried. "You're a little wonder. You've saved me loife! I don't know why I nivver thought av that!"

When Micky had locked away his canvas from prying eyes he strolled forth on the hotel veranda prepared for battle.

"Good evening, Miss Stanyarne," he drawled, in answer to a fashionable young woman's casual nod, "may I have this chair beside you?"

"Certainly, sir."

"By the way, Miss Stanyarne—I don't believe I ever heard you say—what is your alma motter?"

"Bryn Mawr."

"And do the Brin Moore people put out a good many?"

The girl's eyes were twinkling slyly. "Oh, not as many as some," she replied. "They turned out less tnan a hundred last year. They are very high class, you see."

"Yes, I understand their merit. I wouldn't have any other kind."

"You're right in that, Mr. Donivan. When you choose, choose a Bryn Mawr alumnus."

Michael suddenly discovered that he had to return to his room for his cigarette, and he went literally walking on air.

"I'm prepared now, I reckon," he said to himself. "Let the perox-eyed devils tackle me. I'll defend the Brin Moore against all makes!"

"By the way, Mrs. Rice-Goldenburg," he accosted that high and haughty lady on their way in to the big table d'hote luncheon that evening. He was speaking purposely loud and half the guests in the dining-room were listening. "Mrs. Rice-Goldenburg, you was askin' me the other day about me alma motter. It's a Brin Moore alumbness, 1915 model, with all the latest improvements."

Mrs. Rice-Goldenburg surveyed him thru her lorgnette for a brief moment, and then the storm in the dining-room burst. Every woman in the dining-room and half the men fairly screamed with merriment. Poor Micky fled from the place in shame and confusion.

He would have been in the very depths of the doldrums had it not been for the cheering prospect of seeing his colleen at 3 o'clock. That afternoon he posed and pranked before his canvas, while the dishwasher posed and smiled in the doorway. Then on his fair poseur's first movement to come out to him he once more veiled his canvas, and prepared for a chat.

"Your scheme didn't work, macushla," he said, after a few commonplaces. "And it'll maybe be some days before I hear from the 'ad' I sent to the paper. Meanwhile, Miss Bresnahan, will you pose for me mornin' and afternoon?"

"Pose for you? But I thought you was sketchin' Big Bald Mountain!"

"Darlin', it's the blue eyes av you, and the little dimpled cheeks, and the slender fingers, and the raven hair, and the little tilted chin av you, that I'm after tryin' to sketch in me humble way!"

"Aw, now, Mr. Donivan, you're such a blarney. But I'll pose for you, Mr. Donivan, if I lose me job o' pearl-divin' for it. What's a pearl-diver got but her looks anyway?"

"Pearl-diver you may be now!" cried Donivan. "But if you'll listen to me you'll soon be the wife av coal-oil Micky Donivan, and wan av the richest ladies in all the land." And Micky kissed her slyly in the shelter of the grape arbor and hastened away with his paraphernalia.

That night Micky inveigled a little brother of the rich into his den and, having plied him with cognac, irroy, and Havanas until he had grown mellow, he said:

"Aw, by the way, old scout, what is your alma motter?"

"It's a Bowdoin 'Fifteen," replied the youth, in a manner at once mellow and well-bred.

"Listen here, amigo," cried Michael, "I'm a man of some slight education and a whole lot of travel and experience, but I don't happen to know an alma motter by that name. What is the thing? And what is it good for?"

"W'y it's used to impress people, like a diamond sunburst, y' know," replied the callow youth. "I'd show you mine, but I left it at home. You haven't one, then, of your own?"

"Now I haven't," admitted Micky, "and I'll tell you honest, I don't know as I'd want one o' the darn things. A fellow gets so much junk about him, you know."

The next morning Micky was in the doldrums indeed. He went out and set up his easel and posed and waited, but no colleen appeared in the doorway. He took a turn or two up and down the lawn while he waited; and he forgot to veil his canvas. Then suddenly out from the umbrabeous grape arbor stepped his colleen, right in front of that mockery of a canvas. She gazed for one horrified moment and then wheeled upon him angrily.

"Mr. Donivan, what do you mean by makin' a monkey av a poor workin' girl in this manner!" she flashed. "Here was me, posin' and smilin', posin' and smilin' and neglectin' me dishwashin' at the risk av losin' me job. And here was you daubin' green and yellow and red together in a regular monkey picture."

"Listen, darlin', to me!" cried Micky. "It was the heart av me that was breakin' for you; and here was all this worry about the alma motter, and all them swell dames a-makin' a fool av me. And I asked Mrs. Poindexter to introduce me to you fair and square; but she would not, you bein' a pearl-diver, and she a-thinkin' she was protectin' av you. So that was the only way I could get to see your swate smile. But this bluffin' ain't no good. It's like me bluff wid de alma motter; iverybody calls it. But darlin', I'll bluff no more. Come an' be the wife av Michael Donivan, and you'll never have to doive for another pearl while you live. I'll put you in the swellest weddin' sweet in this hotel, and I'll treat you loike a queen and make the others do the loike. Come!"

"Macushla!"

"Machree!"

In the half shelter of the umbrageous grape arbor they embraced.

"Go to your room and dress up your best," directed Micky. "Then walk right thru the hotel and down the front steps as if you owned the whole place. I'll hurry down to the garage and bring up me car meself; for we'll have to drive to the county seat, and I want to be sure she's in good shape."

When Micky honked his horn at the front veranda a half-hour later, there came out to him, from the very rooms of the sympathetic Mrs. Poindexter herself, a vision of starry loveliness, a dream in green—green tailored skirt, green sport-boots with sheer hose to match, a green silk waist, and on her head the sauciest little green turban with the sauciest little green stick-up in the world. Into the car stepped the vision, like a queen by divine right, and into the car stepped Mrs. Poindexter for chaperone and bridesmaid.

"By the way, Mr. Donivan," called down Claire Tousyngham, she of the wolflike teeth and the blonded coiffure. Half the people on the hotel veranda were listening and craning to get the full benefit of his reply; and Micky stood up in his Champion Six and made oration:

"Me alma mater is the sweetest little colleen that ever dove for a pearl or shot a biscuit. She's as much fairer than you painted scarecrows as the moon is fairer than a sputterin' arc light. She's as much sweeter as a wild rose av the mountain is sweeter than a hothouse mushroom. And her name is not Alma Motter, but Alma Bresnihan. But be the grace av God she'll be Alma Donivan before the sun goes down, and the wife av an honest millionaire, which most av you per-ox-eyed dolls will nivver be!" And with the end of his peroration he honked his horn, and the Champion Six hurtled toward the village and the county seat beyond.

As the car slowed up a little in the one street of the village, Alma grasped Micky's arm and cried:

"Look there! Look at the new sign the bookstore man has hung out!"

Micky slowed up the car and read the sign.

"WE SELL ALMA MOTTERS HERE. MAHOGANY FINISH. LATEST IMPROVEMENTS."

"Good!" cried Micky, triumphantly, as he threw his clutch to high and hurtled past the shop. "We'll buy out his whole stock on our way back and show them Laurelhurst swells a thing or two about alma motters; won't we, girlie?"

* * *

Compensations.

A CERTAIN gamekeeper is very clever in every branch of his business, and in the gentle art of extracting a substantial tip from a departing sportsman he has few equals.

The other day he was saying good-by to a gentleman who had been shooting over the estate—a gentleman who, to do him justice, has never claimed to be a crack shot.

"Well, good-by, John," he said to the gamekeeper as they reached the station. "I've not made a very big bag, but, of course, you are in no way to blame for that. However, I've thoroly enjoyed myself."

"Glad to hear it, sir," responded John. "As you say, you've not done anything very startling, but, then, there's compensations!"

"Indeed!" laughed the gentleman. "What are they?"

"Well," said John, slowly, "the birds may question your aim, an' the other gentlemen may question your wisdom in wasting cartridges, but nobody can question your liberality."

John deserved the substantial tip he received.

Hunting the Mastodon

By Francis J. Dickie

THE search for the monstrous thing seemed beyond the endurance and reach of common men; besides, the story might be no more than a common myth. Yet, thirst for the unknown sent two men and a woman to the Arctic Circle on as wild and perilous a journey as human beings ever lived thru. What they found and what they endured makes a strange story.

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CHAPTER I.

"AND that is the story Cheequina, the old Indian chief, told me fifteen years ago when I was stationed at Chipewyan," concluded Inspector Fells, of the Northwest Mounted Police.

He watched his two listeners narrowly. On the face of Grahame he saw only incredulity; but Ayelward's face was glowing with sudden enthusiasm.

"Of course, I don't expect you to believe it," the Inspector went on, after a moment, "but it's very, very strange. Cheequina has the map his great-grandfather made. He showed it to me, and the thing drawn upon it was such as no Indian, living or dead, could have possibly imagined, because there's nothing in all the wide Northland that even faintly resembles it, and nothing to show in their traditions or ancient parchment drawings that such a creature was ever seen in the past!" He paused again, but as neither of the men ventured a remark, added: "Of course, as you gentlemen are studying only ethnological subjects, this is altogether out of your line. However, as you were scientific men, and the story had interested me in the long ago, I thought I'd tell it to you, as you are going to Chipewyan. Since old Cheequina lives only a mile from the post, you might go and see him for yourselves."

Ayelward moved his six feet of brawny body forward eagerly, let his elbows down upon the table, and, resting his chin in his cupped hands, stared straight ahead of him with a queer, far-away light in his eyes. After a long silence he turned his gaze upon the quietly smoking officer.

"Inspector, I never heard anything that interested me as much in my life. Tho this is my first trip into Mackenzie Land, I've traveled pretty well all over the vast neighboring territories of Hudson Bay, Baffin Land and Labrador, and all of it's so big, so wonderfully remote, that I'm prepared to accept almost anything as possible. And I shall certainly look up Cheequina and find out the facts in this matter to the very last detail!"

Ayelward dropped his arms and arose, for the hour had grown late, but the Inspector stopped him with a little wave of his hand.

"You're going down river in the morning?" he questioned.

Ayelward nodded.

"Well, then, I won't see you again, so I might as well tell you that Cheequina is very touchy on the subject. You see, his great-grandfather, after coming out from No Man's Land beyond Great Bear Lake, at once told his story to the tribe and showed the drawing he had made. But none of them would believe. He persisted; went to various Hudson Bay men; and of course met the same reception. So, after a while, he became soured on the world, and since then only the oldest son of his family has been in possession of the story and map. Cheequina is the last of the line now, his only son having been drowned a few years back in Lake Athabasca—and Cheequina doesn't tell his story to strangers, or show the map!"

"Oh!" There was deep disappointment in Ayelward's ejaculation.

"But, never mind!" the Inspector cheered. "Seeing as you're interested, I'll try and fix it. You see, Cheequina and I got to be great friends when I was stationed at Chipewyan, and one night he confided in me. He's troubled on the subject himself; don't know whether to believe the old tale or not. Well, I showed such interest—I must confess, belief—that he dug up the old map. What I saw stirred me strangely. As I've said before, there must be something in it, for no Indian could possibly imagine what was drawn there. So I'll write a letter in Cree to him, and after you've sprung your mission on him, produce the letter. I think it will turn the trick. But," the speaker cautioned, "you must evince absolute sincerity, pretend you believe, even if you don't, for Indians are funny, and if he thought you were ridiculing him he'd close up tighter than a clam, and no amount of money or persuasion would make him open up again!"

The Inspector rose from the table, at which they had sat talking since supper, and, crossing the room to his desk, brought back pen and paper. For several minutes he wrote laboriously. "It's a long time since I wrote Cree," he remarked smilingly, as he glanced over the finished epistle, "but I guess it'll do all right."

He handed it over to Ayelward, who, from many trips in other Northern wilderness portions of the continent, was familiar with the sight of the odd writing, tho not understanding it. As it was Grahame's first trip, Ayelward now passed the letter on. Grahame examined it with much interest, remarking after a moment: "I was under the impression that none of these Northern aborigines had a written language."

"They haven't," Inspector Fells replied, adding in explanation: "The funny thing is that their written language was invented by a white man, a missionary by the name of Evans. Nearly a hundred years ago he came out from the Old Country to Selkirk, a Red River trading post, in what is now Manitoba. After years of patient toil he invented this written language, which is of syllabic type. The wonderful part about the thing is the fact that in the last seventy-five years the knowledge of it has spread from the Indians of that little Red River settlement to those all over the Northern country—even to the Eskimos around the Arctic Sea——"

"And to Baffin Land and Hudson Bay," Ayelward broke in. "The last time I was there I spent a couple of nights with an Eskimo family near Fullerton, who had a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' as well as a book of hymns printed in this language, and by a Glasgow printing company at that!"

"Yes," the Inspector proceeded, seeing a skeptical light in Grahame's eyes, "I'll venture to bet that, in proportion to the population, there is less illiteracy among the natives of this region than there is among dwellers in the slum portions of some of your great American cities."

Conscious of an impending argument from Grahame's attitude, and realizing the lateness of the hour, Ayelward rose quickly: "I guess we'll be going, Inspector. Six o'clock comes awful soon now."

A minute later the Inspector bade his visitors good-by, and Grahame and Ayelward made their way from the barracks to the square frame hotel farther down in the center of the town of Athabasca Landing, that had sprung up at the end of steel rails projecting into the Northland.

During the short walk both remained silent, their minds dwelling upon the events of the evening.

Shortly after their arrival from New York two days before, and while they were busy outfitting for a summer trip to Chipewyan, the "star" and only reporter of the Northland News had interviewed them.

Reading the published account of their plans, and being interested in all matters of research, Inspector Fells had extended an invitation to supper to such distinguished visitors as the News had proclaimed Ayelward and Grahame to be. And tho not connected directly with any of the great institutions, Ayelward and Grahame were both scientific men of no mean ability; in their world wanderings having added not a little data to subjects previously but little known.

Both men were of the class which ordinary, less fortunate mortals are pleased to term as "being born with a silver spoon in the mouth." However, unlike many similarly favored young Americans, Harry Ayelward and Jack Grahame had found more to interest them in nature and the wilderness places of the world than lobster palaces and the lark lanes that front on theatrical back doors. Blessed with hustling fathers of the self-made merchant order, who had piled up comfortable fortunes only to die young and leave it to two only sons, both Grahame and Ayelward, upon leaving college, had found themselves in a position where the following of either a profession or the business of their forbears was not pressingly necessary.

Becoming interested at college in ethnological and allied subjects, and being of a wandering disposition, the two, following an acquaintance and friendship, had, since their graduation seven years before, spent much time together in various parts of the globe, digging among old ruins, tracing up the origins of little known people and collecting odd and curious things the world over.

As he had walked, Ayelward had been thinking rapidly, and with the Inspector's words as an incentive, had suddenly decided upon a change of plan. Reaching the hotel, he did not immediately retire. Instead, he dropped into Grahame's room, seated himself, and once more took up the conversation on the topic of the evening.

"I tell you, Jack, there's something in it. And, just think," he went on, losing a little of his usual calm, "it'd make us world-famous if we found it, and brought out the proofs that it's alive still. I'll tell you what we'll do," he ran on before Grahame could interject a word, "you go back outside to Edmonton and bring in a camera man and a machine. There's a moving-picture operator named Rogers there; I remember seeing his 'ad' in the papers when we came thru. According to his 'ad' he was devoting himself to industrial subjects, but business can't be so terribly good that he won't come. Pay him the price, and I'll bet he'll be ready to go on the first train. While you're about it, I'll go on to Chipewyan, see old Cheequina, get the story and the map, and then wait for you there. Then we'll start—and we'll find it if it's in the Northland, and, by the Lord Harry, we'll make motion pictures of it! If we succeed, just think! Why, we'd have the scientific world at our feet!"

"But it's too absurd; utterly impossible. Why, the very idea of setting any store on an Indian legend, and such an outlandish one at that!" Grahame expostulated.

"That's just it," Ayelward came back with. "That's just it! If it wasn't so d—d absurd, I wouldn't give it a thought. But just as Inspector Fells says, it doesn't seem probable that an ignorant savage would evolve such a thing unless he had really seen it!"

Apparently Grahame was not convinced. Seeing this, and knowing him, Ayelward took another tack. "Well, even if you don't take any stock in it, it'll be some outing, anyway."

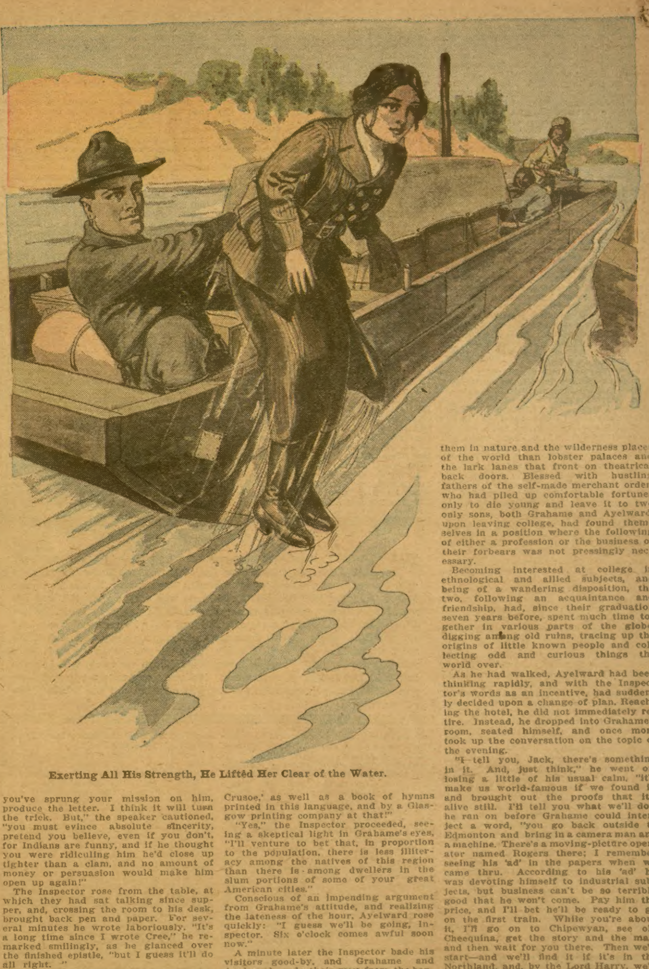
"But our ethnological studies at Chipewyan," Grahame put forth feebly, in last protest.

"Oh, that can wait! We've got worlds of time and money."

"Very well, then," Grahame said unsmilingly. "I'll go you."

Knowing his friend, Ayelward said no more, but hiked for bed.

After he had gone Grahame smiled quietly to himself in the mirror. He was more than half taken with the idea; but it was never his way to display



Exerting All His Strength, He Lifted Her Clear of the Water.

otion. On several trips he and Ayelward had made to South America and Africa, it had always been Grahame's custom at first to oppose anything out of the ordinary that his more impetuous friend had suggested.

Certainly, he mused, the lonely places always held more fascination than any city, so the longer the trip the better. With years of experience behind him, the thought of starting out to hunt for an unknown something in a wilderness land over two million square miles in area, did not cause him any undue excitement. Truly, as Ayelward had remarked, they had "worlds of time and money."

CHAPTER II.

THE early rising summer sun of Northern latitudes was already over an hour high when Ayelward rolled out of bed at 6 the next morning. The hotel was silent, without life, as he hurried out onto the sidewalk and headed for the Hudson Bay wharf where his thirty-two-foot "half scow" and two breed boatmen awaited.

With Chipewyan only as the destination of the expedition, a half scow and some three tons of provisions had been all that was necessary. But now, with plans changed and the possibility of at least a year's trip in view, Ayelward knew that a regular scow, sixty-foot length, would be required, as well as to bring up their supplies from a three-ton to a ten-ton basis.

Arriving at the wharf, he set the second man, Johny Loutit, to unloading, while Isadore January, the head boatman, hurried away, commissioned to secure a larger scow. This done, Ayelward returned to the hotel to breakfast with Grahame, whose train did not leave till 9:30. Finishing breakfast, they spent the time remaining before the train's departure at the Hudson Bay store, making out voluminous orders for the balance of the provisions.

"I'll not be more than a week behind you," Grahame said, as he swung aboard the day coach of the Canadian Northern local.

The train pulled out, and as the wheels began to revolve Ayelward hastened once more for the wharf. But tho he and the two breeds worked at high pressure, it was not until shortly after 12 that they swung the new-laden scow out into the stream and were carried down the swift running Atnabasca.

Ahead lay one hundred and twenty miles of smooth, swift sailing before the first bad water, that of the Pelican Rapid, would be reached. Not being in any particular hurry, Ayelward traveled in easy stages, and it was not until noon of the fourth day after leaving the Landing that the distant droning of unquiet waters came to their ears, and they saw ahead the nearly mile-wide river suddenly dwindle to a narrow turbulent stream flowing thru a rocky draw less than a hundred yards wide.

Beyond the draw was the half-mile of Pelican Rapid in which the river dropped eighty feet. Now the scow, that had floated so steadily at a gait varying from three to four miles an hour, began to feel the pull of the swifter waters. Also the listlessness that had characterized the boatmen since leaving the Landing vanished. Tense and alert they manned the sweeps. It was a mad feat, this running the Pelican with a sixty-foot scow so lightly manned. No breed on his own initiative would have dreamed of such a thing, but Ayelward gloried in danger thrills. As the huge, unwieldy craft began moving ahead at motor-boat speed he laughed loudly, but the sound was drowned by the rushing river. Then, in what was an incredibly short space of time, the rapid lay safely behind, and they saw on the bank before them the flaming gas gusher of Pelican Portage, burning with undiminished power after fourteen uninterrupted years.

Pulling into shore they tied up the boat, landing in the strangest wilderness spot that Ayelward in all his many travels had ever seen. From a short standpipe near the shore a burst of flame poured with noisy roaring into the still air of the June day, making the already warm atmosphere stuffily hot.

Carrying ashore frying pan and tea pail, Isadore January began gathering a few little bowlders in two small circles about cracks in the earth not far from the main gasser. Then he filled the tea pail with river water, set it on top of one of the stone piles, touched a match to the crack and a fierce blue flame leaped hungrily up.

"Talk about your comforts of civilization," Ayelward laughed, "but this natural-gas-infested wilderness beats it all hollow."

The breed grunted unemotionally. The phenomenon was an old thing with him, made commonplace from hundreds of similar visits.

The spot was so interesting to Ayelward that it was not until late the next morning that he ordered the little crew once more aboard the scow.

Night brought them to House River. Down river from here to Fort McMurray extend ninety miles of the Northland's most dangerous water. Rapid follows rapid, and, tho navigable by light-draft boats, they are none the less dangerous, and take yearly toll of dozens of boats from the hundreds that brave the way. An overland portage also offers, almost equally as long as the river route. But, after consultation with his boatmen, Ayelward chose the dangers of the river journey rather than the terrors of ninety miles of muskeg summer trail over which, they assured him, pack-horses sometimes floundered belly-deep in the treacherous mire.

So, on the seventh morning, with the sun just tipping the trees behind them, they headed the scow once more downstream. They did not make the usual stop for dinner at 12, as Isadore assured that another hour's traveling would bring them to the portage across Grand Island.

About 12:30 Ayelward heard from ahead the roar of the Grand Rapids, and in the center of the river loomed a long, narrow, partially tree-covered island, upon either side of which the water foamed white as it rushed over and around the tops of great, smoothly rounded bowlders.

Once more the men were keenly alive. Bidding Ayelward take the steering sweep, the two breeds sprang to the bow of the boat to fend it thru among the rocks till it bumped heavily on the sloping shore at the lower end of Grand Island.

The island, lying in the center of the Athabasca, and running full length of the Grand Rapids, is a historical spot in the Northland. Fifty years before all the trade goods and provisions for the vast wilderness of northern Alberta and Mackenzie Territory, beyond parallel 53, had gone in by Prince Albert and over a chain of lakes, rivers and portages to Methye Portage on Lac La Loche, thence on over the Methye to Clearwater River and on to Fort McMurray and the great country to the north. This was a roundabout, long, hard trail of many portages, the culmination of which was the Methye—the worst of them all.

A shorter route offered into the North by Edmonton, then the main shipping point by Red River cart to Winnipeg, Fort Benton and other points nearer the outside world. From Edmonton to Athabasca was only a hundred miles by trail, when the Athabasca River offered direct and almost uninterrupted connection with the Slav and the Mackehzie, which led clear to the Arctic Sea, forming one of the greatest and longest single connected waterways in the world.

Registering against this route, however, was the Grand Rapids, one hundred and seventy-five miles down river from the Landing, in the quarter-mile length of which the river dropped sixty feet over a rocky bowlder-strewn course, where the water sometimes attained a speed of twenty miles an hour. Even the most daring "whitewater" men, sons of two centuries of voyagers, considered these rapids impossible for a loaded scow boat. Then, one day, wearying of the hard trip over the older way, Louis Fassoneurre, mightiest riverman of them all, decided to try the Athabasca route, and to dare the rapids of the Grand. He succeeded, took boat after boat thru the right-hand channel, and the fear of the rapids was banished. For the feat the whites of the district dubbed him "Captain;" the natives "Shot." But men are sparing of speech in silent places, so eventually the name was cut down to merely Cap Shot.

However, even with the possibilities of the rapids assured, most shippers deemed it advisable to run their in-going scows thru light, portaging the contents over the rapids via the island, which, running as it did the full length of the bad water, offered an easy portage with quiet water for landing to unload at the lower end of the island, and again to put in and reload at the upper.

The great Hudson Bay Company, with ever an eye to the main chance, threw a railroad across the island—the weirdest line in all the world! Its entire rolling stock was two battered lorries (flat cars) that ran on wooden rails overlaid with strap iron, the whole laid on wooden ties. But for all its weirdness it had paid its builders a round million dollars in dividends up to the time when Ayelward arrived to swell the sum by his own little contribution of twenty-five dollars for the transporting of his ten-ton cargo.

Bertram, the Hudson Bay man, sole representative of the road, filling all positions from section hand to general freight and traffic agent, collected the sum in silence, took a fresh chew, then sat down to watch the men unload the scow, reload the goods on the flat cars and push them slowly across the island.

As they worked, Ayelward grinned broadly at the calmly lounging man. "You and your blood-sucking corporation," he laughed, "are sure the limit. Here you shake us down for about twenty times the freight rate of an ordinary railroad, and then coolly let us do all the work!"

But the H. B. man lacked a sense of humor; did not see that the speaker's remark was made in fun, so he spat back: "Well, you know what you can do!" He nodded his head significantly to the boiling water that ran over a course thickly strewn with great bowlders.

With the freight transported across the island and dinner finished, the two breed boatmen boarded the scow and pushed into the stream for the run thru the right-hand channel. While they did so Ayelward walked to the upper end of the island and picked up a chunk of square timber about two feet long, to which was attached one end of a long coil of stout rope. With this in hand he stood waiting for the scow to shoot into view. It came soon, for the quarter-mile trip occupied but seventy seconds When the men had reached the quieter water a little below the island they held the scow against the stream. Then Ayelward, following Isadore's previous instructions, tossed the chunk of wood into the river, paying out the rope as it floated downstream. Seeing it come, the boatmen poled the scow to intercept it. Reaching it, they drew it aboard, loosened the rope and made it fast to the bow of the boat, when Ayelward drew the craft slowly in, and the reloading proceeded.

Following the passing of the island, the scow moved on thru little troubled waters, leaving the men little to do save watch the long facade of tree-lined shore slip away, an endless monotony of spruce, pine, poplar, willow and birch. But shortly after dinner the next day there came again the dull booming of rougher water, and the scow shot its nose into the first ruffle of the Boiler Rapids, twin demon of the Grand.

Suddenly ahead the men saw the battered wreck of a scow. Evidently caught in an eddy of the fast-flowing stream, it had been dashed with all the furious power of the current full upon a jagged projecting point of rock that had ripped part way thru the stout plank bottom, tipping the craft half over, emptying its contents into the stream. But tho badly ripped the timbers still held together. Now tightly wedged and with the water pressing against the entirely immersed lower side, the craft was tilted almost on its beam end.

But the three men, busy holding their own boat from the rocks that dotted the channel, gave it only a momentary glance, and they were less than a hundred yards from it when Ayelward cried out sharply; for, clinging desperately to the upper side of the wreck, her body immersed to the waist, was a woman!

With a powerful swing of his sweep, Ayelward threw the scow's head over. It swung lumberingly. Again he bent his strength to it, then dropped the oar. A sharp cry of protest came from the breeds; but into Ayelward's head had come a daring plan.

"You keep her steady," he yelled, "and draw in so we'll just touch it as we shoot past." Hurling his command, he crawled hastily over the piled freight to the edge of the scow nearest the girl, calling to her as he did so: "Get ready and throw yourself toward me." He knew that she had heard, for she half swung her body around.

Not forty seconds elapsed from the time Ayelward first glimpsed the girl to the moment he knelt at the edge of the scow, legs braced against some flour sacks, body leaning far out, hands stretched forth, fingers prehensile, ready to catch and clutch her as the scow flashed by.

"Now!" he screamed when the boat's nose was opposite her. Timing action perfectly, as if from a dozen rehearsals, the girl threw herself outward and down. But a veer of the current at the same moment swung the scow away from the rock; her whirling body struck the water, her head an inch from the edge of the scow.

Quick as a flash the man's waiting hands dived for the water, his reaching fingers caught at the stout band of her corduroy jacket. Exerting all his strength, he lifted her clear of the water, and swung one hundred and thirty pounds of soaking humanity onto the irregular pile of flour sacks.

Leaning forward, he looked into a white, drawn face, out of which two wonderful brown eyes gazed into his. "Just in time!" came almost cheerfully from full lips that were once more beginning to redden, and the girl smiled faintly.

The man's eyes lighted. Certainly this was no ordinary girl who could smile when death had just passed so near. "I've been stuck on that rock since 9 o'clock," she continued, turning on her side to a more comfortable position. Digging her right elbow into the edge where the sacks met, she propped her chin in her hand and added: "My three boatmen and everything else went: but I was luckier—managed to get my feet on the edge of the timbers where the rock cut thru, and my hands just reached the upper edge of the scow. It wasn't so bad, only b-rr-r, it was cold!"

Her rescuer heard her in wondering silence. Certainly this was the most wonderful woman he had ever seen. She hadn't fainted—was even now calmly telling of her actions—this after nearly five hours half submerged in the icy Athabasca.

This last thought stirred Ayelward to action. Springing up, he once more took hold of his sweep, ordering sharply: "Pull in for shore."

Since the beginning of the trip all had slept aboard the scow, while the cooking had been done ashore over open fires. But now with a water-soaked female on his hands, Ayelward remembered the "bell-shaped" silk tent and collapsible sheet-tin heater which went together.

While the breeds were running the scow well up on a sloping stretch of the shore and making fast, he dug the stove and tent from out the piled-up cargo. As the boat grounded, the girl started to rise, only to drop back again with a little groan of utter exhaustion and remain motionless upon the flour sacks, her face drawn and blue, and her teeth chattering. This sound hurried Ayelward. Working at top speed, aided by the breeds, the tent was up within ten minutes, the stove installed, and a fire crackling in it, sending the atmosphere within the canvas to tropical heat.

Then Ayelward picked the girl up, carried her within, set her down on a pile of blankets and, a minute later, handed her an uncorked bottle of Scotch. She took two gulps, then, with a wry face, handed it back. "It's awful stuff, but I suppose it's good."

"You bet! Now while you're getting off those wet clothes, I'll go and dig up an extra suit of my underwear, a pair of trousers, and a big sweater. They'll all be a little big; but they'll do while yours are drying. The dry clothes and a hot supper'll put you in shape for a good long sleep; then you'll be O. K."

Again the girl flashed him her wonderful smile, causing his heart to leap queerly as he hurried out. Tho it was yet early, he at once began to supervise the setting out of the most lavish supper of the expedition.

Like all seasoned travelers, Ayleward avoided the unnecessary hardship of monotonous diet so common to wilderness regions, and, whenever transportation facilities made possible, carried most of the food luxuries of civilization.

So, on a table created by bringing ashore a large packing case, soon appeared canned mock turtle soup, heated in the tin, crisp frizzled bacon, canned beans, and by way of relish and entree, olives and French sardines, with a stone jar of marmalade added for dessert. All this, flanking fresh-cooked bannock, presented a most appetizing array.

Previously, when eating, Ayleward had sat crosslegged beside the fire along with the breeds. Now, with a table set, he had Johny Loutit bring ashore smaller boxes for seats. When this was done, and Isadore had set the coffee pot upon the table, Ayelward crossed the dozen intervening yards to the tent and tapped lightly upon the flap.

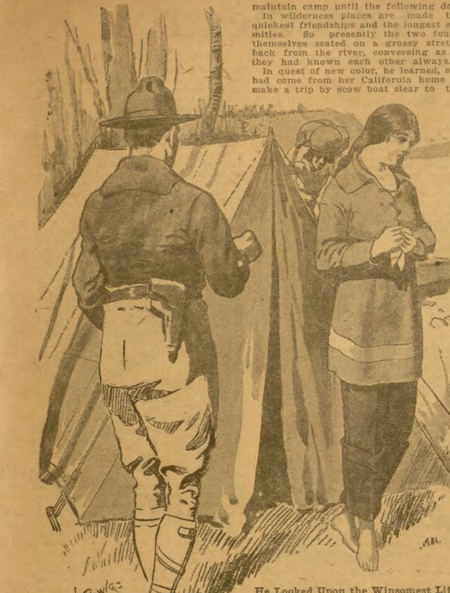
"Is supper ready?" she asked, in her voice a new fresh note from returning strength.

"You betcha!" he said heartily, tho ungrammatically, as he stepped back a pace. As the flap parted he looked upon the winsomest, most hoydenish little elf of a woman he had ever seen. From under the edge of trousers, cuffed upward almost to the knee, peeped two tiny bare feet. The gray sweater, reaching almost to the knees, only half hid the soft curves of her slim young body. Over the great collar of the sweater her hair fell to below her hips; a tawny mane of coppery gold that gave back to the afternoon sun all the glory of its lengthening rays. She had left the collar open and turned in the expansive waste remaining from his enormous undershirt, which revealed to his brightening eyes a glimpse of whitest skin below the upper portion already tanned a faint brown by the sun and wind. All this set off the more the small, perfectly molded face that, with the big, soft brown eyes, was only saved from being babyish by the firmest of chins and a straight patrician nose.

The bizarreness of her costume tended the more to heighten beauty of face and

Life and Love in Paris!

WHAT could be more fascinating and more perilous to heart and soul? Chappie Roderick, a handsome son of the United States, found himself facing these perilous pleasures with eagerness. It was the year before the great war broke out and Paris was aflame with life and adventure. Chappie encountered some remarkable things in Paris. What these were and in what state of mind and body he emerged from that alluring life makes a most dramatic and gripping story. It is entitled "The Other Man's Wife." Doesn't that tell you anything and don't you want to read it? The first installment (there are two), will be published in the Ledger of next week. Believe us when we tell you that you will have only one regret—that you couldn't get the whole story at one time.



He Looked Upon the Winsomest Little Elf He Ever Had Seen.

figure, setting off the former, accentuating the latter, yet without distracting from an air of quiet womanliness that clung to her small form.

Confronted with this vision, Ayelward stood staring wide-eyed, a gaze so burning that, after a moment, to cover her embarrassment she said: "Oh, yes, I'm real!"

"Why, yes, of course you are," he said, suddenly coming to himself. Then, realizing how inane had been his remark, he said almost gruffly: "Well, come on, supper's waiting!"

But it was the girl's turn now. "Really, I don't believe it's quite correct for me to take supper with a man I've never been introduced to." She gave him the demurest of glances.

"That's right. Do you know, I never thought of it before? My name is Ayelward. Harry Ayelward, sometimes of New York City, at your service, Miss——?"

"Keane, Doris Keane."

"What?" Ayelward exclaimed. "Not Doris Keane, the great novelist?"

"Why, yes—Doris Keane, novelist—without the great."

"No, no!" Ayelward protested warmly. "You are great. I've read your 'Souls Lost' and 'Twin Lives,' and have seen your play, 'The Burden.' "

"And you really liked them?"

She took a step forward, eyes shining with that light which comes always to an artist when tendered praise of undeniable genuineness; for she, like all writers who know the public's appreciation of their work only from the varying size of publisher's checks, was keenly sensitive to any personal expression of approval of her work.

"More than liked," Ayelward replied. He was about to speak further when she checked him with, "I'm afraid you're letting the supper get cold."

"Oh," he said contritely, "and you need it so badly!"

With an impulsive, boylike gesture of camaraderie, he held out his hand; she took it, and like two romping children they ran to the supper table.

It was not until the supper had been finished and she stepped away from the table that Ayelward thought of her bare feet.

"Why, they're all right," she said, in answer to his self-reproach at the oversight. "It's wonderfully warm, and this sandy shore doesn't hurt them."

And it was a perfect June day; such as comes only to the short Northland summer. Under the spell of the soft air, heavy-odored with mingled essence of the evergreens and recent burst Balm of Gilead buds, Ayelward decided to maintain camp until the following day.

In wilderness places are made the quickest friendships and the longest enmities. So presently the two found themselves seated on a grassy stretch back from the river, conversing as if they had known each other always.

In quest of new color, he learned, she had come from her California home to make a trip by scow boat clear to the Arctic. It had been her intention to winter at Herschel Island, where, by arrangement, a whaler out of Frisco was to pick her up the following summer.

Now, with a thousand dollars' worth of goods gone, and the battered corpses of three boatmen floating toward the lonely Arctic sea, the girl confessed a little dejectedly that she did not know what to do.

"I did so want to see this big wide Northland," she said regretfully. "What I've seen is so wonderful that it makes me want to go on thru."

Tho his experience with women was limited, Ayelward's ideas of them were of old-fashioned trend; he saw women always as only the weaker sex, less self-reliant than men, needing at all times masculine assistance and care. So, almost wonderingly, he said irrelevantly:

"I don't see how you ever could have thought of starting out alone, in the first place—how your friends ever permitted it. Why," he paused, suddenly aghast at a new angle of the situation, "women have lost their reputations for less than going into a wilderness surrounded only by men."

And then Doris laughed. In it was a note new to Ayelward; a note of supreme self-confidence, defiant, that mocked the shallow conventions of the outside world.

A little warmly she said: "Why, I'm three times seven! And today one isn't judged by the company he keeps, but by the size of his income. Besides, my friends are friends just as long as they mind their own business."

There was a long silence. A partridge drummed back among the evergreens, a booming note that was answered by the Boiler Rapids behind. Doris gazed off down river, her face shadowed with the thought of giving up so cherished a desire. Seeing the expression, there flashed into the mind of the man a plan, the very conception of which was so foreign to his set bachelor ways as to wring a cry of inward protest. Yet, tho the calm reasoning part of him upheld this protest, the thought still persisted, and the next minute he launched into narration of the strange quest upon which he and Grahame were about to set out.

Eager, wide-eyed, the girl heard him out. Then, in her voice a queer breathless awe that was half belief, she said, "It might be true." And again, after a long moment, "Yes; yes, it might be true."

She sat staring round-eyed and thoughtful, until he, succumbing to the urge of his recently acquired idea, broke in upon her reverie with: "And now your trip's spoiled, why not come along with us?" He blurted the words out eagerly, half frightened, like a bashful boy petitioning the maid of his heart to attend a picnic.

The surprise in her eyes as she turned quickly upon him could not have been greater had he struck her.

"Go with you! Me? Do you really, really mean it?"

"Why, of course," he answered, thrilling with pride at her delight.

Then, because she was a woman, and only a little past three times seven, Doris sprang to her feet; executed a dance of joy, clapping her hands in unison to stumbling motions and steps that were more vigorous than elegant. Then again, from another womanly reason, she stopped suddenly, her face flushing scarlet at having thus given away to abandonment before an almost total stranger.

But she, odd childlike woman, tho so famed, in a few short hours had moved the man as he had never been in all his thirty-five years of life, so that now he gave her no time to feel abashed. Springing to his feet, he held out his hand as he had before.

"Come," he cried, in tones as joyous as hers had been a second ago, "we'll drink a toast to the partnership."

"In that awful Scotch?" she demurred.

"In that awful Scotch. But, seeing it's you, you can have a whole lot of water and only a little whisky!"

So they went gayly back to the scow, where Ayelward poured out the golden fluid into four tin cups, the breeds watching the while with glistening eyes, for this, of all liquors, was the most precious fluid in the whole wide Northland. Passing a cup to Doris and each of the wondering boatmen, Ayelward raised his. "To our new partner, Doris Keane—Okisaskwao!"

They all drank, the breeds only half comprehending, but thanking fortune for any opportunity to partake of such good whisky.

As they set their cups down Doris asked: "What awful thing did you say about me just now?"

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, that oh-kiss-a-cow you just said."

"That isn't bad," he smiled. "It merely means woman chief—or, liberally translated, a queen."

"But I'm not chief of this party," she protested.

"All right, have it your own way—but you are a queen—queen among women." In his voice was such ardor that she turned away very red. A second later, to restore things to normal, Doris remarked: "You'd better introduce me to your men. Now that I'm part of the expedition I've got to know everybody."

So Ayelward formally presented her, the breeds shaking hands gravely, in their brown eyes a twinkle of amusement at the unusual proceeding. Isadore January came last, and as she turned away from shaking his hand, Doris said in an undertone to Ayelward:

"What a funny name for a Scotch half-breed! Sounds more like a Hebrew winter."

While gleefully accepting Ayelward's offer, Doris was sorely puzzled regarding a future wardrobe. All of hers, save what lay drying in the tent, was floating somewhere down the Athabasca, and the trading posts beyond did not suggest a possible alleviation of the shortage.

However, when they ran the scow aground alongside of the little settlement of Fort McMurray, late in the afternoon of the next day, she brightened visibly at sight of a white woman watching their landing from a little distance.

"Who is that?" Doris queried of Isadore.

The breed, tho understanding and speaking considerable English, answered in Cree, a peculiarity such men sometimes evince.

"Christine Gordon, kiche wabiscaw okisaskwao," he replied, grinning broadly.

"Which means?" Doris turned to Ayelward.

"Great white goddess," he interpreted.

"Well, she looks a little stout to be in keeping with the classic conception of a deity," the girl said smilingly, "but here's hoping she can help me out. Why, she might even have a sewing machine!"

"And can you run it if she has?" This very quizzically.

"Certainly I can."

Ayelward bowed low, in mock humility, remarking: "Most wonderful of women—she lives in a city and writes books—she runs off alone into the wilderness—she makes her own clothes——" all in tones mimicking side-show ballyhoos. But, to himself, Ayelward marveled afresh at the versatility of this strangely found woman.

Doris' subsequent visit to Christine's log-walled residence was, however, barren of hoped-for results. While having some cloth and the necessary machine, Christine had not enough to fill so heavy a demand as needful to outfit a woman for a long trip into the wilderness.

"Overalls, and a man's good blue shirt are the things for you to wear," the older woman advised out of knowledge of thirteen years of wilderness dwelling.

"But you don't wear them," Doris protested.

"No; I'm staying in one place all the time, not traveling," Christine explained, reasonably enough.

The upshot of the matter was that Doris purchased half a dozen shirts of heavy blue cloth at the Hudson Bay store and a couple of pairs of stout overalls, which latter, by the aid of Christine's machine, she transformed to a more reasonable fit. The work necessitated a day's lay-over, and even when they put off once more down the river, Doris maintained her feminine garb, laying the new bundle in a safe place on the scow, ready for use in the future.

The week of floating, and a short tow by motor boat from the mouth of the river across the arm of Lake Athabasca that followed before they reached Fort Chipewyan, was an unbroken stretch of golden days for Ayelward. Every hour, almost every minute, he found some fresh pleasure in the association with his new companion. And, tho a little fearful of the remarks that Grahame was sure to make upon his arrival, Ayelward was now thoroly committed to the course taken; and, in order to carry Doris along, prepared an elaborate argument to offset the sure coming protest that Grahame was bound to make.

But Grahame, woman hater that he was, found out that Doris was quite a keen young person and their clash, which will be told in the next installment, is quite entertaining. The interest grows tense before you have concluded the story.

* * *

A Skating Wonder.

"SOME one told me that nothing sets a man off like skates—I mean ice skates," remarked Jerry, the elevator boy.

"You mean that a man is never at his best as regards looks until he is arrayed in skating costume and is seen gliding around the rink like some Adonis?" asked the man from the fifteenth floor.

"Yep, that's it," answered Jerry. "Anyway, I was told that nothing appeals to a woman like an athletic hero. It don't make any difference whether he's a heavyweight champion or a checker player. There's a certain glory about him that puts the ordinary man on the back of the shelf of their estimation.

"There's one girl in particular that I have always had a desire to look like a hero to. If such a thing was possible I didn't see why there shouldn't be a chance for the tenants in the building here to give us a wedding gift along about next June.

"When it came time to picking the kind of a hero I'd be I decided on making myself a skating wonder. The first thing I did was to buy a pair of the fanciest skates on the market—the long razor-blade kind that are bolted on the shoes. Then I bought a pale green sweater with a red band around it. When I put it on I felt like a bunch of celery tied with a red string, but I didn't mind that, as I was certainly classy. I finished by giving a dollar for a pair of woolen tights. I got the last idea from seeing a bunch of ski experts sailing thru the air one time.

"I went to the rink then to meet the young lady, who was a skater herself, and show her she knew some one to be proud of. I hate to tell you, but I was awfully surprised when I found how good I wasn't. I hadn't tried 'em, you know, since I was 7 years old and I must have lost the combination. Anyway, I didn't have it with me.

"Maybe I wasn't a pretty sight! When I think of it I almost lose control of my car. There I was all dressed up like the champion of Sweden and flopping around like a fish."

"You must have been good," said the man from the fifteenth. "I suppose the crowd roared—and the girl?"

"Oh, the crowd was all right. I took care of that. You see, I told them modestly that I was the champion of California, but that the ice here was different from the ice at home and I had fallen and injured my head and would have to go home."

"And the girl?" repeated the man from the fifteenth.

"When I get my nerve back," said Jerry, "I'll call her up and explain it."

* * *

Trying.

THE construction gang was filling in the valley from a cut in the hill and the carts went in steady procession to and fro. Flannigan was slow in dumping and delayed the others. Flinn rushed up in a rage.

"Here, ye butter fingers!" he yelled. "What deya t'ink this is, a rist cure? Lit me show ye how a rale teamster dumps a kyart." He seized the bridle, yanked the old horse around, jammed him back to the edge of the dump, pulled the linch pin and threw her over, neglecting, however, to remove the tailboard. Over went the load and with it went the cart, horse and Flinn.

Flannigan peered down at the struggling heap below. "Thot may be the way to dump a kyart, Muster Flinn," he shouted, "but ain't it a little thryin' on th' horse?"

* * *

If the man you are talking to looks at his wife it's time to shut up.

His Red Cross Sweetheart

By St. George Rathborne

You Can Begin the Story Now

WHILE Boyd Kennedy is returning from Europe to America to enlist, the liner on which he is traveling strikes a floating mine and is wrecked. With several other survivors he spends three days and nights in an open boat, where his care of a woman and child prove his heroism. Just as an eastbound French liner picks them up, Kennedy swoons from loss of blood, his arm having been severely lacerated. He has appropriated the coat of an Englishman, Gerald Carroll, who was washed overboard; and upon coming to himself after the rescue is called Mr. Carroll by the attractive Red Cross nurse who is assisting the French doctor. Realizing that she has discovered letters in Carroll's coat, which she takes to be his, he fails to correct her. Altho she gives her name as Thompson, Kennedy has reason to believe it assumed. When alone, he discovers, in looking over the letters, that Carroll was a spy in Germany's pay, and believing that he can obtain valuable information for the United States by posing as the Englishman, he resolves to do so. The next day, the nurse, with whom he has unconsciously fallen in love, avoids him, but when the periscope of a submarine is sighted, he searches until he finds her and gets her to an upper deck just as a torpedo strikes the liner.

You can now go on with the story by reading the installment published in this issue. If you prefer, you can read the entire story in detail by getting back copies from our agents, newsdealers or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 1, dated January 5, 1918.

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CHAPTER V.

AFTER THE TORPEDO STRUCK.

EVENTS followed each other with incredible swiftness after that. Indeed, so rapidly did they come about that the most omnivorous lover of speedy action must have been fully satisfied for once in his life.

Following the impact of the torpedo there came the most frightful series of sounds imaginable. These consisted in part of shrieks, gurgling cries, shouts, and groans from the excited human rabble that was rushing back and forth like wild beasts in their cages, some even threatening to leap overboard in their delirium of fear; together with the crash of shattered steel and woodwork falling on the deck, and into the heaving waters.

The engines suddenly ceased to pulsate, showing that the blow had indeed been a vital one, and that the stanch steamer, after many successful voyages across the broad Atlantic, had come to her last port.

The crew having been well drilled to meet just such a sudden emergency were already at their posts, endeavoring to launch the boats. This was found to be a more difficult task than any one could imagine when watching the fine drill during a peaceful stage of the voyage. Now debris covered portions of the decks, crazed passengers got in the way, or clung to each seaman, pleading hysterically to be saved, and greatly hindering the work: and several of the boats had indeed been put more or less out of commission by the result of the explosion of the torpedo, so that growing confusion resulted.

The French captain, altho severely wounded by some flying fragment, stood at his post valiantly, and directed the work of rescue thru his megaphone. He was of the type of man who would stick to his ship to the last, and go down with her into an ocean grave if but a single one of his charges remained aboard. Not until the last passenger had been taken care of would he consent to enter a boat, and then only reluctantly.

Amidst all this vast confusion, Boyd Kennedy had to figure out just what he must do in order to insure safety for the one in whom he had conceived more than an ordinary interest. The Red Cross nurse seemed to have grown singularly calm. Perhaps now that the worst had happened she found herself able to call upon a reserve stock of nerve—such as those of her profession must possess if they expect to be ministering angels in the midst of anguish and despair. He could see that while her face still looked deathly white, there was a lofty spirit in her eyes, as tho she had risen above the common fears that gripped those shrieking women and crying children.

She even stooped over a frightened little boy who was clutching his mother's skirts frantically and sobbing pitifully—stooped and tried to comfort him with some word, as well as with the reassuring touch of her hand. Boyd never forgot that wonderful picture; it gave him a better insight into her soul that an acquaintance of weeks might have done under ordinary conditions, while lolling in a deck chair, and passing the time away in conversation.

But he knew full well that minutes counted heavily just then. The sea must be rushing in thru that terrible gap in the side of the stricken vessel, so that it could be only a question of time when she would founder, going down suddenly, and perhaps carrying all aboard to a watery grave.

He saw a thousand things, it seemed to him, as he swept a keen glance around—the crew working with breathless haste to lower the boats—the officers who were endeavoring to keep the frenzied passengers, both cabin and steerage, from hurling themselves bodily into these before they started to drop—the devoted wireless operator still clinging to his task of sending forth wild appeals for assistance, telling the dread story of the fate of the gallant liner—these and a myriad other like events were impressed on his memory, never again to be eradicated in the course of his whole life. But above all he feasted upon the glorified face of the little Red Cross nurse, as she darted about seeking to quiet the alarm of mothers and children, ready it seemed, to sacrifice everything herself if she could be of benefit to those in direst need.

Strange how in that terrible moment the mind of Boyd Kennedy should turn to a picture in history that had always had a peculiar fascination for him—that in which Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, her face sanctified with the stern resolution that had entered her soul to give her life to her country, unflinchingly faced the dreadful ordeal of death at the stake, with the cruel flames around her, and by her undying heroism won immortal renown.

So, too, this sweet girl may have given up a life of comfort and ease, resolved to devote her young life to succoring the wounded soldiers of the battlefields of Europe, to alleviating distress and bringing comfort wherever she went. Being but human, and young at that, she had naturally felt greatly frightened when the disaster first came upon them; but now she had risen superior to her fears, and found herself capable of ministering to those less endowed than herself with this noble spirit.

He had conceived a peculiar fancy for her before, but now this broadened to complete admiration as he saw her stilling her own natural fears and trying to buoy up the hearts of others. Ah! Such a woman had Boyd Kennedy dreamed of many times, when idly smoking and allowing his thoughts to soar away into the Land of Imagination, where bachelors are wont to picture their ideals, and then awaken with a rude shock to discover that it has been but an illusion. She was worth devoting every energy of his being to saving. The consciousness gave him a start, for he realized that already precious minutes had passed, three boats were gone with a full complement of passengers and crew, and the doomed steamer had sunk much lower.

There was much confusion, in spite of the efforts of the officers remaining to keep the passengers under control. This was only natural, perhaps, for many of those in the steerage were ignorant people, and with the hoarse whistle giving forth those awful notes, so like the dying groans of a huge animal, and the vessel wallowing helplessly in the waves, sinking lower and lower all the while, the situation was certainly terrifying enough to try the bravest soul.

Twice had Boyd endeavored to force the nurse into a boat, but each time she had discovered some other unfortunate to whom she insisted on giving up, her place. He admired her generosity, even while half angry because she persisted in incurring such deadly danger. It was all very well for the Captain to refuse to leave until the last, but no such obligation rested upon a Red Cross nurse; and she was a woman, too, tho with a soul much braver than that of many a man aboard that boat.

The second time she made this sacrifice it was to give her place to the same little mother whom he, Boyd, had served so faithfully on that other occasion. She shot him a peculiar look, even as she tucked the child in the boat, as tho perhaps she associated him with the presence of that pair of helpless ones, and sought to remind him that now she shared his claim on the gratitude and in the prayers of that same little mother.

There was another boat ready, and already some of the passengers were clambering over the sides, watched by the second officer and his helpers. The steamer was settling fast, and time was of tremendous importance now. When she foundered, doubtless such unfortunates as were left aboard would be sucked down in the vast swirl, and never come to the surface again; or, if they did, it would be only to find themselves madly battling to keep afloat on the billows with not so much as a sustaining hatch cover to aid them.

Determined that there should be no slip the third time, Boyd pushed his way thru the struggling mass, and, lifting up the nurse bodily, set her in a place. She did not resist, but gave him a strange look that afterward caused him a strange mixture of exaltation and bewilderment; for it seemed to be a combination of reproach, admiration, and a determination to impress his features indelibly on her memory, since it might be they would meet no more in this world, with that dread catastrophe hovering over their heads.

He stayed where he was, bent on making sure that at the last moment she did not spring out of the boat and insist on some screaming Italian woman taking her place. But now the officer was shouting orders for the boat to be lowered, and it was with complete satisfaction that Boyd saw her still there in her seat, her face turned up toward him, a glorified look upon it, as tho a halo from above had descended to sanctify that sweet head.

Then something dreadful happened. No one ever knew what it was, but the descending boat, before it reached the water, was overturned amidst the most frightful outcries. One second the inmates were seated there, crowded into place; the next the waves were dotted with struggling figures!

Boyd Kennedy had eyes for but one head among all those he saw. He singled out the nurse, for he believed he could tell her among ten thousand. Then, like a bullet from a gun, he plunged headlong into the sea, determined to do all that mortal man might in the effort to save that life, already become more precious to him than any other he had known for years.

It was indeed fortunate that he had always been a clever swimmer, and that from boyhood he had ever shown the qualities of a duck in the water; otherwise the fact of his being encumbered with his coat and shoes might have played havoc with all his good intentions.

He struck the water close to where he had seen her last. As he came to the surface he looked wildly about him. A terrible fear seized upon his heart that already she might have gone down, possibly clutched by some drowning person, ready to grasp at even a straw. Then, suddenly, he discovered her close beside him, drifting past and clinging to one of the oars of the overturned boat, which must have come within her reach even as by a miracle.

He was quickly beside her, with a sustaining arm about her, while he called out encouraging words; for amidst all that clamor it would have been utterly impossible to have made himself heard otherwise.

"Courage! We will be all right yet; but we must get away from here as fast as we can, for the ship is going down presently. If you can swim, try and do your best to assist. Our lives may hang in the balance!"

She could not answer him, but he saw that she understood from the faint, wan smile that broke over her face. His coming seemed to have given her fresh hope. There was a world of encouragement in the healthy presence of such an optimistic man—one who did things straight from the shoulder, rather than talked. Then again the sweep of the waves helped amazingly, and they gradually drifted farther away from the doomed steamer, already beginning to appear dim amidst the sea fog that was gathering, as if mercifully to shut out the climax of the grim ocean tragedy.

The outcries could still be heard, tho less plainly. Perhaps the fact that they were being driven farther away had something to do with this; or it might be caused thru the depleted numbers of those aboard. Boyd sincerely hoped the last boat had taken them all off, and that no similar disaster had befallen this load of humanity, such as had overtaken the other craft.

Then he found that he could no longer glimpse the steamer, tho the moaning of her whistle, continued, and told that the end had not yet arrived. The sea fog coming suddenly, as such things often do, enveloped them on every side. He did not like the prospect, for in such a mist they might never be discovered by those in the other boats. Then there came a loud long sound like that of a mighty sob, and Boyd Kennedy knew that the ocean had engulfed the gallant steamer.

CHAPTER VI.

FATE WEAVES THE SHUTTLE.

HE PLAINLY felt the girl shudder within his arm for he still had that about her as a sustaining force. From this Boyd knew that she, too, must have guessed the terrible significance of that doleful moan, as of a great creature giving up the ghost.

"The steamer has gone down?" she asked, in a voice that seemed full of half-suppressed sobs.

"Yes, that must be so," he told her, "since we can no longer hear any sound of the steam escaping from the whistle vent. But let us hope that every one had left her before she foundered. There could be no hope of her staying afloat; she was too deeply wounded to keep on the surface. But then, as for you and me, we surely have much to be thankful for."

Of course he was trying to raise her sinking spirits by saying this. Looking at their surroundings, it must indeed have been an optimistic nature that could discover any reason for being thankful; since they were alone upon the heaving bosom of that submarine-infested sea, shut in by the dense fog, their only buoy a single oar, and with the other boats doubtless already some distance away from them.

"Oh! What can we do to escape from such a dreadful fate?" she exclaimed. "I know you are strong, yes, and brave, too, but surely we could not hope to hold out long in this way. With your poor injured arm you will in time become exhausted with swimming; for I know full well you do not bear an atom of your weight on this poor oar that came my way. Must we go down, sooner or later Is this the end to all my fine dreams of being so useful in the world that is so terribly upset? Please tell me the worst, so that I may know what to expect. Do not try to deceive me, I beg."

"It isn't a very pleasant prospect, I'll admit, that faces us," he hastened to say; "but then I've run up against just as bad in times past, and always some way out cropped up. It will in this case. I feel sure of it. So try your best to keep up your spirits. A kind Heaven has permitted us to escape thus far, and surely there will be means of rescue provided. We may run across one of the boats; the submarine that did the damage might even come along and take us aboard; or some destroyer from the French naval base hearing the wireless call for assistance ought to be along sooner or later. So let's keep trying and trusting for the best."

His cheery words must have made an impression on her, for she turned and looked at him. Boyd was again thrilled by the magnetism of her glorious black eyes. He felt that the hand of destiny had surely drawn him to this important crisis in his life; from opposite sides of the world they two had met aboard the French liner, and from that hour life could never again sink to the level it had previously held—some inward monitor told him this, and the knowledge afforded great satisfaction.

"I, too, owe you a life, even as that little mother said she did!" he heard her cry. "And you must know that I am deeply grateful in my heart. Why should you take so much trouble to assist one who is an utter stranger to you, Mr. Carroll?"

He would have liked to tell her the deep feelings in his heart, but he did not dare; she must think him bold and ungentlemanly. Besides, such a confession would be the height of absurdity, considering their present desperate condition. So he tried to assume the air of one whose chief business in life might be roaming the earth in search of adventure, with an overwhelming desire to play the role of a modern Don Quixote, rescuing damsels in distress.

"Oh! Please don't mention it," he went on to say. "I could not see you suffer because your goodness of heart influenced you to give up your place each time for some other of your sex; or that poor old crippled steerage padrone going home to die in his sunny Italy. You had no one to look after you, and I simply chose to take that duty upon myself. Besides—well, never mind, I ought not to say what I was tempted to. But I hope you will live long to bring sunshine to many a poor fellow who has offered his all on the fighting line for his France. Look! See what a fine prophet of good fortune I am, for even now there is a drifting boat heading toward us!"

He pointed as he spoke, and even lifted her up a little so that she too might catch a glimpse of the object he had discovered on the summit of one of the giant rollers. The Red Cross nurse gave vent to a cry, but there was disappointment mingled with the sudden hope that had gripped her soul.

"Oh, but see! It is apparently empty!" she exclaimed, in dire dismay, as tho that spelled but renewed disaster for them, hopes blasted, and only fresh trouble looming up ahead.

"But it is a boat, and that is something we need very badly," he told her, in his buoyant fashion that unconsciously raised her drooping spirits again like magic. "What if it is half filled with water? We can find some way to bale it out, and we have one oar here, at least, that can be made useful to steer with. Come, we must not look a gift horse in the mouth. This is our chance, and we ought to seize it."

He accordingly set out to meet the oncoming boat, which seemed to be trying to pass them by, on account of possessing greater buoyancy, and catching what little wind there was blowing the sea fog along in drifting masses.

In this he succeeded, and it was with vast satisfaction that Boyd presently managed to reach up a hand and seize upon the gunwale of the partly submerged lifeboat.

His first work was too look after his companion; but then, as she showed a lively disposition to be of service in the matter, and did all in her power to clamber over the side herself, this was speedily managed, after which he too got aboard.

"Now let's see if we can't get rid of this water," was his first announcement, as he began to hunt around for some sort of bucket or pan that might be used as a scoop; and almost immediately afterward he uttered a cry of delight as he discovered what he sought. "Bless that French captain for preparing everything to meet just such an emergency! For here is a pail tied to a thwart; and, as I live, I can see a small keg that doubtless contains fresh water, together with several blankets, and a package done up in waterproof material, in which I expect we'll discover food! Why, I tell you this isn't half bad, my dear young lady."

While he talked he was busying himself in filling the bucket with water and casting this overboard, knowing that each dip was bound to decrease the amount held in the boat, and give them better quarters. She, too, seemed seized with a desire to do her little bit, for having found a pan, likewise tied with a cord, she commenced keeping time with his efforts in her smaller but none the less important way.

The very fact that they were helping themselves did much to bring fresh comfort to her sorely distressed heart. For the time being she even forgot what a miserable figure she must present, with her hair so bedraggled, and her clothes sticking to her in the most uncomfortable manner possible.

So, by degrees, the boat was cleared of the water, and rode the waves as buoyantly as a duck. Then Boyd began a search that called forth exultant cries, as he made discovery after discovery of a pleasing character. Perhaps he also made much ado over these rewards of his investigation in order further to encourage the other occupant of the boat, whose depressed spirits were sadly in need of bolstering up.

"Why, I declare if here isn't an oar, two of them, in fact, lashed to the thwarts as nicely as you please. What a long head that French captain had, to prepare each boat for eventualities as he did! We have water and food—yes; and when we manage to dry these blankets in the breeze we need not fear the chilly breath of night."

"Night!" she gasped, looking alarmed again. "Oh! let us hope that we may be picked up before the darkness gathers!" and she looked shudderingly around at the rising and falling billows, that must have assumed enormous shapes to her mind while thus cast adrift in an open boat.

"Why, to be sure, we undoubtedly will be," he hastened to declare, wishing to keep her from feeling any grip bordering on despair, for he could guess what a dreadful sensation the thought of being there in that small boat on the wide expanse of water must bring to even the bravest of women. "We shall keep a bright lookout, and the chances are good for running across one of the other boats. Then some of those aboard could get in here with us, and relieve the overcrowding. And see, we shall not starve or suffer from thirst, thanks again to our good Captain's forethought."

She sat there wringing the water from the skirts of her dress, while he unfolded the blankets, and tried also to twist both in his rude fashion so as to squeeze them partly dry, after which he laid them about in order that the sun and the wind might finish the operation, for he know they would be sorely needed later on in case he and his companion were not picked up.

The sun crept thru extending gaps in the driving sea fog, and really it felt good, for the air was rather keen, especially to those who were compelled to sit there in their wet garments. Seeing the girl shiver, Boyd presently left his work of prowling around to see what the boat contained in the stores, and advanced toward where the Red Cross nurse sat so forlornly.

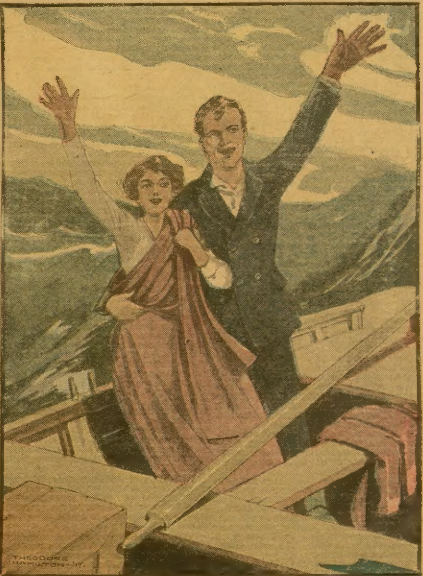
"Come," he said, in his most cheery and encouraging way, "I can see you shivering with the cool air. This will never do. You must exercise to get your blood in circulation. Let me show you how that can best be attained, even in a teetering lifeboat rising and falling on the waves."

So he proceeded to give her a lesson in athletic army tactics best suited to the peculiar circumstances. She entered into the spirit of the thing with a vim that pleased and encouraged him, and before long the color actually crept back again into her face. Boyd was delighted to see it blossoming there like roses. So she had looked when first his eyes drank in her sweet features, before this dreadful ocean tragedy came to drive the blood from her plump cheeks.

He, too, felt the effect of the exercise. It served him as a tonic, and after he had finished he again started to try and pierce the blanket of fog surrounding them, with renewed hope of discovering something moving on the rolling waves —something that would perhaps spell rescue for them.

But the minutes dragged on, and they saw naught but the endless panorama of those rising and falling billows. Several times he had raised his voice and snouted, but there came back no answer save a shrill mocking cry from some sea bird that flitted past on snowy pinions.

One, two hours had passed. By then their garments had apparently dried out, which in itself was a great consolation, especially to the nurse. She had taken down her abundant glossy hair and allowed it to hang about her slender shoulders until it, too, was in condition to do up again. Then, with dextrous fingers, she coiled it in masses about her shapely head, Boyd casting secret admiring glances at the operation, always more or less of a mystery to the masculine mind.


THEODORE HAMILTON-'17.

She Joined Her Rich Contralto Voice With His in the Cheer.

Suddenly it struck him that he was hungry, ferociously so, and he felt sure she must also be in need of some refreshment; accordingly he proposed that they have a light repast. The packet of food, carefully done up in waterproof cloth, was opened, and they found that while the contents consisted for the most part of dried meat and ship biscuit, nevertheless it looked particularly inviting just then to hungry castaways.

So they spent some little time in partaking of the limited fare, and talking. Boyd Kennedy was fast realizing that this was the most remarkable picnic in which he had ever taken part, go as far back in his past history as he chose. Sitting there, listening to her speak, and looking into the marvelous dark eyes of the companion of his adventure, he also concluded that on the whole he had no regrets whatsoever because a strange fate had chosen to weave his life threads so closely with those of the pretty Red Cross nurse.

CHAPTER VII.

ADRIFT.

THE day was drawing toward a close. Vainly had Boyd searched the sea around them to pick up a promising sign; for, as far as his vision reached, with the fog still drifting past in weird patches, he could discover no ray of hope.

Once his heart gave a bound as he saw something break forth from a rising billow, something that strangely resembled the back of a submarine; but it turned out to be only a sportive porpoise plunging. And really Boyd did not know whether to be sorry or glad, for those buccaneers of the depths, the daring men who scoured the ocean pathways for prey in the shape of ships to sink with their valuable cargoes, did not bear an enviable reputation along the line of mercy; and there was a pretty fair possibility that they would utterly decline to take the castaways aboard, should a U-boat appear on the surface.

Another time Boyd discovered what seemed to be a swiftly moving periscope, but he knew that it belonged to the original sea-skimmer, Mr. Shark. He immediately pretended to be interested in something imaginary in exactly the opposite direction, wishing to spare the already troubled nurse the sight of that suggestive dorsal fin cutting the water in eccentric circles. She might be horrified at the thought of possibly being followed by such a savage monster, and anticipate some species of assault; for hungry sharks have before now been known to endeavor to hasten the end of shipwrecked mariners by trying to capsize their raft or boat.

He began to realize that they were in all probability doomed to spend the night on the treacherous Bay of Biscay, a sheet of water notorious for its fretful moods, and subject to sudden storms that have sent innumerable ships to the bottom, or left their "bones" to bleach upon the sands of the shore.

For himself Boyd Kennedy did not care. He was used to roughing it, and could stand much; but he felt compassion for the girl whom Fate had determined should be his comrade in this queer adventure. Still, "needs must when the devil drives;" and all he could do in the matter was to make her just as comfortable as possible, and at the same time try to keep her spirits up by a cheery flow of words.

This, then, he sea as his task, tho he certainly did not give it such a name, because it was a pleasure to him to serve one so helpless and so lovely.

He knew that the more he could influence her to talk the better it would be, as she would thus have less opportunity to think deeply over the awful events of the recent past. She was gradually coming out of the trembling stage wrought by the shock of the ocean tragedy. The wild chorus of shouts and cries, marking the brief time that elapsed between the striking of the torpedo and the sinking of the gallant vessel, was dying out of her ears, tho doubtless it would visit her dreams many times in the future.

"Why was it, do you think, Mr. Carroll," she at one time had asked, as tho herself puzzled to account for the fact, "that after knowing they had accomplished their purpose in sending that dreadful torpedo, those on the submarine did not come to the surface, and try to be of assistance?"

"That is one of the things few can understand," he told her, frankly. "If the sole object of the commander was to destroy vessel and cargo, and there were women and children aboard likely to perish, it seems to us that the common dictates of humanity would require some such action. There have been cases where a submarine commander has towed boats containing the crew of a vessel some distance toward the land; but latterly they seem to shoot their bolt, come to the surface to make sure their terrible business has been accomplished, and then sink out of sight, to appear no more, leaving those on the doomed steamer to save themselves as best they can."

"But there must be a reason for their actions," she persisted. "I had a dear friend who was a German, and I am sure she was as tender toward children as any one could be, and would not think of hurting a single soul. Is it possible that during the last forty years a change has been taking place in the national characteristics of the whole people?"

"Many believe so," he went on to say, for he had himself spent much time in trying to grasp this subject. "The Prussian idea of everything being subservient to the state seems to have gradually taken root in the minds of even the more gentle people of Bavaria, Saxony, Baden and such other parts of the confederation. As to an excuse for leaving those on board a sinking vessel to look out for themselves, it is claimed, with what truth I cannot say, that as the ship's wireless has called for help, and an enemy war vessel is apt to appear on the scene at any minute, it becomes very dangerous for a vulnerable submarine to remain on the surface. But I have been thinking that we were attacked by two of the enemy craft."

"Why do you reason that way, please?" she asked him, as tho really interested.

"I myself saw that periscope, and I also know the Captain ordered the ship to be turned so as to head toward it, as the best method of avoiding the torpedo which he expected was about to be launched at us. That would place the submarine whose eye we saw on our port quarter; yet the torpedo that finished our boat hit us amidships on the starboard side. Besides, I have read that these terrors of the trade routes often hunt in couples, just as I have known lions and tigers to do many times."

"You have then been a hunter of big game, I judge from what you say, Mr. Carroll?"

Boyd felt a queer sensation pass over him every time he heard her speak that name, to which indeed he had no right at all. It was even on the tip of his tongue once or twice to explain how he came by it, and confess to the truth; but some influence which he did not himself wholly understand restrained him. The story could keep to a more convenient season, he concluded; tho he did mean to tell her later on that he had a little confession to make, and thus perhaps excite her natural feminine curiosity, feeding her interest in him, it might be.

This opening gave him a chance to speak of himself, tho he did so guardedly, because he never had been a boaster; and many of the things happening to him in his wanderings around the world might strike a listener as wonderful indeed. Nurse Thompson listened with deep interest to a number of stories he told about adventures in the lands of the Far East. He noticed that she frequently looked at him in a bewildered way, as tho something disturbed her. Kennedy would have given considerable to guess just what was passing in the mind of his pretty companion when she surveyed him in that strange fashion

"You must have been in nearly every city of any size in the whole world?" she remarked at one time, after he had described a strange scene taking place in Calcutta during his visit there; and at that he laughed merrily.

"Oh, hardly, my dear young lady!" he told her, with a shake of his head. "I have had the good fortune to visit scores of cities, East and West, but even in America there are dozens worth seeing that are utterly strange to me, tho in course of time I may be lucky enough to include them also in my itinerary, if I live thru this adventure, and my means are not crimped."

"Detroit is my home city, tho I have not lived there since a child," she said; and he noticed that somehow there was a peculiar tremor to her voice when she mentioned the name; also that those wonderful eyes were suddenly fastened eagerly on him, as if to notice what effect the apparently innocent communication might have.

"That is one of the places I have yet to visit. I am ashamed to say," Boyd went on to remark, with a little laugh;

for truth to tell, some of my income is derived from a certain automobile factory located there, and you would think I'd have curiosity enough to drop in and see how my money was made; but it has been the quaint and ancient things on this old earth that have mostly lured me, and not modern wonders. The sky-scrapers of New York interest me very little, but the wonderful temples of India, the mosques of Mohammedan countries, and the kiosks of Japan and China hold me spellbound."

Why she should give that little sigh when he made this communication Boyd could not imagine; but somehow he fancied that a wave as of relief swept over her face, and in those shadowy eyes there was no longer that half-defined look as of brooding dread.

Really, the more he saw of Nurse Thompson the greater became his interest in her personality. And strange to say he seemed to feel, tho unable to find any tangible reason for his belief, that there was a halo of mystery hovering over her pretty head, as well as above his own assumption of an individuality upon which he had no claim. You see, he still thought of that kerchief with the capital letter B, embroidered upon its hem; and his former suspicion that altogether she was too dainty a maid to have actually taken upon herself the stern duties of a trained army nurse.

All this piqued his curiosity exceedingly. It tempted him to play the game out, perhaps to receive a surprise himself, when laying the cards down on the table at the conclusion.

Just then she suddenly noticed that she could not see her companion in the lone boat as well as a short time before; and the reason of this she knew was to be found in the approach of night. She shivered, and Boyd became immediately concerned.

"You are taking cold, I fear," he said anxiously, "for I certainly saw you shiver just then. These blankets are perfectly dry now, and you must let me wrap them around you, as well as make you comfortable the best I can under the distressing circumstances."

"No," she hastened to tell him, "it was not from the cool air I shuddered, but the thought of being in this small boat on the terrible sea, and with a black night settling down. From my earliest girlhood I can remember how the gloom of night always affected me strangely. It is my one great weakness, and I have been ashamed of it many times; but somehow I do not seem wholly to outgrow it. But forgive me, please; I will try and he brave, for you have been so kind and sympathetic that it seems childish for me to complain, or show any sign of alarm. Yes, you can wrap a blanket around me, but only on condition that you agree to make use of the other one yourself as the night deepens, and the sea air grows colder."

He readily promised, and then proceeded to make her comfortable. Tenderly he wrapped the warmer blanket of the two about about her form, and it gave him the most delightful pleasure to know that she still depended on him for protection, even as he had undoubtedly saved her life when in the water. The glow in her eyes was that of absolute faith; it would have spurred any man far less trustworthy than Boyd Kennedy to stand by her loyally to the last. As for him, he never felt happier in his whole life than just then.

"Our boat is staunch, and can stand a great deal of buffeting," he went on to say, after completing this operation of wrapping the blanket around her until she declared she felt almost like an Egyptian mummy; "so please try and believe that everything is going well with us. The night will pass away. Try and get what sleep you can; and as for myself, I shall take it out in cat-naps; because I would not wish to let any possible chance of a rescue slip by us, in case one of the other boats from our vessel happened to come along. And then in the morning let us hope this miserable sea fog will have dissipated, so that we can signal to some steamer or warship that will certainly heave in sight."

Of course, much of this was said to reassure his charge, and permit her to sleep a fair portion of the long night that had now descended upon them. Whether Boyd Kennedy himself felt the same measure of confidence might be fairly questioned.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN THERE WERE NO REGRETS.

THE time wore on. It was monotonous enough, sitting there, and hearing no sound save the wash of the sea against the sides of the drifting boat, or a splash when some billow capped its towering crest with foam. Boyd had set himself a task, and he fought against the insidious approach of sleep to his heavy eyes. He meant to remain on guard as constantly as possible thruout the entire night.

There were several reasons for this resolve. In the first place, the girl trusted him to look after her safety, and what did a little lost sleep matter when so great a stake depended upon his vigilance? Then again, as he had said, he did not mean to miss a chance of their being rescued, should any sort of craft come within hailing distance. There was a third reason, too; he feared lest a storm arise that would take them unawares, with their boat broadside on, and result in their being wrecked. The thought of being overturned, and cast into the dark waters, with a howling gale rioting about his ears and a helpless young woman to keep afloat, gave Boyd many a chilly feeling.

But midnight came and went and all seemed well thus far. He found himself thinking of many things connected with the strange adventure—the owner of the coat he still wore, containing those incriminating letters—the sinking of the other steamer by a mine floating—the terrible time spent in the open boat in the midst of stormy seas—the disappearance of two of their number—his rescue by the French liner, and his really romantic meeting with the girl who now lay there sleeping as calmly, in his sole charge, as tho safe in her far distant home—the torpedo attack and the fearful scenes immediately following, culminating in the shock he had received on seeing the lowering boat upset and its occupants dropped into the sea—then the exquisite pleasure it had afforded him to know that his had been the arm to sustain her form in the waters, his the privilege to secure for her the saving comfort of a boat, and now she was still trusting to his kill to see her thru.

It was about an hour after this that faintly over the waters there came to the listening ears of Boyd Kennedy the sudden sound of firing. He arose, and, standing carefully in the rocking boat, looked long and earnestly in the quarter from whence those significant sounds proceeded. Strange lights seemed to be flitting this way and that, ever and anon rising to the overhanging clouds; and he knew that these must be searchlights on warships engaged in some battle with enemy craft discovered making a raid in the great bay.

One thing at least pleased Boyd, which was the fact that with the breeze the sea fog must have blown away. Then, when dawn came they would be able to survey their surroundings, and signal to any vessel that happened along.

He had been very careful not to move about in such a way as to arouse the sleeping girl; for if she chanced to hear that distant firing she might be overtaken with fresh alarm. But she slept on, and he too resumed his former position up there in the bow.

Of course, as the hours progressed, the air became keener, for it was still early in the season, and upon the sea night always brings a distinct chill, even as it also does upon the desert. Along about an hour before day might be expected to break—Boyd could tell the time by the stars thru long acquaintance with all heavenly bodies—a notion appeared to strike him that perhaps she might be shivering even under that single covering; so what did he do but creep back and carefully lay his own blanket over her. It was a simple act of watchful care; he hoped she would not mention it to him, but understand that his only motive was to carry out the duty he had so cheerfully undertaken when pledging himself to see to it that she reached a safe haven sooner or later.

Of course, he had no longer any desire to close his eyes after that; since it soon became necessary for him to work his arms and rub his legs, in order to keep the chill at bay.

But thank Heaven there was already a faint gleam of gray along the eastern horizon; he could see the blessed sign every time the boat lifted on a billow, and from this he knew dawn could not be far distant now. Slowly the narrow streak increased in size, until finally it was possible to see for quite some little distance around them.

There was a stir at the other end of the boat, and Boyd felt a thrill run over him when Nurse Thompson suddenly sat up, staring around her as tho utterly unable at first to understand where she was.

"Oh! Has the terrible night really passed away, and is it morning?" she asked, in tremulous tones that told how happy even such a prospect made her.

"I am glad to tell you that we see a new day breaking over there in the east," he hastened to remark. "That is probably where the land lies, too. Perhaps when the sun comes up we may even see the shores of France. And surely before a great while we must be rescued. All is well, and we have much to be thankful for."

He heard her give a low distressed cry.

"Oh! Why did you do it?" she exclaimed brokenly, and he being a man gloried in seeing the blood surge into her cheeks as she fingered the second blanket which just then she must have discovered had been placed over her feet while she slept.

"Please don't mention it," he urged, with a little laugh. "It was a mere nothing. You see, I meant to be moving about, and really did not need any cover along about an hour or so back. Besides, I am a strong man, and accustomed to exposure to sun and wind and cold in my favorite pursuit of mountain climbing. But I had an idea that you, being less robust, might need more coverings. Now, what are we going to eat for breakfast? If only we could have a campfire, with some hot coffee, and some bacon sizzling in the pan, I'd think it a great lark."

He managed to engage her attention, tho he noticed that she fingered his blanket for quite some time, even as she chatted with him, often looking down at the rough fabric half-reproachfully, tho with a tenderness in her glance at the same time. So Boyd felt repaid a thousand fold for his little act of kindness, which he feared must have assumed an altogether abnormal aspect in her eyes.

Of course their diet was limited to about the same things they had eaten on the preceding afternoon; but since both admitted to being quite hungry, they were not in a humor to complain. All the while they were eating he managed to keep a good lookout, and presently went on to say:

"I didn't want to tell you until I felt sure that they were actually coming on a course that would fetch them close to us an hour or so later; but if you glance off to the west, instead of toward the east, you will understand what I mean. Suppose we stand up, the better to see, if you will permit me to hold your arm so as to steady you."

She seemed entirely willing, and for several minutes they stood thus, feasting their eyes upon a sight that spelled rescue to them.

"I think they are several torpedo boat destroyers convoying a heavily laden steamer that carries either munitions or else an especially precious food cargo," Boyd went on to explain, anxious that she should understand. "The war vessels have undoubtedly gone out to meet her, to see that she passes thru the submarine zone safely; for those crafty Germans manage to get some of their large ocean-going submersibles as far down as this, not passing thru the English Channel from their base at Zeebrugge in Belgium, but actually cruising all the way around Great Britain. I heard the sound of firing during the night, and perhaps it came from these guard vessels, beating off a submarine attack. I only hope they sank the pirate, that's all."

"And do you really believe they will come close enough to discover us?" she asked him next. "This poor little boat is so like a mere speck on the great billows, I am very much afraid it will not be noticed.

"Not much danger of our remaining being unseen," he told her, reassuringly. "There must be as many as half a dozen glasses in constant use every minute of the time; and it is to discover just the smallest dot on the water, or the periscope of a submersible, that they are bending all their energies to. When the right time comes I'll do something to signal them, by waving a blanket perhaps, or my coat."

After that they resumed their seats and talked of many things. It was Boyd, tho who made frequent allusions to certain events in his past; for he could not but notice that Nurse Thompson only once referred to something odd that had happened to herself and a girl friend, whom she distinctly mentioned as Eleanor Bush. Boyd wondered why she fastened her big eyes on him, with a questioning look in their troubled depths when she uttered this name; and why she should actually seem pleased because of something that failed to occur. Could it be possible that she imagined he might be familiar with that name, and had watched to discover whether he gave an involuntary start of recognition when she pronounced it so suddenly?

Really, this mystery about Nurse Thompson was getting more and more piquant as time passed, and he found himself actually enjoying the sensation of having an enigma to solve.

At least his prediction, founded on a careful survey of the course the flotilla of warships was taking, seemed in a fair way of coming true. When half an hour had elapsed they were close enough for Boyd to consider it time to start waving a distress signal.

He managed to flaunt one of the blankets in such a fashion that it stood as an appeal for assistance, well recognized among all mariners when seen under such conditions.

"They've noticed us, all right," he announced, presently; "that whistle was meant to tell us we would be picked up in due time. Already I can see one of the destroyers leaving the line, and heading this way at full speed. They guess some tragedy of the sea has taken place, and that we must be castaways from a vessel that has been sunk by a German submarine, or a floating mine."

"Oh, how thankful we should be!" she sighed, her face expressive as she turned it toward her companion. "And what do I not owe to your gallantry, your brave actions, your thoughtful consideration, Mr. Carroll? I shall never, never forget all you have done for me."

"Please don't mention that," he begged her. "It has been one of the happiest episodes in my whole life, I assure you. Any man with half a soul in his body must have done just as much for one so—but there, I dare not say what is in my mind for fear of offending you," as he saw the color mount to her face, flushing even her neck in its scarlet tide. "Some day perhaps, later on, I have a confession to make to you about a little subterfuge that circumstances will not allow me to explain just yet. But see, here comes our welcome rescue boat, with the captain standing ready to receive us aboard. Suppose we give them a cheer."

She joined her rich contralto voice with his in the cheer, and acted as if she really enjoyed the sensation. Answering cries came from the destroyer bearing the French naval flag at its stern; the jaunty little craft came flying over the billows, her sharp prow cutting thru the water like a knife; and woe betide the vulnerable skin of an enemy submersible if ever that same bow struck home while moving at the rate of twenty-five knots an hour; it would be cut in twain like an apple under a butcher knife on the block.

Another five minutes and the destroyer was alongside, whereupon Boyd carefully assisted his fair companion to gain the deck of the vessel; after which he, too, accepted the hand of a sailor, and clambered aboard. That episode in his stormy career seemed ended; but he suspected there were others just as thrilling yet to come.

Boyd Kennedy plays his part well and is rewarded for his astute reasoning as the story is developed in the installment which will appear in the Ledger next week. He renders his country and the Allies a valuable service and the Kaiser's minions are dealt a solar plexus blow.

* * *

RUTHLESSNESS

"Everything's dear when war draws near,"
Said a voice from far away;
A voice that carried a cursing sneer
For the suffering world today.
"As bread grows scanty, the cost goes high;
And the price of the hearth's faint glow
Will be more and more as the days go by.
And I count up the score you owe.

"Everything's dear; for Hate and Fear
Keep tally at my command,
And nothing that Courage and Love hold dear
Will be spared by my ruthless hand—
Yet one exception I must concede
As I gloat on a scene of strife!
Two things I have rendered cheap indeed—
My honor and human life."

Unappreciated.

A LADY had a cook who gave her every satisfaction, and she was under the impression that the cook was equally satisfied with her place. But one morning, to the lady's intense surprise, the cook told her she was going away.

"Whatever do you want to leave for, Jane?" asked the mistress. "I am very pleased with you, and I thought you were quite comfortable here."

"Yes, mum, I'm comfortable enough in a way, but——"

The cook hesitated and fidgeted about.

"But what?" queried her mistress.

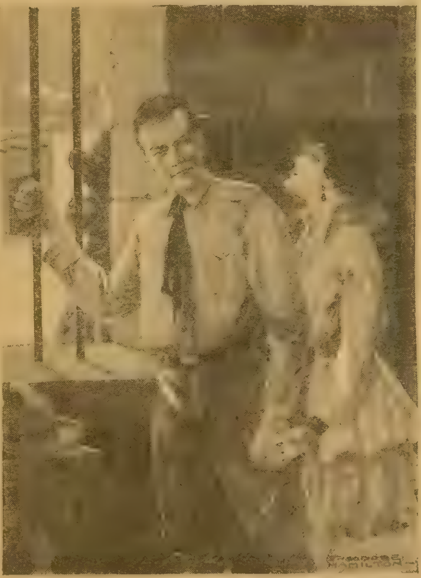
"Well, mum," she blurted out, "the fact is, the master doesn't seem to appreciate my cookery, and I can't stop in a place where my efforts to please are wasted; so I'd rather go, mum."

"But what makes you think that your master doesn't appreciate your cookery? Has he ever complained to you?" asked the lady.

"No, mum; but my last master was always bein' laid up thru overeating—he said he couldn't help doing so, because my cookery was so delicious; but master here hasn't been laid up once all the three months I've been with you, and that's just what bothers me so, mum!"

The Treasure of Zubaran

Vincent Starrett and Thomas Kennedy



A Soft Hand Pressed Something Into His. "Take it," Urged Luise.

All You Need to Know of the Story to Date.

TRACY HAMILTON and Richard Gatewood overhear a drunken peon in a "cantina" in Vera Cruz, Mexico, tell that a treasure train has been trapped in a tunnel by dynamiting the entrances and that Zubaran, bandit chief, intends to get the treasure. The Americans decide to get it first. Carmencita Esperanza, a dancing girl, secretly warns them not to attempt it. Telegraphing ahead for mules and dynamite the adventurers start. Carmencita causes their arrest at Soledad, but they are released by Colonel Alvarado, whose life Gatewood once had saved. They elude a lieutenant, Cabrera, who tries to follow them. The pair, taking Rafael, a Mexican youth, with them, start for the tunnel. A girl, thinking them enemies, fires at them, then faints before they can learn her story. The girl proves to be Carlotta Campero, who has lost her way in trying to find the tunnel where her father and kinsfolk are imprisoned in the treasure train. She insists on accompanying the Americans next day. Surprising the lone bandit on guard at the tunnel, they learn that Zubaran has preceded them, taking with him treasure and survivors, among the latter Pedro Campero, Carlotta's father. Zubaran's destination [illegible] supposed to be the "Lost City," an abandoned mining town in the mountains. Forcing the bandit to guide them, the party sets out in that direction, and later finds that a number of Federales, under Cabrera and Carmencita, are in pursuit. Taking refuge in a strange cave, they ward off the attack, killing or wounding most of the Mexicans. While the remaining Federales withdraw to a safe distance, the Americans, with their [illegible] leave the cave by a little-known [illegible] and make good their escape. The following morning Gatewood goes on alone toward the "Lost City" to reconnoiter, and is betrayed into the bandits' camp by an old hag who has acted as guide. He finds himself a prisoner with Carlotta's father, her beautiful cousin Luise Rivera, an Englishman named Drummond, and several others. At the end of the day he is confronted by Zubaran himself.

You can go on with the story, which began in Ledger No. 52, Dec. 29. Back copies can always be obtained from agents, news dealers or by mail direct from office of publication.

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CHAPTER IX.

A SORTIE.

FOR a full minute Zubaran stared at him appraisingly. Gatewood returned the look coolly.

"Who are you?" the bandit shot out suddenly.

"I am Richard Gatewood."

"A Gringo," sneered the giant.

"Yes, my little man, a Gringo," replied Gatewood, insolently.

Somehow he wanted to try the mettle of this terrible person. Zubaran maintained his temper and his dignity with an effort. He ignored the insult.

"What is your business here?" he demanded.

"I am a prospector."

"You are a liar," was the polite response.

"Have it your own way," Gatewood answered indifferently.

"Do you know who I am?" demanded the Brobdingnagian bandit.

"One told me you were Zubaran," replied Gatewood, rashly, "but obviously that cannot be true. So great a leader as Zubaran would certainly be more of a gentleman."

That shot went home. The bandit winced. Then his swarthy face turned gray with rage.

"Whoever I am, my gay braggart, you will regret that speech tomorrow. At that time you will die—slowly, and not pleasantly."

He turned away and again the door slammed. Those inside could hear the heavy crossbar fitted into place.

"Now, you've made a pretty mess of it," Drummond assured his new acquaintance. "Your end is pretty plain. What made you bait the old villain so?"

"For the life of me, I can't say," Gatewood confessed. "He just made me feel cross. I didn't like his haughty manner."

"If you do that when you're cross," chuckled the other, "I'd like to hear you talk when you are angry." He added: "Well, it certainly was a relief, even if it was foolish. You can't imagine how that fellow has lorded it over us for the past few days. It was unbearable—but I fear you've got yourself into a bad fix."

"Not at all," Gatewood insisted. "Tomorrow morning the fire-eater will not be in a position to put his threat into effect."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I don't know, but you may gamble your last dollar that I intend to do something," Gatewood answered determinedly.

He walked to the window and peered out into the gathering dusk. A large camp fire burned brightly, and about it the members of Zubaran's band were gathered, evidently in the first stages of a drunken orgy. Luise came and stood at his side.

"You will find some way to beat him, won't you?" she asked anxiously.

"I hope so, dear lady," he smiled. "You will help me, won't you?"

"Yes—if I can." She shuddered. "Did you see how that monster looked at me?"

Gatewood's eyes blazed. "The dirty cur!" he whispered to himself, thru bared teeth.

"When he stood there, you were—you were magnificent," she finished, blushing. "I believe you are not afraid of him."

Gatewood threw back his head and laughed. The girl continued to look at him admiringly. "Why be afraid of him?" he asked. "Surely we can outwit a huge, stupid creature like that."

"Tell me, what will you do?"

"I haven't decided yet. Let me think a moment." He stood with knitted brow, looking out of the window. Only one man now guarded the jail door.

This one had laid aside his rifle for a moment and stood unsteadily, a bottle elevated, pouring its scorching centents down his throat. He was already intoxicated. A little more and there was a chance he would fall asleep. The prisoner's brow cleared.

"Come here, my friend," he called softly, in Spanish.

The man stopped drinking and stared. As he perceived Gatewood he laughed drunkenly.

"So it was you who called," he articulated thickly. "You who will be food for dogs tomorrow, whom our Captain will have delight in killing an inch at a time, at daybreak. What do you want with me? I am no priest to whom you may confess your sins."

"No, my loquacious amigo, I did not think so," returned Gatewood, still keeping his voice down. "I wish merely to intrust a message to you. Since I must die soon I wish to send a word to my sweetheart."

"Am I government mail clerk?" sneered the guard. "Why should I carry your messages?" He paused for another long pull at the bottle and smacked his lips with pleasure.

"Because I have something of value with which I will reward you."

"Show it to me," commanded the man, cautiously.

Gatewood felt in his pockets. Everything he possessed had been taken from him when he was captured. He hesitated.

"It is as I thought," the sentinel jeered. "You have nothing but promises."

At this moment some one brushed against the adventurer, and a soft hand pressed something into his. It was a beautiful opal ring.

"Take it," urged Luise, in a low voice. "I concealed it when I was captured. It may be help you."

"You shall have it back," promised Gatewood, gratefully, as he turned back to the window.

"Look here," he called to the sentry, who was turning away. The man's eyes glistened at sight of the glorious gem.

"Give it to me," he said, coming closer.

Gatewood dr[illegible] the door, so that I may talk with you. I must whisper the message I would send," he said.

The guard hesitated, and Gatewood again flashed the jewel before his eyes. The sight of it was too much.

"It is against orders," the bandit began weakly. "The chief would kill me, if he found it out——"

"Nonsense," the tempter interrupted. "The chief is now drunk and so are the others. He will never know."

The sentinel peered toward the distant fire. About it men and women reeled drunkenly. Some had fallen, stupefied. He capitulated.

He came close to the bars and stretched forth a hand.

"Listen," said Gatewood, tensely, and the man inclined his head. Ten fingers of steel shot thru the bars and grasped his throat. Tighter and tighter they closed upon it. The man struggled ineffectually for a moment and then relaxed. His head fell limply to his shoulder.

Holding the man's body closely to the door Gatewood inserted a hand into his trousers pocket and produced three keys, fastened together with a piece of wire. One was apparently that of their prison. Drummond, who had watched the performance with fascinated eyes, came forward now and, seizing the keys, extended a long arm thru the bars. In a moment the door was unlocked and Gatewood dragged the inert form of the sentry into the room.

His first act was to restore the ring to Luise. Then he disarmed the unconscious captive.

"A regular arsenal!" he exulted, removing two revolvers and a wicked-looking knife from the long sash. Two bandoliers of cartridges also were removed from the prisoner. "Now we are all fixed for action. Here, Drummond, can you shoot?"

"Rather!" the Englishman replied, taking the proffered weapon and cartridge belt. "Say, tho, that was rather clever. How did you manage to think of it?"

"Oh, I haven't half started yet," Gatewood assured him. "Before morning we've got to turn this place into a fort. Just at present our game is a waiting one. Suppose, however, that some one ties up this beast. He's too drunk to make trouble, but there's no use taking chances."

Two of the servants came forward and, with many grins, bound the prostrate sentinel in shipshape fashion that drew admiring comment from the soldier of fortune. Then all settled down to wait until Gatewood gave the word.

Gradually the shouting and singing in the camp died away and the fire flickered down. In time the last of the carousers sank into drunken slumber. But even then Gatewood waited. When there was no possible doubt but that all were fast asleep, he beckoned to Drummond, who followed without question. The pair stole noiselessly out of the door and toward the dying fire.

One at a time, rapidly and without sound, a dozen of the bandits were stripped of their arms and munitions, which were disposed about the persons of the marauders.

Suddenly one of the bandits, who was being despoiled, stirred in his sleep and then sat up, blinking.

"Beat it!" warned Gatewood, and they ran for it, bearing the pilfered arms.

But the awakened man was too drunk to understand what was occurring, and fell [illegible] backward, and in a moment was [illegible] asleep. Gatewood decided, however, against any further ventures.

"We have arms enough for the entire party," he said, "and luck has been with us so far. Why tempt fate or fortune further?"

The party settled down to wait the coming day, with its prospect of certain conflict. Each of the male members of the band kept watch for a brief space, but there was little sleep for [illegible] of them, tensed as they were [illegible] excitement of the night and the sudden change in their position.

And at last a clamor from the bandit camp warned them that the loss of their arms had been discovered. Gatewood and Drummond, assuming charge of the defense, disposed their forces to the best advantage.

At least one defender was assigned to each of the barred windows. Gatewood and Drummond elected to defend the door, which could not be barred from within, and where the first attack would certainly be made. The women were instructed to lie upon the floor to be protected from the bullets.

At this Luise rebelled.

"I can shoot as well as any of them," she protested. "I want to have a chance, too. Can you not give me a window?"

Despite her mother's protests, her wishes were heeded and she was assigned to a place among the defenders. She was given one of the smaller automatic revolvers.

These arrangements were completed barely in time. With a shout and a scattering fusillade the bandit force charged the jail.

Drummond, peering from the door, could see Zubaran towering in the rear, urging his men on. Encouraged by his bull voice they came on bravely enough.

Then Gatewood gave the word. A flash and a roar from the defenders' arms followed, and a number of the onrushing men fell. The rest wavered. Another volley and they fled. The first attack was repulsed in less than five minutes.

But in another minute they came at it again. This time, more wary, they took advantage of every defense, firing from around the corners of houses and from behind pillars.

"Careful with your cartridges!" came the warning voice of Gatewood. "We mustn't waste a shot. They still have more men and more weapons than we have. Look out, now! Here they come again!"

Like a whirlwind the bandits swept down on the prison!

CHAPTER X.

AGAIN THE WITHERED CRONE.

MEANWHILE, back at the camp, Hamilton found himself confronted with a problem. The day had passed without a sign of Gatewood, who, Hamilton figured, should have been back by 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening.

"He said to give him a day before beginning to worry," he argued with Carlotta, whose woman's instinct insisted that something had gone amiss. "I know Gatewood better than you do, sweetheart, and I know he can take mighty good care of himself. I'd hate to spoil anything he may have started by a false move."

"A full day since he left will not be until tomorrow morning," the girl said "It is now 10 of the evening, and there is no sign of him. Certainly by a day he meant only until evening."

"I don't know," hesitated Hamilton, doubtfully. "Dick's been in trouble before and managed to squirm out without much outside help. Still, if he's in danger, I ought to be with him. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll move along a bit, and see what happens. I'll risk it."

An advance in the darkness proved slow and perilous. Before them a great cleft yawned, black and threatening. Down its rocky side the party toiled with infinite precautions, and then stumbled gropingly along the bottom of a rocky arroyo for several hours. At length their arduous journey was accomplished. Barely two miles from the "Lost City" they stretched themselves out, exhausted, to wait the coming of dawn. Despite their anxiety, sleep soon fell upon them to give them a slight respite from the coming dangers.

Hamilton was up at daybreak, despite his short sleep. While the others slumbered on, he went forward to reconnoiter. A short distance from camp he discovered a well-worn trail, leading apparently into the city.

Deciding that he would not explore alone, Hamilton was about to retrace his steps, when a croaking voice startled him into action. Suddenly, as tho she had sprung from the ground, an old woman stood before him. He stared in amazement at her singularly wrinkled face. Tho he did not know, it was the same who had snared his friend.

"You gave me quite a start, mother,' he finally said, with a laugh, unconsciously calling her by the same term employed by Gatewood.

The old dame laughed in her high, supernatural treble.

"But now that you see that I am an old woman, you are quite brave again, young sir. Is it not so? What do you in this outskirt of the world, Senor Americano?"

"I do but seek the fountain of youth, good mother," teased Hamilton. "Have you seen it hereabouts?"

The old crone's eyes narrowed to crafty slits.

"Mayhap it is a golden spring you seek," she parried shrewdly, "or perhaps it is a comrade that you seek?'

Hamilton started imperceptibly. The latter reference convinced him the old woman knew more than appearances indicated.

"What do you mean?" he demanded sharply. "If I did seek a comrade, could you tell me of him?"

She passed her hand across her forehead in well-simulated bewilderment.

"I have never bathed in the famed fountain which you seek," she answered evasively, "but perhaps a drop from a golden fountain spilled on my palm might revive the fading memory of an old woman."

Hamilton was willing to pay for the information he sought, and did so gladly. At the sight of the gleaming gold-piece, the crone laughed shrilly. Then, rapidly, she told him.

"All I know, I will relate, senor. Your friend has been captured by bandits—by the terrible Zubaran himself! I met him yesterday. I even warned him, but the rash youth pushed on. I was close at hand when he was taken, but I was not seen. Shall I lead you to the spot? I can do so with safety; none will harm an old woman, with one foot already in her grave."

"I have others with me," said Hamilton, unguardedly, and then he could have kicked himself for the admission.

"I can lead you all," persisted the woman, with a trace of eagerness in her voice. "But when I have conducted you safely to the 'Lost City' I can help you no further. From then on, you must shift for yourselves. I shall help you to effect an entrance, and afterward, if I may. The rescue of your friend must be accomplished by yourself."

The hag seemed to be honest, Hamilton argued with himself. Yet there was an instinctive something which warned him and made him hesitate. Still her information tallied with his fears. He felt that he must trust her and attempt the rescue of his comrade.

"We will come," he decided, "and while I summon the rest of the party, you wait here." He turned and hastened to summon the others, without hearing the chuckle of satisfaction which escaped the lips of the old witch at his decision.

Half an hour later, leaving the captive bandit bound in camp, they were led into the tunnel as Gatewood had been. They groped their way thru the thick blackness, the crone in the lead. As they neared the end of the passageway, Hamilton called a halt sharply.

"Listen!" he said tensely. All stopped in their tracks.

Muffled and apparently some distance away, but in reality just beyond the mouth of the tunnel, the crackle of musketry was heard.

"Hurry!" commanded Hamilton, excitedly. "They are fighting!"

He took his electric torch from his pocket, and, holding the old woman firmly by the arm to prevent any act of treachery, pushed rapidly ahead. They reached the door. Hamilton opened it, as the firing without redoubled in violence. The opening gave on the central square, and there, barely a hundred yards away, the bandits were besieging the stone jail. Hamilton surmised in an instant that Gatewood and the other captives were within.

How they managed to get arms, or what the fighting meant, he could only guess, but he did not have to stop and ponder which side he was with.

"Easy now," he cautioned. "We must take them by surprise." Then: "Good boy, Dick!" he cried half-aloud, as a picturesque villain, apparently leading the attackers, fell and died convulsively. The sharp crack of an automatic .45 had accompanied the sudden demise.

"Quick now!" he commanded. "Across to the old portico there and take position behind the stone posts. Then give 'em hell!'"

His eyes shone with the furious light of battle, and, with his viking shout that had rallied troops in fifty battles, he ordered a volley fired into the rear of the unsuspecting bandits. The coming of this second attack at the critical moment turned the day.

The cross-fire poured into the assailants demoralized them. Imagination trebled—quadrupled—the attacking force. They broke and fled wildly to the four winds, losing all semblance of order as they ran.

The huge Zubaran himself, seen now for the first time by the rescue party, raged furiously in the center of the square, vainly trying to rally his scattering forces. He was beside himself with rage and terror, at this new enemy. Then a man ran out at him from the stone doorway of the besieged building, a smoking revolver in his hand.

MY LOST FRIEND

I've lost my friend and may not grieve for him—
I may not mourn of right, tho he be dead!
Sweet Friendship's chalice filled I to the brim
And proffered it—when lo—my friend was fled!

Ah, unto him I gave the purest trust
And truest faith to which man might aspire;
And tho he holds such dear, they're as but dust
Upon the lips athirst of Love's desire.

He will not be my friend, but plunders me
Of kisses that to glad sweethearts belong;
On friendship's fare he will not dine, and he
But only asks to hear Love's low sweet song!

I've lost my friend—I'd whisper—stoop your head—
My lover lives, altho my friend is dead!

DOROTHY BATES-INSELL.

It was Gatewood! A smear of blood was across his face, and his hair was in wild disorder. In another instant he or the bandit would have been shot. But at that moment the aged crone, terrified, crouching in the tunnel entrance, caught the furious chieftain's eye. In her he saw the supposed cause of his downfall. He forgot all else

"Traitress!" he roared, and leveled his revolver. Gatewood fired just as the bandit turned, and the shot missed by an inch, but Zubaran's bullet reached its target and the old woman fell dead, her stout thorn stick clattering pitifully at her feet

This murder accomplished, Zubaran was thru. He turned tail and fled after his fast-disappearing men. A hail of bullets followed him, but in keeping with his reputation for bearing a charmed life, he escaped them all. Reaching his horse, tied at the far side of the square, he leaped to its back, cut the tether, and dashed madly along one of a hundred trails to the mountain fastnesses. The terrible Zubaran had fled—and escaped. The battle was won.

Then followed a season of hilarious greetings Carlotta and her father were reunite Hamilton and Gatewood were reunited. While acquaintances were renewed, Rafael, who had at last killed his man, strutted proudly around, armed with a ferocious revolver, as tho he had done it all.

The two soldiers of fortune clasped hands heartily.

"Much obliged, Tracy," said Gatewood, smiling coolly.

"Don't mention it," replied Hamilton, with equal calmness. "That makes me even for the time you saved me from the insurrectos in——"

"Oh, shut up!" interrupted the other.

That was all. They turned to watch with pleased amusement the meeting of Carlotta with her father and other relatives.

"Stunning girl, that!" Hamilton nodded toward Luise.

"Ye-es," drawled Gatewood. "That's what I think."

"Oh! The devil you do!" Hamilton twitted him. "Carlotta's cousin, isn't she? Interesting if we wound up our variegated careers by becoming cousins-in-law, wouldn't it?"

"Rot!" and Gatewood, blushing furiously, gave his friend a gentle tap that sent him staggering.

Much remained to be done. When reunions were completed, when introductions were made, when the captives, now happily liberated, had sufficiently thanked Hamilton and the others, the two leaders called a council of war.

"We mustn't hang around here any longer than necessary," advised Gatewood, earnestly. Then, turning to old Campero: "We came here, sir, in search of treasure. We are treasure hunters pure and simple. If we do not find it, our mission, so far as we personally are concerned, is a failure. May I ask whether during your stay here you have learned where Zubaran hides his gold?"

Campero shook his grizzled head.

"I regret that I found out nothing, senors," he said.

Questioning the others brought the same results. There was nothing for it but to search.

"Well, our time is short," Gatewood cried energetically. "Let's not waste it. The bandits may decide to return at any minute, and behind us somewhere are the Federales. It won't do to be caught between two fires, you know."

But search as they would in every nook and cranny of the deserted city, the treasure's hiding-place remained a mystery. Hamilton and Gatewood racked their brains in vain. In the end it was Rafael who came to the rescue.

"It is foolish, of course," he deprecated, "but I have heard it said—merely a rumor, senors—that Zubaran keeps his treasure in a well."

"In a well!" echoed Percy Drummond. "Ridiculous place to deposit one's savings, I should say."

"Perhaps," mused Hamilton, "and perhaps not. The well ought to prove it. Where is it?"

There were two, it developed. One was choked with rubbish.

"It may be at the bottom of that mass," observed Hamilton, eying it with disfavor. "But let's try the other one first."

The other was an ordinary well, to all appearance, with windlass, rope and bucket. They peered into it eagerly, but could see nothing but stone sides, and far below, a tiny ripple of water.

"I'm going to have a look anyway," announced Hamilton, stripping off his coat.

He perched himself on the bucket and clung to the rope while Gatewood and the others lowered away. The windlass creaked and groaned at the unusual weight, but the stout rope held fast. Slowly he sank below the level of the earth.

"Say when," Gatewood ordered, and Rafael, peering over the edge, motioned to him to stop when the bucket with its burden had all but reached the water level.

Hamilton hung suspended and gazed about him. Finally he motioned to be drawn up a little. The windlass creaked and he rose a foot nearer the surface. Then to the surprise of the watchers, he calmly put a foot forward and stepped from the swinging support. The next instant the spectators gave an audible gasp of amazement. Hamilton had disappeared. Apparently he had stepped thru the stone side of the well!

CHAPTER XI.

THE TREASURE OF ZUBARAN.

HAMILTON found himself in a sort of doorway, framed in stone. He was confronted by an oak door, apparently of some thickness. The depth of the aperture entirely hid him from the watchers above. He pressed his shoulder against this formidable barrier, and to his surprise it yielded without effort. Pitch blackness loomed ahead, and for a moment he stood stock-still, listening Then, fastening the snap of his electric torch to keep a steady light, he pushed more deeply into the aperture. A wide corridor, walled with stone, opened before him as he progressed.

For perhaps one hundred feet he made his way cautiously down this black tunnel, and suddenly the walls broadened to a stone chamber of great size. At the other side was a doorway, beyond which the dark passage seemed to resume. The air was cold and clammy, with a mustiness suggestive of long-neglected tombs, but Hamilton was not bothered with Rafael's superstitious fears.

He flashed a long, white pencil of light around the chamber. Then his heart gave a great leap, for piled against the wall were six strong boxes. He had found the treasure. To convince himself that his good fortune was real, he seized one of the chests and rolled it over. It gave forth a satisfying metallic chink.

No further doubt crossed his mind He had found the treasure—the gold of Pedro Campero and his unfortunate fellow passengers, who had perished on the wrecked train. The thought gave him a distinct shock. After all, the gold, or a large part of it, belonged to Carlotta and her father. For the first time since the beginning of the adventure he found himself displeased with the part he was playing.

"Campero's gold will have to be returned to him," he thought. "I must talk it over with Gatewood. I never saw it just that way until now."

With an effort he recalled himself to his surroundings and turned to the passage ahead. His curiosity was aroused and he resolved to push on and find what new surprises the cavern had to offer.

Picking his way cautiously along the rough floor, he had proceeded about one hundred yards, when suddenly a great iron door loomed at his side. It was set in the wall, on enormous metal hinges, and a great hook served as knob This he seized and, straining every sinew, tried to swing the ponderous door, but the great mass of metal was immovable. Try as he would he could not budge it, and he resolved to go ahead, and come back to this fascinating mystery later. Another fifty yards had been traversed, when he found his way blocked by a solid wall of rock. It was the end of the tunnel. He was in a blind alley.

Hamilton had seen secret passageways before. He was convinced that some means of exit existed if he could only find it. He pressed firmly against the wall at one spot and another. Finally one section moved ever so slightly, and highly excited he threw his full weight against it.

Grudgingly, but without a sound, the great block of stone moved slowly away from him, as tho borne by some ponderous but well-oiled machinery. Noiselessly it sank into darkness, and, flashing his light into the recess thus formed he discovered a short flight of stone stairs leading upward. He mounted without hesitation, and pressing before him a stone trapdoor, to his amazement found himself in the very center of the deserted room where for days the captives had been held.

He laughed lightly at the ironical situation thus revealed, and stepped to the door. Across the square were his friends, still peering into the mouth of the well, in which he had so mysteriously vanished half an hour before. As he gazed, Gatewood bent over the stone rim and called him by name, anxiously

"What's the trouble, Dick?" Hamilton called cheerily from the doorway.

Gatewood turned like a shot, and the entire party swung about and stood petrified with astonishment. Then they raced to his side, and in a moment he had explained the seeming miracle.

"But what about the treasure?' demanded Carlotta, excitedly.

"Where do you think it is?" Hamilton asked them. Then, answering his own question: "Right beneath the feet of all you enterprising captives for days—and the means of escape lay there, too"

"I'll swear I sounded every flagstone in the floor, and in the walls, too," said Drummond, crestfallen.

Everybody was anxious to explore the passage, but it was necessary for someone to stand guard. Campero and Rafael volunteered for this duty. Gatewood, Hamilton, the two girls and Drummond descended the stone steps, and in a moment were traversing the underground passage. Hamilton stepped into the lead with Carlotta at his side. He passed the iron door without a glance but Luise's sharp eyes discovered it

"I know!" she cried excitedly. "It is here!"

Looking back, Hamilton shook his head and continued on his way.

"That has not yet been explored," he vouchsafed.

They entered the central chamber, and Gatewood's flashlight joined Hamilton's in making it almost as light as day.

The girls gave a shout of joy and rushed forward for a close inspection of the treasure boxes.

"See! They have never been broken open," cried Luise. "This one is uncle's—and this one!"

"Now," said Hamilton, when their pleasure and excitement had subsided, "let's see what is behind that iron door."

At his words Gatewood looked up quickly.

"What's your idea? Think there's a prisoner in there?"

"Oh! Perhaps there is!" cried Carlotta. "Some poor fellow missing for years. You know how they disappear in this sad country, senors, and are never seen again."

Hamilton shook his head. "No chance of that, I'm afraid," he deprecated. "However, we'll have a look."

They returned slowly to the sinister black door. Hamilton and the others pushed against it with all their strength, but without result. The door was as firm as the stone into which it was set. Hamilton looked at Gatewood.

"Stand back," ordered that individual. Hamilton, understanding, thrust the girls behind him. "Hold your ears," commanded Gatewood.

There was a flash and a roar, as he drove a steel bullet into the lock. The echoes resounded up and down the passage like crazy laughter, but the great door stood firmly. Five more shots followed in rapid succession. Then the door sagged drunkenly inward, and the amateur cracksman entered. The others crowded behind.

The room, or dungeon, into which they burst thus unceremoniously was small—barely ten feet square. It had no outlet except the door by which they had entered. But by the light of the two electric torches the adventurers beheld a small iron chest, heavily cornered with the same material, in the center of the floor.

All looked at it in fascination. There was something sinister about its squat, ugly shape. It was as tho some dreadful reptile lurked within its fastness. Gatewood broke the silence.

"I suppose I'll have to shoot the lock off this, too," he grumbled.

As he spoke he reloaded his automatic and placed the muzzle against the clasp. But Hamilton stopped him. Bending, he seized the clasp and wrenched it. To his surprise the chest was unlocked. The force of his jerk threw the lid wide open and sent him reeling back.

A cry of stupefied astonishment broke from all present. The torches were blazing down into a glittering heap of jewels, the value of which none there dared to estimate!

Would you be willing to read this far and then not find out how it all ended? The conclusion will be published in the Ledger of next week, and you are certain to be pleased with some of the developments. It would be a good idea to order your copy now in case you want to make sure of getting it.

* * *

It Didn't Work.

THE new maid would not rise early enough. Gentle reproof seemed vain and finally the master and mistress tried the inferential method of blame and left the damsel asleep whilst they prepared the breakfast for themselves.

"We'll shame her to it," said the master.

Not a word was said until 9 o'clock the same evening, when the girl tapped at the door of the sitting-room.

"Is there anything else I can do mum?" she respectfully inquired.

There was nothing, and she turned to go to bed, but at the door remembered something.

"If you're down before me in the morning, mum," she observed, "you'll find the eggs in the icebox in the pantry."

* * *

In a Hurry.

FLAHERTY worked in a powder factory, and usually went home to meals with his chum, O'Reilly. The latter was going alone to dinner the other day, when Flaherty's wife, meeting him, asked:

"Where's himself that he's not wid you today, Mr. O'Reilly?"

"Shure an' didn't he lave the factory in a great hurry an hour ago, ma'am," answered O'Reilly.

"An' did he say where he was goin'?" she inquired.

"Not a word did he say," answered O'Reilly; "nor I don't think he knew himself—till he struck the match. Then he went off wid the roof an' half of the factory."

* * *

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THE LOVER

Your sweetheart is a haughty and aristocratic dame,
She boasts an ancient family, a proud, historic name;
My sweetheart has forgotten whence her origins arise—
Go follow, you, the blood that's blue—I choose the bluer eyes.

Your sweetheart is a wealthy, yea, a plutocratic miss,
She brings you house and land and gear—God give you store of bliss!
My sweetheart brings herself alone, undowered, sweet and fair;
Go grasp your hoard of minted gold—I choose the golden hair!

Your sweetheart draws you up to where the social gods hold sway,
With her, you may climb proud Position's mountain, day by day;
But here, from higher heights I look down on your peaks of ice—
Your sweetheart led you into Place—but mine, to Paradise!

—TED ROBINSON.

The Blue Silk Dress

FROM her place at the daintily appointed breakfast table Mrs. Thurston, fresh and sweet as the bright spring morning itself, called softly:

"Oh, and Bob, before you go, I must speak of Junior's shoes.

"Junior's shoes'"

Bob paused at the threshold of the door and stared incredulously at his pretty young wife; then, with unwonted sharpness in his voice, added impatiently "It can't be possible that that boy—why, Helen, it's only——"

With a little laugh, Helen rose from the table and came quickly to her husband's side.

"It's longer than you think, dear," she said, quietly, adding hastily, as she glanced in the direction of the clock, "I wouldn't have bothered you, Bob, but Natalie is going in town this morning and has offered to shop for us. You know how hard it is with baby——"

Robert bent suddenly, rumpled the golden brown hair, and kissed the pink cheek nearest him.

"How much?" he demanded, with a smile.

"Not one cent!" Helen lifted a laughing but determined face. "I just wanted your advice. You know you thought the last —'

"Oh, well," Bob interrupted, with an impatient little shrug, "you know best, of course, but Helen, you will want——" He paused, an unconscious little frown gathering on his usual bright face

"Bob, you will lose your train," and, as he still hesitated, "Go, dear," she entreated. "Truly, I have plenty of money for what I need."

"For what I need," she repeated softly, striving in vain to control the quivering of her chin.

"Oh, I see"—Bob gave his watch a hasty glance—certainly there was no time to spare if he wished to make his train.

"Well, then, good-by, little woman! Just tell Nat she'll do me a favor if she'll lunch with me this noon—12:30 sharp, at Bancroft's. Tell her—it's important."

A hasty kiss, and he was gone.

"Helen!"

Helen turned quickly. Standing in the doorway which opened out upon the side veranda was Natalie—hands filled with the delicate spring beauty, cheeks pinker than the blossoms themselves.

"Helen, I didn't mean to listen—the door was open, and I couldn't help but hear." Swiftly she came to Helen's side. "Oh!" with hot resentment, "how could he—as if you were to blame that Junior needs new shoes."

For a moment Helen stood in amazed silence, steadily regarding the flushed, indignant face. Then, with a sudden smile, "You dear little goose," she said gently, "it is only that you do not understand."

A little later, in the privacy of her own room, Natalie muttered impatiently, "Stupid! why did I let her know that I heard? Of course, she wouldn't want my sympathy. Poor, proud Helen! Understand, indeed;" with a sudden toss of the pretty head. "I understand enough to know what you intend to do without the new blue silk. And so—did—he," she added slowly, her red lip curling with contempt. "Coming, Helen," in answer to her sister's call.

Natalie did not enjoy the long ride into town that morning. Her thoughts were most unhappy ones. She had avoided Helen's eyes, as she took the little list of things required, and by tacit consent the new dress was not mentioned. Now, she told herself, with a bitter little smile, she was glad that she had come to make this springtime visit; otherwise, who knew. Her cheeks burned.

What was it Junior had said that very morning, as she helped him dress?

"An' my papa is the best man in the whol' wide world—an' my Uncle Allan is the nex'."

And Natalie had smilingly agreed, as she tied the big blue bow beneath the dimpled chin, even while, deep down in her heart, she knew that for her "Uncle Allan" must come first.

The dark eyes were very wistful now, and the smile about her lips belied the tiny frown which had marred the pretty face.

Could it be that Allan Thurston——

Natalie's thought flew back to the last evening they had been together. How she had scolded him for his extravagance, even as she reveled in the fragrance of the long-stemmed beauties he had brought. Her color deepened as she remembered his earnest words of protest

"A man would never offer you less than the best that lay within his power, Natalie. Don't you realize that'"

But Natalie hardened her heart. No doubt Bob had been like that—long ago—before Junior needed shoes.

* * * * * * *

"Hello, little sister—keep you waiting long?"

Bob's cheerful tones grated on Natalie's overwrought nerves. It had been a trying morning—overcrowded stores, tired or indifferent clerks—nothing had gone right.

"No," she answered curtly. Then Bob piloted her to a little round table in a quiet corner of the room. "Why did you do this, Bob?—it wasn't at all necessary."

"That's all you know about it." Bob's laugh was infectious. Truly, he was good to look upon—so big and strong and restful—and how much he looked like Allan!

Now he leaned forward suddenly, eager, smiling.

"Natalie, are you sure you know the piece Helen liked the best of all?"

"Bob!" Natalie's eyes danced. "Is she—are you?——"

"You are." Bob laughed happily. "I couldn't be hired to go into a department store and buy a blue silk dress Why, Natalie, little girl, what is it'" For the girl's dark eyes were full of tears.

"Bob"—Natalie's voice was so low it was with difficulty that he caught the words—"please say that you'll forgive me, and don't ever ask me why."

For a moment the gray eyes of the young lawyer looked searchingly into the pretty, troubled face; then proudly Robert Thurston raised his head.

"I forgive you, yes, little sister," he said gravely, "for I'm sure you did not understand."

"And now about the dress." A faint flush rose to his cheek as with a low laugh he continued slowly: "I confess I was nonpulsed for a moment this morning. Of course, the kiddies are bound to come first; but I'd set my heart upon the blue silk dress, and——" He broke off suddenly with a rueful little smile.

"Take my advice, Natalie. Whatever you do, don't marry a struggling young lawyer."

Natalie lifted dreamy, smiling eyes.

"I—I won't Bob," she promised softly. "Allan is a civil engineer."

* * *

No Music in It.

A Western settler went to the nearest store and purchased a music stool, taking it home with him in his trap. In a few days, however, he brought it back and demanded the money paid, as the stool was no good at all. The shopkeeper examined it and said it was in perfect order, and that it should not be thrown on his hands.

"Well," said the settler, "I took it home careful, and I gave it a turn, and every one of the children gave it a turn, and never a tune could one and all of us screw out of it. It is no more a music stool than the four-legged washing stool the missus puts her tub on."

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A Chinese Colleen

By G. Lombard Kelly

A young detective, his chief and a girl are the principals in this story of exciting experiences in a big city. The ending comes as a startling, unexpected climax and one that will please you immensely.

INSPECTOR PATRICK J. O'HALLORAN sat at his desk with his head supported on his two hands in such a way as to make his heavy jowls appear all the heavier. Apparently he was thinking deeply. He straightened up as a younger man entered his office.

"You sent for me, sir?" inquired the newcomer.

"Yes, Larry, boy. I sent for ye," replied the inspector. "I need ye or somebody bad," he continued. "Whether ye're the man I need, or no, ye'll have to show me. I'm going to give ye a chance. It's the 'penny case,' my boy. Think ye can do anything where the others fell down?"

Larry Mulherin drew a long breath. He could hardly believe his good fortune. For Inspector Patrick O'Halloran was no flatterer, and this was indeed a compliment. For weeks the city had been flooded with counterfeit pennies, and the department had been unable to stem the tide of the copper pieces, altho the best men it could boast of had tried their hardest to trace the spurious coins to their source.

Larry knew better than to answer O'Halloran with "I don't know."

"I'll do my best, sir," he said, and the inspector was pleased to note the tensing of the angle of his jaw.

"No one can do any more," he replied encouragingly. "Now, Larry, boy, go about this thing simply. In my opinion the others have fallen down because they thought it was a very big and a very difficult job. I don't think it is either. Besides," he added, with a twinkle in his eye that Larry did not miss, "a novice like you sometimes stumbles onto a clew that a finished detective might not have the luck o' finding.

"And don't get the swell head 'cause I've put you on this case," he cautioned. "After ye've solved it, maybe a feather in yer cap wouldn't hurt nothin', but wait till ye do somethin'. Yer dad was a grand detective, Larry, and he was modest wid all his success. Model after him and ye'll be all right.

"Not that I don't think well o' ye, lad. Not at all. If my little girl was livin' today, I wouldn't want her to find a better man than ye, Larry."

The inspector paused a moment, as if in reverent memory of the little girl he had lost fifteen years before. Then he brightened up again and addressed his young friend once more.

"There ain't no clews, no records worth havin', Larry; ye got to dig this out fer yerself. Now, ye young spalpeen, git, and if ye don't bring home the bacon, I'll recommend that ye forfeit a month's salary."

When Larry found himself outside the inspector's office and finally on the sidewalk without, he was inclined at first to feel a little panic-stricken. He quickly recovered from this, however, and walked rapidly along. His steps were bent toward the Third National Bank.

Larry had been hearing a good deal of talk about what was known among the men as the "penny case." So far as any of them were aware, it was the first instance that any one had attempted to counterfeit pennies on a large scale. And the disturbing element was that the counterfeiters were getting away with it. So far, coins of three dates had been recognized by experts as spurious, two Indian-head pennies and one Lincoln penny. Probably there were also others. The coins were so nearly perfect as to defy almost any but an expert in recognizing them as false

Larry had heard of the failures of those above him and had chafed under his inactivity on a "big case." He had been pleased to think what he would do in this very case, if given the opportunity, and now he had his chance.

And it did not catch him napping. He did just what he had told himself he would do. At the Third National one of the receiving tellers was a good friend of his. He was glad to see that the teller was unoccupied as he entered the door. He walked up to the grating just as tho getting ready to make a deposit.

"Hello, Larry," greeted his friend "How's the boy

"Fine, thank you, Bob," replied Larry. "Can you give me a little information, old boy?"

"Surest thing you know," replied the teller. "Glad to help you any way that I can. What is it?"

"Have you been getting any counterfeit pennies lately?"

"I should say I have," replied the young man. "And big batches of them, at that, Larry

"How could you tell they were phony?"

"By the dates. You know we had an official warning that pennies were being counterfeited in three dates, and some of the dollar packages I took in recently were almost nothing else but those three."

"Do you know who brought them?"

"If my suspicions are correct, the last we got were from a young woman who has been coming here regularly for I don't know how long," he replied. "She's hardly a woman, either; a girl about 20. She has been bringing from eight to twelve dollar packages about once every four weeks. I might have found it out for sure, you know, but it's only been known about four weeks that the bad coppers have been coming in. A great many people bring pennies in, usually on Monday, and we have just been placing them together. Now we are careful to investigate a package or two of all those brought by persons we do not know."

"I see," said Larry. "And when will the young woman probably be due back?"

"Next Monday, Larry; I've been waiting for her on my own hook. But remember, I am not sure it's the girl; tho I believe pretty strongly it is."

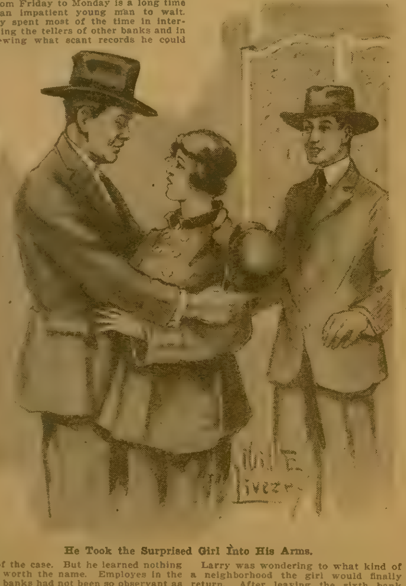
"Would you object to my being here so you can point her out to me?"

"Not at all, Larry. I'm anxious to see this thing stopped." He seemed to reflect for a moment. "But gee, son," he went on. "I'd hate to see a girl like her tangled up in a mess like this."

"I didn't think bankers were long on sentiment," joked Larry, as he turned to go. "Much obliged, Bob; I'll be on hand Monday at 9 o'clock to wait for the 'one-cent girl.'"

"Sentiment, the devil!" shot back Bob. "If you had to arrest her, I bet you'd resign."

His smile reflected the grin on Larry's handsome face, as the latter passed thru the swinging doors.



He Took the Surprised Girl Into His Arms.

From Friday to Monday is a long time for an impatient young man to wait. Larry spent most of the time in interviewing the tellers of other banks and in reviewing what scant records he could find of the case. But he learned nothing more worth the name. Employes in the other banks had not been so observant as Larry's friend at the Third National. They had received phony pennies enough, they said, but had no idea who had brought them. So Monday Larry realized that his progress for three days could be summed up in the hunch of one bank teller, a very uncertain thing.

Promptly at 9 o'clock he entered the Third National and exchanged greetings with Bob. The latter had thoughtfully arranged for Larry to sit in the president's office, in a chair that was directly in line with his window, so that he could motion to him when the object of his wait arrived.

It was a long and nerve-racking wait for Larry. Somehow, he felt that he was wasting time, and began to fear that the girl was not coming at all. But his fears were finally dissolved, when toward 10:30 he caught Bob's glance of identification. He saw the girl hand his friend several cylindrical packages, taking them from a rather large handbag. The teller gave her some bills in exchange and she turned away. As she did so, Larry could see that her face did not correspond to her clothes. She was rather cheaply dressed, tho very neatly. But her face! Larry felt that it was too beautiful for a queen, and very sweet. He decided then and there that Bob's hunch had played out and that he had lost much valuable time.

As he followed the girl from the bank, he caught Bob's look of affirmation that the pennies she had brought were bad. So his hopes picked up somewhat; it might be a clew after all. Then he remembered what Bob had said about hating to have a girl like this caught at such a game. He did not pretend to understand how that could be.

Larry's suspicions increased considerably as he shadowed the girl to no fewer than five other banks, widely separated. He noted especially that she looked on a card before entering each bank, and that she did not go twice into the same institution. This was also suspicious, he reasoned. The only cause for it that he could think of was that the girl was afraid of going to the same bank too often, and probably used a different set each week.

Larry was wondering to what kind of a neighborhood the girl would finally return. After leaving the sixth bank she had been to that morning, she made her way by car across town, never once looking around to see if she was followed. Apparently her conscience was clear. When she left the car and cut in toward Chinatown, Larry almost gasped.

She was certainly easy to shadow. Not once, to Larry's knowledge, had she looked back. Deeper and deeper into the yellow district she went, and finally, putting a climax to Larry's emotions, entered a dingy Chinese laundry.

"Well, of all the doggoned doings!" he mused. "What can a white girl with an angel face be doing in a fourth-rate Chink laundry? That gets my goat."

He passed by twice casually, and was debating upon what to do next, when a rotund Chinaman, rather old looking, came out and walked in the direction in which Larry was apparently going. He soon passed from view around the corner. When the young man arrived in front of the laundry, he stopped and read the proprietor's name, Chin Lung, and, as unconcerned as possible, looked in. Inside he saw only the girl, and concluded that any help employed was out for the dinner hour, as it was then after 12. So he decided to enter.

Once inside, Larry felt uncertain as to what course of action to pursue. He had no collars to leave with the girl and none to call for. He noticed that she had changed her dress quickly for a Chinese costume. There was nothing left for him to do but boldly state his purpose.

"Good day," he said pleasantly, and showed his star. He saw with displeasure the look of panic in the girl's eyes. "I wish to search the premises," he announced.

"Oh, please don't!" she pleaded, at once. "There is nothing to find, I am sure, for I live here. But if Lung finds you here, he will kill you. Please go."

Larry smiled confidently, and unconsciously placed his hand on his right hip.

"Lung hates white men," continued the girl, "and he will scold me if you stay. He may come back any minute."

"Now look here, my young lady," began Larry, speaking in as professional a tone as he could force himself to, "I am here on business. If Lung comes back, I'll explain to him that it wasn't your fault I stayed."

With that he pushed aside the curtains that served as a partition between the front and rear of the laundry and began to pry around for a secret door or panel of some kind. He was not exactly a greenhorn along that line, and a few minutes later, when the girl peered anxiously thru the curtains to see what Larry was up to, she did not see him at all.

Larry found himself in a small room situated on a slightly lower level than the floor of the laundry and to the right as he had entered. A flight of three steps led down to the level of the floor of the room.

He had been surprised at the ease with which he had discovered the doorway. It was concealed behind a screen of Oriental design and by a matting worked in peculiar dragonlike figures, the latter hanging over it, as if for an ornament for the wall. It was rather low, only about four feet in height, and Larry was forced to stoop considerably when he entered. Another surprise he had was that the door opened so easily.

For a moment the young detective stood in the doorway in utter astonishment at the completeness of Chin Lung's outfit for turning out counterfeit pennies. He had seen some such devices before, but nothing to compare with this

Everything was arranged in orderly fashion. On shelves he saw unmelted lumps of copper, tin and zinc. To one side of the room, convenient to a large brick chimney, stood a crucible for melting the charge of the three metals To the right of the crucible lay three molds for shaping the melted bronze into ingots, long, narrow bars. On the other side of the room were steel rolls for pressing the ingots to the exact thickness of a copper cent. To the left of the rolls was the punching-press for making the bronze blanks, which would then be washed and polished and put between the two dies of a coining press, to come out complete. Numbers of pennies, probably undergoing some process to tarnish them, Larry saw in cigar-boxes on one of the shelves

After a moment Larry recovered from his surprise and started down the short flight of steps. He had hardly released the door when it closed with a snap and a peculiar sickening sweet odor began to permeate the room. He immediately felt uneasy and tried the door; but it would not open.

"Trapped!" he said to himself. "Fool! I might have suspected something, to get in so easy"

But he realized that this was no time for self-condemnation; even now he felt himself getting weak. He looked vainly for a window where he might gain fresh air; then he tried the door again, furiously. Finding that it would not give, he threw himself bodily against it, again and again. He could not budge it. He now knew that he was gradually losing consciousness. The way Chin Lung had spared no pains to entrap inquisitive interlopers, just as he had spared none in fitting up his counterfeiting machinery. Faster and faster the young man breathed, the nauseating perfume, it seemed to him, creeping into his very soul. He sat weakly on the steps and after a few moments knew nothing more.

When Chin Lung left his supposed laundry just before Larry Mulherin entered it he was quite unsuspicious of any impending danger. He had been waiting impatiently for the girl to return so that he might go around the corner to Wah Shin's store for some tobacco. Unlike many Chinamen, Lung did not care for opium, and during the sixty-five years of his life had never used it.

As a Chinaman, he was rather striking in appearance. He had an intelligent and somewhat judicial face, was somewhat portly in form and apparently of a much higher order than the ordinary coolie Chinaman of this country; if, indeed, he belonged to that class at all.

After a five-minute talk with Wah Shin, Lung started home, greeting friends as he went. Altho he had been engaged in an underhanded business for twenty years or more, none of his closest friends suspected it. He had been content to have people think of him merely as a poor laundryman who had adopted an orphan American child and raised her.

Thus Lung was one of the worst of criminals, for in addition he was also a hypocrite. Under his suave exterior he carried a secret hatred for the law that might hunt him down and take away his liberty. So he had come to hate all minions of the law, and finally all white men, as the girl had told Larry. But he was careful not to betray the fact where it might injure him. But after so many years of impunity he had only recently become a little reckless and, spurred by a miserly itch for gold, turned bad pennies loose in such streams, undiluted with even a few good ones, that the hated law was at last really on his track.

But he was wholly unsuspicious of the impending trouble until he entered his dingy laundry. He saw immediately by the girl's face that something was wrong.

'What?" he demanded, in the usual phlegmatic Chinese manner, meaning, of course, "What is the matter?"

The girl made no reply; she was stupefied with fright. She did not even point.

Lung was on the point of losing his temper when he heard a noise in the rear, as if some one was trying to burst thru a door. He smiled evilly, leering at the girl as much as to say, "I got him, you see!"

Then going hurriedly behind the counter he took a revolver from the cash drawer and disappeared behind the curtains. His suspicions were verified when he saw the screen and the matting removed from before the door. He placed his ear at one of the panels and listened intently for a moment, then, satisfied that whoever had entered his mint was no longer conscious, he cautiously opened the door, and stooping, revolver pointed, entered.

He immediately opened two secret windows and cut off the supply of the incense. His next step was to bind Larry hand and foot and fasten him in a sitting posture against one of his coining devices. He already saw in the young captive signs of returning consciousness.

Five minutes later, when Larry was almost fully himself again, he saw opposite him the malevolent face of an infuriated Chinaman. The latter was almost too angry for speech. For the first time in over a score of years some one had penetrated his secret, and that one must suffer. Lung congratulated himself upon the preparation he had made for this eventuality. Perceiving now that Larry was fully conscious, he informed the young man briefly of the fate that awaited him.

"Ah killee you!" he announced, with a snarl. "Ah clount tlen. Ah shoot."

It seemed to Larry that death must be near at hand. That help might come in time was almost inconceivable. Lung had closed the windows again and knew that the report of the pistol would not be noticed, unless by the girl. And Larry felt that she was surely in league with the Chink. It was indeed a remote possibility that she opposed the Chinaman's desires. Lung had already begun to count.

"Lun, two, thlee——"

Larry wondered what Inspector O'Halloran would think of his handling of the case. He hated to die as a result of his own bungling.

"Fo', fi', six, sev'——"

All of Larry's young life passed before his eyes in a kaleidoscopic blur. He had often imagined how a man felt when he knew he was about to die. The sensation was no better than he had imagined. The Chinaman's methodical count went remorselessly on.

"Eight, ni', tlen!"

Simultaneously with the word "tlen" the door had opened and a blue coat and helmet burst in. Lung had given one frightened look and then the pistol went off.

But it was not a conscious act of the Chinaman. Chin Lung had rolled over helplessly on the floor. Apoplexy had finished him. The bursting of the blood vessel in his brain had tightened his fingers on the trigger much as a bullet striking a bird in the head causes it to cling for a moment to the limb before falling. Of course the bullet went wild, and in a few seconds Larry was free. And sobbing near by was the bluecoat, for it was the girl, dressed in a policeman's uniform, who had come to his rescue.

"Well, I be—I mean I declare!" stammered Larry, as soon as he had recovered from his series of surprises. "This is proving to be a real eventful day, after all. But don't take on over that yellow dog, miss; he isn't worth one tear of yours."

"He was no dog," asserted the young woman, argumentatively. "He was always good to me and the only parent I ever knew."

"Well, I beg your pardon, Miss, Miss——"

"Eileen," she supplemented. "I don't know what my last name is; Chin, I suppose."

She had stopped crying now, and Larry judged it had been mostly from excitement anyway. Besides, he saw a twinkle in her eye as she made the last remark, at which he felt like laughing himself. But he merely smiled.

"Eileen Chin," he repeated after her. "Some name. Well, Miss Eileen," he went on, "I wish to thank you for your very opportune appearance, for I assure you, you saved the day, and what's more important, your humble servant, Larry Mulherin, as well."

"I am glad that I could help you," replied the girl, "but I am sorry that it had to be at the expense of dear Lung. He was always good to me and I almost loved him. The doctor had told him he was liable to die any minute, and I knew it was the only chance to save you. I went to the front for help, but there was no one in sight who could have helped, and I did not have a weapon. So I ran to my trunk, which I have had ever since Lung found me, and got the uniform out. Lung despised it and wanted to burn it up, but I wouldn't let him."

Eileen was certainly a pretty picture in the large uniform, altho it almost swallowed her. The helmet, however, fitted snugly upon her wealth of hair. She prattled on cheerfully to Larry, as if glad of the opportunity for an unrestrained chat with a white man. She told him all she knew of her life's history; how Lung had adopted her when a very small girl, after a big fire. He had found her sitting on the trunk and had taken them both home. He had raised her, sending her to school with her own kind, always treating her considerately. When she had got old enough, he had sent her regularly to exchange pennies for larger currency; but lately she had become suspicious, because he had allotted certain banks for certain weeks.

"You poor girl!" sympathized Larry, awaking for a moment from the spell the maiden had cast about him. "Now, Miss Eileen Chin," he requested, "please remain here as you are until I can telephone to my boss, Inspector O'Halloran. I want to get him here and explain the whole shenanigan. And he'll sure be pleased to see you in this outfit."

It had just dawned upon Larry that the famous "penny case" had been solved and the pleasure he felt almost weakened him. But he soon made his way to a telephone and had the inspector on the way out. When he returned to the laundry, he found Eileen just as he had left her.

"He'll be here in a minute or two," announced Larry.

And he was nearly correct. Perhaps it was more than a minute, but it did not seem so to Larry, or Eileen either, for that matter, to judge by her smiling face. This was the day of her life; she had found her first beau.

They stood up as O'Halloran entered and Larry began to explain. But a peculiar look on the inspector's face made him hesitate. The latter was staring at the girl's helmet. A light of recognition appeared to dawn in his eyes.

"Number 87," he said slowly. "Let me see that, please."

He took the helmet as the girl extended it and looked on the inside of the band. He read there the initials, P. J. O'H. He then looked deeply into the girl's eyes. Then with tears of joy streaming down his face, he took the surprised girl into his arms and said brokenly, "Your mother's eyes, m-my g-girl!"

It dawned upon Larry that he had found the inspector's daughter, supposed by him to have been dead for fifteen years.

"Larry, me boy," said O'Halloran, huskily, releasing the girl, and reverting to his manner of speech when he was a patrolman years before, "ye've solved the 'penny case' and found me darter, bless 'er. How can I iver thank ye? This is the uniform I had just put away fifteen year ago to become a plain clothes man. Then the fire come. My poor wife was lost and I thought the girl with 'er."

He then peered thru the door and perceived Chin Lung's body on the floor of the little room.

"Dead, eh?" he muttered. "Well, Larry, after all, ye haven't any case."

"No—no case?" stammered Larry. "What do you mean, sir, no case? Just a case at first sight, sir, that's all."

And the Chinese colleen did not gainsay that statement; no, not at all.

* * *

A Few Changes.

A CUSTOMER had overhauled a large number of clocks of all shapes, sizes and descriptions, but nothing seemed exactly to suit his tastes. At length the jeweler, in despair, fetched out a massive timepiece of complicated design.

"Here, sir, is a clock which will, I think, suit your aesthetic taste. At precisely 10 o'clock every morning the tiny bells chime and a bird hops out and sings a carol."

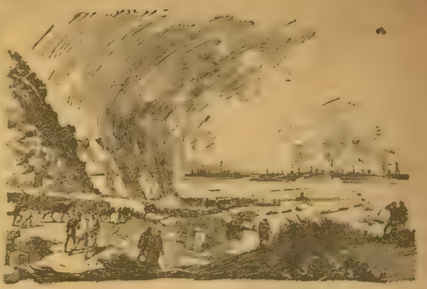
"I will take that if you will make a few changes in it."

"With pleasure," the jeweler said.

"I have a daughter," went on the customer, "and I want the clock for the room where she entertains her company. Make it so that at 11 o'clock at night a milkman's bell will ring and a newsboy will skip out and shout 'Morning paper!'"

* * *

It takes a married genius to invent a new excuse



We Must "Follow-Up"

The story of the Gallipoli withdrawal is a tale of inadequate support. Like Salamanders clinging to the red-hot bars of a fiery furnace, the boys of Australia and New Zealand clung to the slopes of Anzac. Desperately, heroically they clung. No troops under any circumstances ever displayed greater soldierly qualities or upheld more sacredly the best traditions of England's Army. But they had to withdraw because the "follow-up" was not there.

To some of us it has been given to march with the columns of troops that go to France. And to others it is given to wave God-speed. But he who marches and he who stays is equally a citizen of the world's mightiest republic and equally responsible for its success in this greatest of undertakings.

Then let us at home turn from our flag waving and consider how necessary we are, how useful we must be. Those who go to fight cannot hope to win by naked bravery and we cannot hope to win unless every individual at home does *all* he can. We must have no Gallipoli.

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Ajax high grade rubber surfaced Roofing; put up 108 sq. ft. to the roll. Complete with nails and cement. Lot No. GC302, 3 ply, roll $1.[illegible] 2 ply, roll $1.17; 1 ply, roll **$1.07**

Rawhide Stone Faced Gold Medal Roofing guaranteed 15 yrs. Rolls contain 108 sq. ft., nails and cement included. [illegible] **$2.20**

Our famous Rawhide Rubber Roofing, 3 ply, guaranteed for 12 years; a high grade covering. Rolls contain 108 sq. ft., nails and cement included. Lot No. GC304, 3 ply, roll $1.50; 2 ply, roll $1.40; 1 ply, roll **$1.20**

10,000 Rolls of Extra Heavy high grade Roofing; Red or Gray Slate Coated, Rock Faced, Brown Pebble Coat, Double Sanded, Mineral or Mica Surfaced. Lot No. GC305, roll 108 sq. ft. with nails and cement **$1.90**

28 gauge, painted, 2½ in. corrugated overhauled siding sheets; 5½ ft. long, Lot No. GC306, 100 sq. ft. **$2.50**

26 gauge painted 2½ in. corrugated overhauled roofing sheets, Lot No. GC307, 100 sq. ft. **$3.00**

24 gauge Extra Heavy painted 2½ in. corrugated overhauled sheets for roofing barns, granaries, etc. Lot No. G[illegible], 100 sq. ft. **$3.50**

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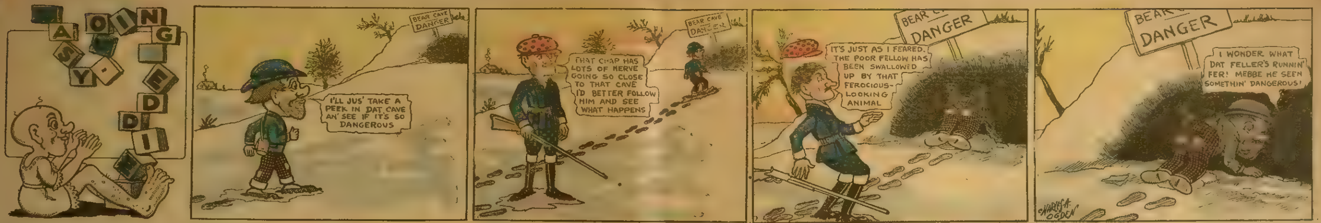
FIRST GRAND PRIZE

In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, [illegible] send [illegible] name and address NOW. We [illegible] $360.00 [illegible] Model, Ford Touring Car as First Grand Prize [illegible] Dollars in Cash Rewards, [illegible] Every worker will be rewarded. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE [illegible] 1,000 Free Votes [illegible] WHY NOT YOU?

FARM LIFE, Dept. 251 SPENCER, IND.

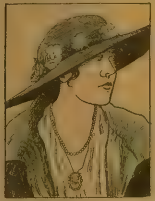

EASY-GOING EDDIE
BEAR CAVE DANGER
I'LL JUS' TAKE A PEEK IN DAT CAVE AN' SEE IF IT'S SO DANGEROUS
THAT CHAP HAS LOTS OF NERVE GOING SO CLOSE TO THAT CAVE I'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS
IT'S JUST AS I FEARED. THE POOR FELLOW HAS BEEN SWALLOWED UP BY THAT FEROCIOUS-LOOKING ANIMAL
I WONDER WHAT DAT FELLER'S RUNNIN' FER! MEBBE HE SEEN SOMETHIN' DANGEROUS!
CHARLES A. OGDEN

Quite So.

"We may live to see the airplane in common everyday use like the automobile."

"Sure! But our chance of living to see that will be better if we leave the experimenting to other people."

MOVIEGRAPH



VIRGINIA PEARSON.

Without Fear.

Temperance Lady—"When you are tempted to drink, think of your wife at home."

The Man—"Madam, when the thirst is upon me I am absolutely devoid of fear."

ADMONITION.

Oh, you who sell the harmless milk,
The necessary egg,
Who pull, that you may walk in silk,
Consumer's leg:
Your ways and prices must improve,
The law says that you must behoove!

Producer, handler, jobber, plute,
And laborer with horny hand,
You'll get your bit, but nought to boot,
Y'understand?
Consumer has protection lent
By our kindly Government.

The Socialist must "sosh" no more,
The pacifist to war must bow,
There are no classes as before,
For we are all consumers now.
We must consume this Kaiser cuss
Or else he'll be consuming us!

Frenzied Finance.

Here is an incident that a Chanute man tells as having occurred in a Kansas town. He was in a ticket office and watched the proceedings. A man came to the window and asked for a ticket to Kansas City, inquiring the price.

"Two twenty-five," said the agent.

The man dug into a well-worn pocketbook and fished out a bank note for $2. It was all the money he had.

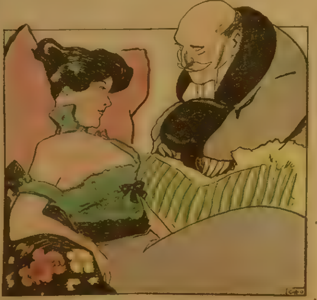
"How soon does this train go?" he inquired.

"In fifteen minutes," replied the agent.

The man hurried away. Soon he was back with three silver dollars, with which he bought a ticket.

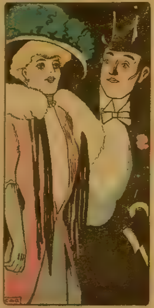
"Pardon my curiosity," said the ticket seller, "but how did you get the money? It isn't a loan, for I see you have disposed of the $2 bill."

"That's all right," said the man. "No, I didn't borrow. I went to a pawnshop and soaked the bill for $1.50. Then as I started back here I met an old acquaintance to whom I sold the pawn ticket for $1.50. I then had $3 and he had the pawn ticket for which the $2 bill stands as security."



[illegible] optimist

[illegible] "What's the use of worrying yourself half to death trying to find something to be hopeful for?"



She—"I'm sick and tired of wearing this same costume every time I go out. This is the third time I have had it on."

He—"But, my dear, it is just such self denial as that which strengthens one's character."

Two of a Kind.

A country lawyer was defending a prisoner who had killed a man by hitting him on the head with a brick. The case against the prisoner being quite clear, the counsel endeavored to get his client off by making a perfervid speech. He said: "The responsibility of defending my client is almost overwhelming. This morning, as I was walking in my garden enjoying the lovely sunshine and balmy air, listening to the birds singing, and looking at all the beautiful flowers, I said to myself, 'My poor client, immured in his cell, can see none of these things.'"

Just then a spectator at the back of the court shouted: "Neither can the man he hit on the head with a brick!"

Her Idea of Men.

A little girl wrote the following composition on men:

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but the women sprang farther than the men."

A Last Will.

Uncle (a lawyer)—"Well, my boy, I'm sorry to hear that you are studying law. I can't see any way that a young lawyer can make money now."

Nephew—"There is one way—'Where there's a will there's a way.'"

He Must Have Been.

"What was that fellow doing with his arms around you last night?"

Julia—"Oh, nothing."

Joe—"I always said he was slow."

Then They All Laughed.

A young gentleman took his little sister with him while calling the other evening at a house where he is a regular visitor. The little girl made herself quite at home, and showed great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily.

"How very affectionate she is!" said the lady of the house.

"Yes; so like her brother!" responded the young lady, unthinkingly.

A Thinking Part.

Magistrate (to witness)—"I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?"

Witness—"Yes, sor."

Magistrate—"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

Witness—"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'."

WHY IS THIS?

A fragile girl can go downtown
Thru pouring rain,
Wear dancing slippers, ballroom gown,
And not complain.
A man must muffle up to the throat,
In rubbers go.
I don't know why, but you can note
That it is so.

A Strut Vindicated.

"Why does a turkey gobbler strut?"

"Maybe," said Farmer Corntossel, "he has managed to find out how much he is worth a pound."

[illegible]

Friend—"So you all[illegible]ed that conduct on one of your [illegible] to jostle and talk back [illegible] you all he pleased? Why didn't you tell him who you were? That would have settled him."

President of Traction Company—"Yes; and it would have settled me. He might have told the other passengers."—Puck.

The Limit.

[illegible] He expects you to pay back when you borrow a match."

Ingratitude.

"She married him because he saved her life."

"Well, I always said she had a spiteful disposition."

Even Better.

A little boy was on his knees recently one night, and auntie, staying at the house, was present.

"It is a pleasure," she said to him afterward, "to hear you saying your prayers so well. You speak so earnestly and seriously, and mean what you say and care about it."

"Ah!" he answered. "Ah, but auntie, you should hear me gargle!"

Amused.

"Has Crimson Gulch quit drinking?"

"Yes," replied Bronco Bob.

"And playing faro bank?"

"Quit, entirely."

"What do you do for amusement?"

"Go to moving pictures and laugh at the reckless way they think us Wild West fellers behave."

Not Seriously Ill.

"Did you call at Roxley's house?" asked the young doctor's wife.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "and I wish he had sent for me sooner."

"Gracious! Is he so seriously ill?"

"No; just the contrary. I'm afraid he'll be all right again before I get in half a dozen visits."

Would Have Saved Lots of Trouble.

"Mamma," said Edith, home from school for the Thanksgiving vacation, "when the first man started to spell 'psalm' with a 'p' why didn't he scratch it out and start over?"—Judge.

ONE THINK AND ANOTHER

Some Queer Cats.

Can you name the cats indicated by the following: 1. A cat that can swim. 2. A cat that can fly. 3. A cat that will be a butterfly. 4. A horned cat. 5. A tree cat. 6. A water cat. 7. A cat with a cold. 8. A cat good to eat. 9. A cat that asks questions. 10. A library cat. 11. A dangerous cat.

Concealed Names.

See how many first names of boys and girls you can find concealed in the following sentences.

1. Sit on the ledge, or get your brother to sit there. 2. I love candy, tho ma says it isn't good for me. 3. You cannot operate such a business without a license. 4. In December tramps come to the door every day. 5. When it is cool I very seldom go out of the house. 6. For a long time he stood there saying he was going to leave. 7. My sister wants a die made of her monogram. 8. I'll get help from some of my friends. 9. The smiling lady said she would come. 10. She had elegant clothing from head to foot. 11. We had better warn old people to not walk on that ice. 12. It was a pipe of amber, nicer than the one he had at first.

Behead and Curtail.

From a number that's odd cut off the head,
It then will even be;
Its tail, I pray, take next away,
Then early night you'll see.

Use the Same Letters.

In the following, the same letters are used, tho in varying arrangements, to supply the missing words:

Jim had paid the customary ----- to reach his destination and sat down to ---- - while before train time. He started to - - at some ----- near by when suddenly he espied an - - , which he picked from its less beautiful companions.

Missing Consonants Word Square.

[illegible]

Missing Consonants Word Square.

[illegible]

Word Square.

1. To whip.
2. Individually.
3. A pain.
4. A certain time.

Word Square.

1. A covering for the shoulders.
2. A Bible character.
3. A pinnacle.
4. Antlered animals.

Conundrums.

Name in two letters the destiny of all earthly things.

Name in two letters the general appearance of a tramp.

Name in two letters a girl's name.

Name in two letters the condition of a vacant house.

Fill the Spaces

Keeping the letters below in their present order, but rearranging the spaces where necessary, make a sensible sentence by inserting as often as necessary another letter which must be [illegible]

O LAY I NOT AM AC L ANY OITIES

From Sentence to Word Square.

Recast the letters in the sentence below to four words of four letters each so that when properly placed, the [illegible] words read alike from left to right and from top to bottom.

MAMMA SEES RATS, RAZ

A Rebus.

My first denotes a company, of any art or trade.
My second is a holy maid whose vows to God are made.
My third, the hollow in the head, can make a wondrous sound.
My whole creates a cheerful laugh when mirth and wit go 'round.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Problem of the Clothes Line.

Patricia had 58 1-3 feet for which she paid $1.16 2-3, while Bridget had 41 [illegible] feet which cost 83 1-3 cents.

Concealed War Implements.

Sword, rifle, saber, grenade, shrapnel, cannon.

Word Square.

N I C H E
I D L E R
C L A R A
H E R D S
E R A S I

The Sharp Little Shopper

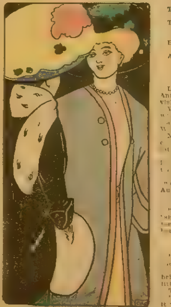
Silk sold at 5 cents a skein and [illegible] sold at 4 cents a skein.

Charade

A law suit

Concealed Proverb.

A rolling stone gathers no moss



Lucy (proudly)—"My [illegible] me thousands of dollars."

Matilda—"I'm awfully sorry, dear. Can something be done to change it?"

Entertainment.

Slocombe Pogis is not a gay place, and the commercial traveler was hard put to it to discover some means of whiling away the evening. In the bar of the only hotel he entered into conversation with its solitary occupant, a railway porter.

"Anything going on here tonight?" he asked. "Picture palace, lecture, political meeting or anything amusing?"

The porter stroked his chin reflectively. "Well—er—no, nothing o' that kind. But—— Ah, now I come to think of it, we're loading a freight train this evening down at the station at about 10 o'clock, if you care to come and look."

An Unappreciated Gift.

Farmer Hawbuck—"I've bought a barometer, Mandy, to tell when it's goin' ter rain, ye know."

Mrs. Hawbuck—"To tell when it's goin' to rain? Why, I never heard of such extravagance! What do ye s'pose the good Lord hes give ye the rheumatism for?"

Molding a Future.

"How did you come to be a performer on the bass viol?"

"Well, when I decided to be a musician I got father to promise to buy me a fiddle. But father always was one of those men who want to get as much as possible for their money."

A Sample Case.

"Do you talk over matters with your wife? It's the only way to live happily together."

"I tried it once, but it didn't work out well. I tried to talk over business matters, but she wanted to talk about the neighbors."

BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY.

The goddesses of ancient Greece
Did not run after style,
They only had one gown apiece
And made it last a while.

But Venus reigned as beauty's queen
Without six new fal-lals,
And Psyche showed up all serene
Altho she had no [illegible]

The Same Time

Little Mary had never seen her Aunt Anna and was much delighted when a visit was promised by the aunt.

When the day arrived that the aunt was [illegible] a telegram was delivered at [illegible] which read: "Missed train. W[illegible] at same [illegible]"

Mary [illegible]ed quietly [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible]on, mother," replied the child [illegible] Aunt Anna after all."

[illegible]

"Why, mother," explained the child, "she [illegible]"

Changed

"Why are the stars so dim tonight?" she cooed softly.

"Because your [illegible] brighter," he whispered, pressing her little hand.

They were engaged then.

"I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars?" she murmured, musingly.

"One, if it were long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"

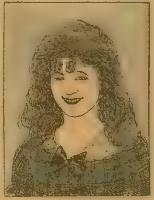
That was after they were married.

The Pyramid

Client—"This bill of yours is exorbitant. There are several items on it I don't understand."

Lawyer—"I am perfectly willing to explain it, but the explanation will cost you five dollars."

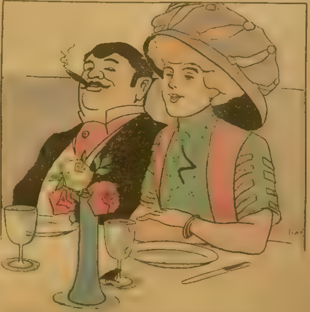
MOVIEGRAPH



MAE MARSH.

COMMON ENEMY.

Dame Gossip smooths her ruffled brow
[illegible]



He—"I thought Jack figured on marrying Louise."

She—"He did, but another fellow with more money outfigured him."

Helping to Win the War

Last week we published several letters from women in which they told what they or others were doing at home to help win the war. This week other letters are being printed in the hope that they may prove of help to readers who may be puzzled as to how they can do their "bit" at home.

Uses for Dry Bread.

BEFORE I signed the food card my neighbor's chickens had many a dainty morsel, especially dry wheat bread. Now I let the ends and odd bits dry hard and put them thru the bread crumber of the meat grinder. Following are some of the uses I make of these crumbs:

One cup of crumbs and one cup of wheat flour make excellent pancakes.

One cup of crumbs and one cup of wheat flour for peanut butter bread.

Stewed tomatoes thickened by stale bread are nearly always liked.

Roll fish and meat balls in them instead of crackers.

Scalloped dishes are just as good made of these fine crumbs as when crackers are used.

Hard dry bread cut in cubes and fried in a little fat or on the pan after the meat is tasty in soup.

Do you think if the white corn meal were ground as fine as the patent flour it would make bread more like the wheat flour we are such slaves to? I wish some one would experiment with it. The coarse meal does not hold together and is unhandy for a sandwich for that reason. [illegible]

Made From Useless Things.

OFFERING my bit as a suggestion to others, I submit the following: As wool is at such a premium I hunted thru all closets and chests and collected everything knitted or crocheted of wool—an old white shawl, a worn and torn afghan, and an old-fashioned gray petticoat. These I unraveled and wound into separate balls.

From the shawl I crocheted heelless stockings similar in shape to a long bag. Beginning with a loop in center or toe point, I made a circle about five inches in diameter and then round and round with the same number of stitches until eighteen inches in length. I found that these articles were specially acceptable at quarters of French wounded.

From the petticoat I crocheted wristlets, trench caps, and scarfs, and the old afghan helped out as borders or edging.

I also made wash cloths from bits of string saved from packages.

While I crocheted all the above, they could be knitted as well. Every one of the articles will be helpful to our boys at the front, whereas in their original shape they were absolutely useless.

M. R. L.

Saved From Waste.

I AM an old maid and have no men folks to send to the war, and cannot knit, as my left hand is useless. I was at a loss to know how I could do my bit, as I haven't a dollar to spare for a Liberty bond.

I realized that, owing to the increased acreage of garden and field products, unless home canning and drying were done on an extensive scale thousands of tons of good foods would rot and waste. As I have a complete canning and drying equipment, I advertised in our country paper that I would give full instructions to any one needing them and can and dry all fruits and vegetables brought to me.

It proved a success. When the customer helped me no charge was made, but in many cases I went to the orchards and gardens and gathered fruit and vegetables myself. Then I charged 20 per cent of the finished product. This I sold and, after paying for necessary help, donated the balance, $39.45, to the Red Cross. But, best of all, no fruit or vegetables went to waste.

K. O.

MRS. HELEN ADAMS.

WHEN the Rev. Frank D. Adams of the Universalist Church of Urbana, Ill., was called upon to become an officer in the Army at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., Mrs. Adams was invited to occupy his pulpit. She was licensed to preach several years ago and previously had preached for her husband when he was away on lecture tours. That is her bit toward helping win the war.

A Small Stock Farm.

LAST spring, one night at midnight, our telephone rang, with the message that the President had declared for war. My husband, a lake captain, was called at once to guard his ship, and we decided to see what I could do at home.

We bought two cows, two pigs and fifteen chickens. Next month, when we kill the pigs, they will weigh between 500 and 600 pounds; have raised about seventy chickens, have had our own butter, milk and cream, and have sold some, when we otherwise had to buy, and will sell one pig, or salt and smoke.

It has meant a sacrifice to me and the children as well as my husband, as we usually spend a few weeks with him on the lakes during the summer. Now we have to stay home and work hard.

I have been brought up in the city, and only a year ago moved to this little town. I had to learn to milk and take care of the stock. Have little time to spare, but will tonight finish one scarf for the Red Cross, and this week our little club is giving an entertainment for the Red Cross.

I feel well paid for my work, as I know I am producing something instead of taking things away from our boys.

G. B.

Mother Is Working.

MY SON, 18 years old, just graduated from high school, saw service on the border, and but four months after his return was again called with his company. His father, a man 54 years old, not to be outdone in patriotism by his son, expressed a desire to enlist, only deterred by the dependency of a wife and daughter, a senior in high school. Not to be outdone in patriotism by a son and husband, I said, "Do your full duty and I will do mine." I at once purchased a typewriter, working diligently my leisure time to master it. Providentially, it seems, in a few weeks a position opened in a State University office, just the kind I would have chosen. I accepted it and am making good. My son, a sergeant in the Rainbow Division; my husband just advanced to captain in the M. R. C. of Camp Travis, Texas, and my daughter and I "keeping the home fires burning," and by our independence making it possible for them to "go to pay the price that democracy may live." There you have our story complete in one paragraph.

A. K. C.

What One Girl Does.

THERE is a young Italian girl in Kansas City who is doing her bit, not by sensational deeds, not by soliciting for the Red Cross or going to France as a nurse. She is doing very different service. She is helping educate the little Italians in the poorer districts to be future loyal American citizens.

The girl is Miss Juanita Forgey, who works every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon, which she gives to teaching these little children at an Italian mission.

There is much said in praise of those who are offering their lives for the country and giving their service to the Government, and this is probably the greater service, but there is also something to be said for such a spirit as this. It is all that she can do, but she is doing it cheerfully and the results are well worth her efforts.

She's a Baggagewoman.

THE next time your trunk arrives looking as if it had been thru another Bolsheviki rebellion, don't dash around to the depot to say a few harsh words to the husky baggageman.

Instead, walk politely into the baggage-room, raise the hat smartly with the right hand, bow, and say:

"Pardon me, but will the person in charge be so kind . . ." and so forth.

For the husky baggageman may be the fair baggagewoman. The first one has already gone to work. She is Miss Louise Ford, baggagewoman at Verdi, Nev. Every day she loads and unloads whole truckloads of trunks by simply saying "Thank you" to the trainmen.

Help Former Schoolmates.

TO HELP in the war in our school we are patching quilts for the refugees in France. We also knit socks for our ex-pupils. We send each parcel by itself, and we raise money in many ways, mostly by selling newspapers, which the pupils bring in large quantities. We save rags, rubbers, and tinfoil, which we sell each week. We have 5-cent concerts and sometimes tea parties. We send a nice long letter with each parcel, and we receive many letters from our boys at the front. The best ones we sell to the daily papers.

H. F. S.

Careless Use of Soap Spoils the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulsified cocoanut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified cocoanut oil at [illegible] pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few [illegible] ply every member of the [illegible] —Adv.

Rasping Coughs eased with Dr. King's New Discovery for Coughs & Colds

• That wretching, torturous tearing at the throat and lungs give away to ease and comfort through the prompt use of Dr. New Discovery—the standard cough and cold remedy for 50 years. Keep it on hand and use freely. It goes right to the root of a cold—brings up the phlegm and eases the raw, feverish membranes. Containing balsams, it cools and soothes the sore parts. Just the thing for baby's croup. The kiddie likes it. Your druggist sells it.

Dizzy? Bilious? Constipated?
Dr. King's new Life Pills cause a healthy flow of Bile and rids your Stomach and Bowels of waste and fermenting body poisons. They are a Tonic to your Stomach and Liver and tone the general system. First dose relieves. Get a bottle today. 25c. all druggists.

WHY DREAD CHILDBIRTH

Information How Women May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Without Unnecessary Pain.

Dr. J. H. Dye, life-long obstetric specialist, discovered a means of shortening hours of labor and without unnecessary pain. Used during pregnancy is of wonderful benefit to mother and child. Illustrated booklet fully describing remarkable results accomplished sent FREE in plain wrapper. Write for it now. Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 52 Lincoln Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

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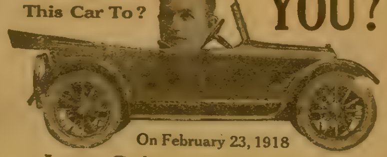


Who Do I Give This Car To? YOU?

On February 23, 1918

I am Going to Give Away Two More Automobiles

I have been giving away automobiles for a long time. Now I'm going to give away two more. Send me the coupon down in the corner and I'll tell you about it.

$1500 in Rewards
Delivered through your local dealer
1st—Overland Touring Car
2d—Ford Touring Car
3d—Indian Motocycle or Piano
4th $75 Diamond Ring
5th 17-jewel Elgin Gold Watch
6th—15-jewel Elgin Gold Watch
7th—61-piece Chest of Silver
8th $15 Victor Talking Machine
9th—7-jewel Elgin Gold Watch
10th—42-piece Dinner Set
11th 42-piece Dinner Set
12th—Eastman Folding Kodak
13th—Eastman Folding Kodak
14th—31-piece Dinner Set
15th—31-piece Dinner Set
Rewards duplicated in case of ties

One of the cars I am going to give away is an Overland. It is the latest model, fully equipped and complete in every detail. It will be delivered right at some one's front door without a cent of cost to them. Don't you want to get it? Send me the coupon and I'll tell you how. The other car is a Ford, and it will also be given to some one. Would you rather have it? As soon as I receive the coupon I'll send you full details of my offer. Besides the two cars I'm going to give away the other rewards listed here at the left. Surely there is something in that list you want.

Cut out and Send the Coupon DO IT NOW!

Maybe you think I am a fraud, or that you know all about my plan. It won't hurt you to send the coupon and find out, and you can't know *all* about my plan unless I tell you. I can't tell you unless you send the coupon.

The Reward Man, P. O. Box 1632 Philadelphia, Pa.

THE REWARD MAN
P. O. Box 1632 Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me full information about the automobiles you are giving away. The signing of this coupon does not obligate me in any way.

Name ____________
P O ____________
State ________ R. F. D. ____ Box ____

The Twirley Twins in Trouble

By Robert Carlton Brown

Not one man in a million could have solved this strange and apparently impossible robbery, but Christopher Poe, the banker-detective, used his eyes and keen wit to good purposes. This is the third of a series of remarkable detective tales.

A MELLOW moonlight night it had been. A clear, clean, beautiful night, with plenty of stars flung wide in the sky and a gorgeous big moon glowing bright enough to reveal both keyholes to the staggering eyes of late convivial home-seekers.

And no one enjoyed that bright night more fully than Private Watchman Hopkins, who had a round on Royal street which included the big New Orleans Exchange, the Louis XIV. Furniture Factory, a small shop for old-fashioned jewelry, a molasses warehouse and the old Dubois home.

Moonlight nights and paydays gleamed with almost equal luster to Hopkins. There was certain relief for him to reach for a doorknob in plain sight, there was sure satisfaction in passing the trap corner between the furniture factory and the jewelry store where some one might be lurking with a gun to stick in his face unseen on moonless nights; but best of all, he could see plainly the vicious Great Dane which Armand Dubois, cowardly miser that he was, kept to protect the hoardings in his house.

There is just before dawn a breathless space, an awesome gap of time in which the moon is making ready to surrender her silver scepter to the golden sun; for the moment the stage is hushed and darkened, the world is stilled, and that ominous pause can be heard, seen, felt. It is the period of darkness before dawn that strikes a chill down the backs of accustomed night prowlers even, for in that moment the culmination of more than half of all night crimes is reached or forced.

It was at this awesome hour that Hopkins unlocked the front gate to the Dubois home, slipped softly up the front steps and tried the doorknob for the thirty-seventh time that night. At his first step on the walk Alert, the vicious Great Dane, had growled and bounded toward him on the long wire to which he was chained so he could run the length of the house and guard the rear door and windows. The great mastiff chafed on his chain while Hopkins passed within six feet of his snapping jaws, to try the side door. As he ascended the steps the dog ground out a series of growls and barked in a low, guttural tone.

When Hopkins mechanically tried the door and passed back along the walk the dog raced at his side on the wire, straining, jerking, to lessen that six-foot gap between them, struggling to get at him; snapping, growling. Armand Dubois had trained his dog to make friends with no man, and he himself stood ten yards away and threw red meat to him thru the window at feeding times. It was the knowledge of this that caused Hopkins' relief on moonlight nights when he could see the dog and make sure its chain was fast; but on every night he was intensely fearful that the chain would snap under the strain of Alert's lunges; indeed, he had spoken to Dubois about it.

When Hopkins had gained the front gate he took his customary deep breath of relief and continued on his round.

Fifteen minutes later he was back and Alert, as usual, greeted him with a growl and disputed every step he took toward the side door. Perhaps it was the influence of that uneasy period just before dawn, but Hopkins felt that Alert was the least bit fiercer than usual. He shuddered as he thought of any stranger entering the yard at night; Alert, accustomed for three years to his fifteen minute rounds, still tried to get at him, and Hopkins could only imagine what he would do to a stranger from the fact that two years before a predatory cat dropped over the wall on a mousing expedition and Alert made such a rumpus and barked and tore about so viciously that half the neighborhood was alarmed out of bed and a weather-vane headed little man ran out in his nightshirt and turned in a fire alarm. And only six months before when Hopkins had been sick and a new man had taken his place for one night Alert had raged so that the relief watchman stood trembling at the gate, afraid to enter, and Dubois threw up his bedroom window and screamed to the man not to try to come in, that the dog would kill anybody in the grounds but Hopkins, and he had to throw a great chunk of meat to Alert to quiet him so the neighborhood could get to sleep

All this flitted vividly thru Hopkins' active thoughts as he remarked Alert's increasing fury and wondered if a night-bird had flitted across the garden and enraged him, or if a mosquito had slipped into his domain unnoticed and irritated the brute by daring to alight on his tail.

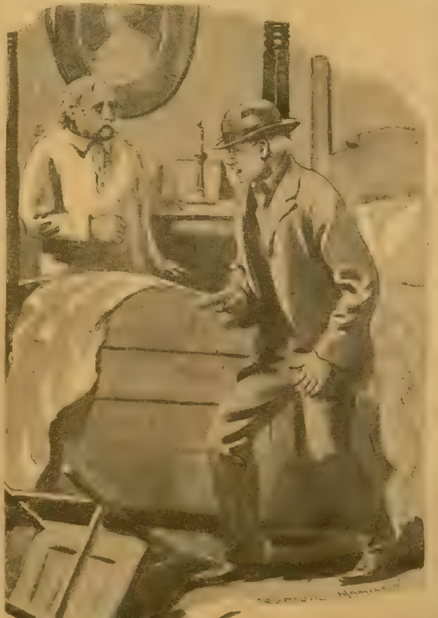
But everything was all right; the doors had not been tampered with, tho Hopkins laughed at the notion of any one getting as far as his first step into the yard without Alert arousing all Royal street.

Just as he was approaching the front gate again and gasping for his usual deep breath of relief, a window on the second floor of the Dubois house flew up; Alert made an instantaneous bound, flung himself in the air toward the night-capped vision framed in the sash, was jerked back to the ground by his chain and lay stunned for a moment while the nightcapped figure screamed:

"Help! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers!"

Windows in several nearby houses popped up.

Night Watchman Hopkins, glancing at the dog, dropped his electric stick, pulled his gun, and dashed toward the front stairs. The dog scrambled to all fours, emitted a lion-like roar, hunched together and, with dripping jaws and wild glaring eyes, sprang for Hopkins just as he grasped the porch rail. The running wire drew taut, held, then snapped with a loud report. Alert, free, sprang for Hopkins. The nightcapped old man in the window threw up his hands, screamed "MON DIEU!" and dropped limp, half over the sill. Hopkins threw himself back and pulled at the trigger of his gun with both hands



"Then You Did Sleep on Your Money in Place of a Mattress?"

A crash of bone, an agonized groan and Alert hulched in a heap on the cement walk at Hopkins' feet, his massive skull crushed in by a big bullet.

Hopkins flew up the steps and pounded on the door, fumbling his key chain blankly and trying to force a key to fit, for Dubois' nature was so suspicious that he would not allow even his watchman a key to his door, locking everything from the inside with bolts and padlocks. Keeping one eye on the quivering heap at the foot of the steps, Hopkins pounded until the soft clap of hustling steps in shiftless slippers came to his expectant ears

"That you, Hopkins?" came an anxious cry in a cracked voice from within.

"Yes, Mr. Dubois, for the love of heaven, open up. I told you this would happen if you——"

The door was opened a crack before he finished and the frightened face that had appeared beneath the nightcap in the window stared out.

"For God's saks, come in!" cried old Dubois querulously, grasping Hopkins' shoulder with palsied hand and pulling him within, "there's a nasty crowd collecting in front. Bring in that porch chair. I don't know how I forgot it last night. They might get thru the gate and steal it. Hurry!"

"Where are the robbers?"

"Gone!" cried Dubois, straining his wrinkled neck forward and moistening his throat with an effort as he spoke.

"Are you sure? What did they get?"

"Everything! Look!" Dubois had pushed him with tremulous fingers up the stairs to the second floor and pointed thru an open door, holding to the wall for support and struggling for breath. "Everything! Look! All my money, in bills; stacks, stacks and stacks of bills."

There was a rickety antique Sheraton four-poster, Dubois' bed, and on it was the cloth-covered box of a bed-spring, gaping open, half filled with a scattering of crumpled papers. The bedclothes were thrown in a heap in one corner of the room. Hopkins stepped back in surprise, his foot came down on a wad of cotton, he picked it up and stood fingering it absently as he stared at the wrecked bed.

"Then you did sleep on your money in place of a mattress, as people always said?" cried Hopkins.

"Yes, yes. For God's sake be quiet! There is no use," the quaking old man stood glassy eyed, glaring at the vacant spring box, "—but there is no use to deny it. I kept everything—all—in that box, packed in among the springs. I did—did——" He stopped, clawed forward one of his great, flapping ears and stood straining to catch the repetition of a sharp sound his eager ear had plucked from other noises rising from below.

Hopkins was sniffing at the piece of cotton he had found.

"Chloroform!" he exclaimed, dropping it.

"Eh!" cried old Dubois, jerking his hand from his ear and thrusting it into the opening in his nightshirt.

"They chloroformed you and threw you in a corner with your shoes and the bedclothes, while they rifled the treasure chest."

"Eh? yes. I—I heard them at my bedside, then I was on the floor and I couldn't use my arms, my legs, my tongue," his voice rose to a shrill screech, "and I knew they were taking my bills, in stacks, stacks and stacks of them." His vein-ridged hand shot to his flapping ear, he broke off again. "Listen! What's that? What's that? There's somebody fooling with the front gate."

He rushed to the window, which he had again carefully locked after recovering from his faint when Alert sprang at Hopkins, craned his cordy neck toward the front of the house, and tottered as he shook his quivering fist at a slight, square-chested fellow in a neat business suit of no distinctive cut and an ordinary derby hat. The stranger must have clambered over the locked iron gate, regardless of its pricking points, for he was busily at work by the porch stretching out the limp form of Alert as tho he were a taxidermist.

"Leave that dog alone! Get out of there or I——" Dubois in an insane moment tore an antique French firearm tremblingly from the bosom of his nightshirt, where it had lain concealed.

"Don't!" cried Hopkins, jumping forward to grasp the quivering hand attempting to aim.

"I'll protect my place—my rights—I'll——"

His twitching jaws dropped open, as the man below, aroused by the commotion in the window, glanced up, hastily picked a small object from one of the points on Alert's massive studded collar, and slipped thru the front gate, which he opened with an easy twist, as tho it actually were unlocked

"You left it unlocked!"

"I did not!" Hopkins denied Dubois' hasty accusation. "It locks itself when it swings shut, and it was shut. Who the devil is the fellow? I never saw him before—do you suppose —"

"I don't suppose anything——" Dubois thrust out his jaw threateningly, evilly. "You're hired to protect me," he shook his mangy locks in Hopkins' awed eyes. "Why do you let him get away? Why don't you see what it is he took from the collar? Maybe——

Hopkins turned and leaped down the stairs, stopped at the gate, unlocked it and cried to the group of neighbors, newsboys, market boys, tamale venders, and other early birds collected in front. "Where'd he go?"

"Who?"

"The man—the man," Hopkins strove for an accurate description—"the man with the black derby

A boy in the front row grinned and glanced at the circle of men towering above and behind him.

"Every man in the bunch has got on a black derby except us kids," he exclaimed

Hopkins stood chagrined. He had seen the man, front, side and rear view for a full minute, but was at an utter loss to describe him.

"The man who just came out of the gate?" he cried.

"Oh, the fellow that monkeyed with the lock. I thought he belonged there He had a key. Where did he go now?" remarked the boy, puzzled.

Some said one way and some another, but it was quite apparent that the man had slipped in and out unnoticed, due to his plain appearance, his matter-of-fact manner.

"If we could find him," Hopkins declared to a detective who showed up later, "I think we'd be on the right track all right."

"That's the only clew," the detective agreed. "Maybe it was Brick Kelly or Sam Anson. How'd you say he looked?"

"That's just the trouble. He's a smooth one, looked so much like everybody else you couldn't tell him apart," replied Hopkins lucidly. "But he's the man all right," he asserted forcefully to cover up his lack of proof. "If we could only get ahold of him we'd soon have a solution to this here mystery. He had a key to the front gate, he must 'a' come back to destroy that evidence found on the dog; there weren't no chance for him to pass Alert when he was doing his work. It's a cinch. He just went in an' pulled the trick in the fifteen minutes between my rounds, but how in h—l he got past that dog is by me."

"It couldn't be done. That dog's a devil, no human bein' could 'a' done it," the detective summed up emphatically. "Besides the guy couldn't have got thru any door or window except one the dog was watchin', an' nobody could have got in there without that dog wakin' up the whole town. It ain't human, that's all I got to say. But you're right; if we could find that guy in the black derby we'd soon have a solution."

The square-chested man in the black derby was Christopher Poe, the New York banker, spending a much-needed vacation in the carnival city. He no sooner had shut the Dubois gate behind him and stuffed the object he had taken from the dog's collar into his pocket than he slipped thru the collecting crowd dexterously, without touching any of the onlookers or attracting attention by any unusual move. He walked to the corner without once turning around, crossed the street and returned briskly to the edge of the crowd just in time to hear Hopkins cross-questioning the small boy.

Poe nodded his head with the rest and agreed quickly with somebody who had pointed out at random the direction he had taken. As a member of the crowd, as an unobtrusive unit, he was utterly unnoticeable. He stayed no longer than the rest and said just like everybody else in parting from the man who stood next him, "I'll bet it was the feller in the derby hat. Wonder what it was he took off the dog."

Having heard all the facts and conjectures, Poe walked to the corner again, turned up the side street and paced slowly down Bourbon past a block of cheap lodging houses, largely occupied by vaudeville artists, traveling fakers and other true bohemians. Each old house had, like many of the dwellings in the French quarter of New Orleans, a courtyard in the rear, divided from the courts on Royal street by high brick walls.

Stopping at the house whose courtyard backed directly onto that of old Dubois', Christopher Poe inserted a skeleton key in the simple lodging-house lock, twisted it sharply twice, glanced up and down the street, opened the door and stepped in, closing it quickly after him and standing motionless at the spot where his first step had brought him. His intense violet eyes were focused toward the top of the dim winding old staircase in front of him, his mouth was drawn into a firm, purposeful line.

Soon stealthy footsteps from above shuffled thru the silence. Poe removed his derby, outer coat, tie and shoes in a series of quick movements. Running firm fingers thru his upstanding brown hair he mussed it up and with the same motion snatched a fawn-colored raincoat from the hallrack, loosened his suspenders, turned up the collar of the raincoat he had donned and sneaked silently upstairs, his manner that of a drowsy lodger awakened against his will to make an early train.

On the second floor he paused, took out his watch, deliberately set it back half an hour, wrapped it in the wrinkled skinlike object he had removed from Alert's collar, then listening and locating the sounds in a rear room on that floor, he approached the door with audible tread and knocked lightly.

The shuffling steps ceased within. There came no answer.

"I say—pardon me—you folks goin' on the six-fifty, too?" he asked sleepily. "Can I borrow a collar? Heard you kickin' around and——"

The door was abruptly opened a crack by a wiry young man, short and with a pleasant, tho oily and Oriental cast to his features. A small feminine hand rested on his shoulder and seemed to be tugging him back.

"A collar? Sure thing. What size do you want?" asked the short, flush-faced young fellow thru the door crack.

"Six an' seven-eights. I mean fifteen an' a quarter. Say, you ain't the Twirley Twins, are you?" asked Poe from the passageway, throwing back one side of the fawn-colored cravenette to remove a wallet from his hip pocket.

"The very same," cried the amiable young man, squinting his eyes professionally thru the gloom and opening the door another notch in spite of the restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Saw you work down in San Antone. Good act that. Where's the Missis? Clever kid!" Poe adopted the easy manner of a sporting man quite naturally.

"Thanks! Will this collar do?" came a forced feminine voice from within, and a mate to the hand on the Twirley Twin's shoulder pushed a stiff, starchy circle of white quiveringly thru the opening.

"That ain't a collar. That's a cuff!" cried Poe, quickly dropping behind him the article he had asked for and selecting a card from his wallet which bore the name of Hardy, the name by which he was known to the sporting fraternity. He handed it to the man with a laugh as an exclamation of disappointment came from the woman.

"Thomas Hardy," read the Twirley Twin. "Not the Thomas Hardy, angel of the Merry Whirl show?"

"The very same. What's left of him," said Poe promptly, smiling to himself at being called "angel" of a company he had formed under his assumed name only as an adjunct to a scheme for running down one of the cleverest bank swindlers in New York. He drew the raincoat closer about him and edged into the doorway.

"Come in. Come in. Glad to see you," cried the young fellow, who had been with the Merry Whirl Company and to whom its backer was a great man.

A cry of alarm from the woman, "I'm not dressed! Dick, don't let him in. I'm not dressed."

But her husband (a twin only in the profession) had already thrown the door open and disclosed her to the keen eyes of Christopher Poe, fully gowned in a somewhat worn traveling suit.

"By George, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Hardy. Kid, shake hands with the best in the business. A game backer and a good loser. I'd tell you to take off your hat to him if I thought you'd ever get it back on straight."

Mrs. Twirley bowed stiltedly and said in a very stagey aside, "Dick, we must be going. We'll miss that train."

"What time you got, Mr. Hardy?" asked the Twirley Twin.

Christopher Poe drew out his watch and with a comfortable yawn removed it from the thin skin covering. "Five thirty," he announced, exhibiting the watch dial to the Twirley Twins and exclaiming, "Oh, that watchcase; it's just a souvenir," as he saw their eyes riveted on the wrinkled skin in his other hand.

Mrs. Twirley sniffed cautiously twice, glinted her eyes at Poe and stepped back quickly to seat herself on two suitcases in a corner, covering them completely with her skirts. Her husband stood stupefied, sniffing the air also and staring at the unique watchcase.

"Came from Paris," continued Poe pleasantly, rubbing the skin between his fingers fondly. "You know, it's just what's left of one of those little Harlequin bladders they use on a string to smash each other over the head with in team work. You know, didn't you use them in that pantomime acrobatic stunt I saw you in three years ago at Frisco?"

Yes, I believe we did." Mrs. Twirley cleared her throat harshly and continued. "But it didn't smell of chlo——" She ended in a stifled scream and rushed toward the man she had heard of as a theatrical banker, crying, "Look out! That picture behind you is falling."

Poe made a quick move as if to look, but instead stepped forward and caught Mrs. Twirley's hand as it emerged from beneath a newspaper on the table, containing the butt of a small revolver.

Poe, holding her hand so, the weapon was directed at her amazed husband, who had stepped back involuntarily, sized up the weapon in a sharp scrutiny, dropped her hand and laughed. "Only a property pistol! You may resume your seat on those two suitcases you were guarding."

"Twirley," he turned to the young man, face doughlike, trying to master his quivering frame. "Twirley, I want to talk business with you—sit over there."

The young fellow dropped limp in the seat indicated as Christopher Poe dropped to the edge of a straight backed chair and tilted it to a comfortable angle against the door of the room. Mrs. Twirley sat on the suitcase, one cheek drawn up in a hardened, sarcastic smirk, her eyes smoldering sullenly.

"How long have you folks been out of work?" asked Poe sharply.

"Seven months," said Twirley in an awed, hollow tone.

"I see. That's a long time," mused Poe, "—and you've been living in this room two months."

"On credit," put in Mrs. Twirley with a twist of her lips.

"Stranded," added her husband.

"Too bad. You must have been desperate," continued Poe thoughtfully, switching his gaze to Mrs. Twirley. "No clothes—nothing. Hard luck!" he said. "D—n hard luck. Clever people you were, too—too many acrobatic teams, tho—that was your trouble."

"Yes, we used to get good money—we stayed stiff-necked a while and then when we was ready to take cheap booking nobody wanted us; other head-liners had come down first an' filled in."

"Tough luck. But why didn't you use your brains? Why didn't you beat the conditions, adapt yourselves to a new act?" asked Poe in a high-pitched earnest tone. "I can't see why the devil two clever people like you should ever get stranded. You've been in this room two months, and right thru that shade behind you, Mrs. T., you saw the house of Armand Dubois every day and you couldn't have missed hearing the rumor that he kept his fortune in cash in his mattress. You heard, too, the barking of that big beast that protected his wealth. With your clever mind why didn't you work out a sketch for you and Dickie to do in vaudeville?"

He stopped and looked squarely at the pair, their eyes glancing shiftily about, their fingers fidgeting. "Now, you were interested in this Harlequin bladder that smells of chloroform," continued Poe. "What if I were to tell you that it was used in an act by a clever young couple I once knew in—well, in Paris. What if——"

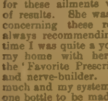
"Oh, don't beat around the bush," cried Mrs. Twirley sullenly, then blazing up. "What's your game? What are you trying to get at? What——"

Christopher Poe held up his hand for silence as Twirley, his eyes bulging, his mouth panic-set, leaned toward him, fingers and eyelids twitching.

"Now wait—wait! Here's a sketch idea for you folks. Listen to it!" continued Poe. "You can pull down three hundred a week with it easy with your acrobatic ability and cleverness:

"Once upon a time—in Paris, you understand, there was a clever young couple like you kids. Stranded team of acrobats; pantomime people. They lived in a rear room of a cheap theatrical rooming house, just one flight up, where they could see daily across a high brick wall a courtyard containing a big beast shackled on a running chain to protect a miser's gold.

"One day the woman, the cleverer of the two, goaded to envy and despair by the sight of professional women finely clad and at work, suddenly thought of



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the great dependence that old miser had on his man-eating dog."

The Twirley Twins were drawing unconsciously nearer together, as tho for protection, and the flush was leaving their faces, slowly fixing into awed, gaping blanks as Christopher Poe continued: "The money of that miser worried the woman. She couldn't sleep. She couldn't eat, and finally she worked out a scheme. A good scheme—a shrewd scheme. She told it to her husband in a wild mood, never thinking of it as a practical matter. He, poor devil, urged by debt, took a practical view of it and they were about to execute the scheme when suddenly the idea came that while the chances were that their careful plan would work they might be caught later on; and the thought came, too, that they might not enjoy the miser's gold after they had it."

Mrs. Twirley tossed back her head and laughed sharply, artificially, as Poe paused. He fixed his eyes on her and continued:

"So the woman suggested that since the idea for robbing the old miser was so completely figured out as to almost defy detection, and since they were letter perfect in rehearsing the act, it would be better to play a sure thing. So she sat down and worked out the practical plan of the robbery into a twenty minute vaudeville skit for herself and husband, and they had already got into the spirit of the thing so well from considering it as a possible crime that at a try-out before a good manager they were offered two hundred a week and a bonus if it went big."

"Sounds good!" remarked Mrs. Twirley, breathing fiercely. "But are you quite sure you know the plot of that sketch?"

Her husband's fists clinched till the knuckles shone stark and white. His small black eyes pierced to the core of the raconteur before him. "Yes, are you quite sure?" he breathed viciously.

"Oh, the plot," said Poe lightly. "Yes, it was so simple. I'd 'most forgotten. The sketch opens during the hour just preceding that dumb darkness before dawn. The vaudeville pair are disclosed in their room; the man is dressed in a fine dog skin, a good make-up, a hide the exact counterpart of the miser's Great Dane. The woman is dressed in black trousers and coat, carries a jimmy with which she has practiced, a dark lantern, a revolver like this"—as he picked up the one from the table by way of illustration the Twirley woman sank back against the wall, a low cry escaping her—"and a Harlequin's bladder filled full of chloroform and tightly tied. A second scene shows the man and wife together on one side of a high wall dividing the stage; it is the garden wall separating their court from the miser's. The man, being an acrobat, climbs up to the top so skilfully that the dog lying below on the other side hears nothing until a skin full of liquid bursts on one of the pointed studs of his collar, a big stone drops at the same instant on his head and stuns him, he opens his mouth and gags for breath with which to bark, sucks in the chloroform and succumbs.

"The man gives a signal to the woman; she climbs to his side, together they drop over into the court; the man in his dog-skin suit unsnaps the Great Dane's chain and attaches it to a duplicate collar about his own neck.

"He has no sooner attached the chain and dropped to all fours when the sharp click of a key in the front gate announces the approach of the watchman on his regular fifteen-minute round. The woman darts to a rear window they have examined from their room with a lens and found to be a weak point, guarded only by the dog, and she works quietly while her husband leaps forth boldly, snaps at the watchman, imitates the dog's bark exactly and rages back and forth angrily in the moonlight to convince the watchman that all is well and the house perfectly protected. He had practiced the part for weeks, you see, and was letter perfect in it. I saw the sketch when it was produced in London and even I could not tell him from the real dog. This scene occurs at that fearful moment, the darkness before dawn, the watchman notes that the dog is a bit fiercer than usual and draws a deep sigh of relief as he reaches the gate. The stage is darkened and the audience hushed.

"Before the watchman makes his next round the trick is done. The nervy, desperate woman has chloroformed the miser and robbed his mattress. The real dog is fast reviving from the effects of the chloroform. The whole thing has been nicely timed, and the burgling pair just disappear over the wall with their booty in a black apron like that in the corner there, when the dog, whose collar has been reattached to the chain by the man when he was thru with his little impersonation, leaps out and barks at the watchman who is just arriving on his rounds. The animal, maddened on his recovery, lunges at the watchman and barks so furiously that the noise brings the old miser out of his stupor; the dog leaps in the air and breaks his chain as the miser throws up his window to cry for help. As a grand finale the dog is shot just before he leaps on the watchman, thus giving tangible proof that the animal had been on guard all the time and covering up the real entrance and exit of the smooth burglars. Then the curtain goes down amid great applause."

There was a dead silence as Christopher Poe finished and stood up, his eyes darting beneath their bushy brows from one to the other of the Twirley Twins.

'I'm afraid you've missed the six fifty," he said in a hesitant tone. "I thought you'd let me into the room to sort of serve an alibi if you needed one—I mean in skipping your board bill or some other crime you may have committed—so I accommodatingly set my watch back half an hour to cover the minutes during which the crime might have been committed. I knew you would both be relieved to hear me announce that it was only five-thirty."

Neither spoke

Suddenly Mrs. Twirley swung around and demanded, "Well, how the devil did they prove the crime on the team in your precious sketch?"

"Oh, there wasn't any crime at all. The couple reconsidered their action, decided they could make more money on the stage with the sketch and repeating the crime in acrobatic pantomime every night for five or six years at fifty dollars a night with perfect security of physical and mental freedom. So—a little third scene in the sketch—they called a messenger boy and sent him round to the miser with two suitcases packed with his money. That pleased the audience and——"

There was a sudden flash of light as the woman snatched a pointed paper cutter from the table and sprang for Poe; but her husband caught and held her while Poe dexterously knocked the knife from her hand.

"Listen to reason, Kid!" cried Twirley. "Listen! He's got it doped out best! Don't be a fool! You didn't want to do it yourself. It was just the only thing we could do."

The woman lurched forward in his arms and clawed frantically at the air. Poe picked up a magazine, turned his back to them and sat reading for ten minutes. At the end of that time the woman, red-faced and bloodshot-eyed, cried defiantly: "There's a messenger ring down in the hall. Go ring for a boy yourself, Mr. Hardy."

"No, thanks. I'd rather not. Besides, there isn't any such bell in the hall. I looked as I entered," answered Poe languidly, not taking his eyes from the book.

Mrs. Twirley stared at him as tho he were unreal and threw her hands to her head in a frenzy, screaming, "How in h—l did you ferret out all this, you—you weasel?"

"I've got a room looking out into the Dubois court myself," smiled Poe, turning toward her frankly now that she had given in. "It's just next door. I've heard Dickie bark in imitation of Alert to entertain the landlady. I've seen you both examining that Dubois' window with the telescope. I was more or less prepared, and being somewhat of a night-prowler myself, I just happened around with a skeleton key or two and gathered a bit of material for a—vaudeville sketch. I can get you booked either way you like. At Billy Ryan's Vaudeville Agency or the station house. It's up to you!"

The woman looked sharply from Poe to her husband, then furtively at the two suitcases which she had left unguarded in the corner.

"He's only bluffing, Dickie!" she cried.

"I know it. But it sort of stands to reason," Twirley answered. "I'd rather get fifty a week clean from Billy Ryan than fifty thousand that'd stick like mud to my fingers every time I started to spend it."

"Bully for you!" cried Christopher Poe. "I've got a skeleton plan of the sketch in my pocket here. I'll back you two for a set of props. Your wife and I will go over the sketch, Dickie, while you run out and call a messenger."

Mrs. Twirley, with a submissive gulp, burst into a flood of genuine tears.

"Yes," she said softly. "Go ahead, Dickie, he's got the real dope."

* * *

A sure cure for insomnia is to have some one knock at the door and tell you to get up.

STOPS TOBACCO HABIT

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 503 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days at home.

As they are distributing this book free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.—Adv.

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The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food [illegible] every defect [illegible] freckle, pimple, blemish or [illegible] leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate [illegible]. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow [illegible] to the cheeks, preserving it [illegible] age. [illegible] years [illegible] can have [illegible] drug store at [illegible]. Do not delay, but write at once Box 131, Blairsville Pa.

Down on the Farm.

BY EARL H. EMMONS.

The Barn.

THE barn is a farm improvement made of anything from a bunch of ash posts and some old straw to hard pine lumber, bricks and cement; and it is used as a place in which to hold dances which are too rough to be in the house, and it is also utilized as a shelter chiefly for several hundred pigeons, several thousand sparrows, numberless rats and mice, and an occasional tramp.

All this keeps the barn very busy, and besides the above-mentioned, the barn is expected to take care of a miscellaneous number of tons of hay, enough oats and corn to get the animals thru the winter, and house the livestock. It can easily be seen the barn has considerable of a job on its hands. The pigs about the place insist on rubbing against the corners of it, thus loosening the foundation, after the rats have chewed it up; the horses put in their time standing on one foot reflectively chewing large, irregular chunks out of the mangers and partitions, the careless mule kicks two boards off the north end every time he happens to think of it, and the woodpeckers peck the roof full of holes.

Of course, the sparrows and pigeons do not cause any material damage to the barn, but they take up a lot of room which could better be filled with hay, and they do not greatly add to the general appearance or interior decoration of the place.

Then, when grain is stored in the barn, it usually is in such quantities that the sides of the structure are pushed out in a curve resembling the sides of a balloon, and this tends to cause large, open cracks between the boards, so that, taking it all together, with the cracks, the rat and woodpecker perforations, and vacancies created by the mule, it is no wonder the barn soon takes on the resemblance of a sieve, and if in chilly weather the atmosphere filters thru and causes the prize cow to catch double pneumonia and climb the Golden Stair, the barn should not be blamed for inefficiency.

If, however, the barn withstands all of these things, just as everything is going along smoothly, the hired man or a tramp usually lays down a cigarette butt in among the hay, after which the farmer has a good time trying to collect his insurance. If the barn escapes all this and can dodge double-geared chain lightning consistently, it has a fairly good chance of standing a while, so that a cyclone can come along and show it some aviation tricks, which is what is meant by "barn raisings."

* * *

SHOWING HERSELF UP.

"Germany can't open her mouth without showing herself up," said Gov. Sidney Catts at a Tallahassee banquet. "No, she can't say a word without showing what bad morals she has.

"She reminds me of the new parlor maid.

"'Is Miss Lizzie at home?' a gentleman asked this new maid one morning.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Is she engaged?'

"'Yes, sir, but come right in.' Here the new parlor maid winked. 'He'll never know. He's off to Jacksonville.'"

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YOU CAN BELIEVE EVERY WORD I SAY. If you will, the time you spend in reading this advertisement will be the most profitable period of your life. I can put you in the soap business where you easily can make $150.00 per month. ANY bright man or woman can MAKE MORE MONEY WORKING FOR ME than in any other way. I have hundreds of agents making $2,000.00 a year. I always have been in the agency business myself, and I know it from A to Z. I will teach you how to make sales and make you successful. I HAVE MADE MONEY in the agency business, and many of the agents I have taught have made their pile and retired.

I now have a much better proposition than ever before—one that makes my agents more money, and I like it better myself. The reason my agents have been so successful is that I do not handle junk, tinware or cheap-John goods of any kind that never lead to repeat orders. I do not pay my agents with premiums. They get [illegible] cash and soon have money in the bank. It is repeat orders that make money in any business. [illegible] home on Monday morning and you will find [illegible] ing; go to the neighbors and you will find they [illegible] too. It is the same thing [illegible]. The demand for soap is unlimited, and repeat [illegible] never cease. Now, what does this all mean? It means that someone is getting the enormous profit from your territory which should be yours. Why Not Get It Yourself!

There is big money in the soap business and I give my agents the big end of the profit—a profit so large that I hesitate to state in this public manner what it is, but will be glad to advise you confidentially when you write me. Suffice it to say for the present that you will be satisfied. I can give you a chance to make such a big profit that you will be more than satisfied with your income and willing to stay with me year after year and be one of my loyal representatives. I personally teach every agent how to make money and make it fast. My plan has been a great success, and I will give it to you FREE. Now I want to say to every man or woman who is anxious to make money and better their condition, write me. Don't lose a moment's time, but write me at once, and address your letter to A. A. MEETH, General Manager

THE WOLVERINE SOAP COMPANY,
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The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer

Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

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STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER

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Weak and unhealthy kidneys cause so much sickness and suffering and when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results may be expected.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys should have attention first because their work is most important.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition commence taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, because if it proves to be the remedy you need and your kidneys begin to improve they will help all the other organs to health.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patients, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

A Trial will Convince Anyone.

Thousands of people have testified that the mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, is soon realized and that it stands the highest for its remarkable results in distressing cases.

Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you suffer from annoying bladder troubles, frequently passing water night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment, headache, backache, lame back, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, uric acid rheumatism, lumbago, may be loss of flesh or sallow complexion, kidney trouble in its worst form may be stealing upon you.

Swamp-Root is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that you are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Be sure to say you read this offer in the Chicago Ledger.

By Paths of Peril

By Dan A. Keller

The Story's Story.

TONY WOODS, a country boy on his way to New York, falls into the clutches of Jerrold and Chalk, confidence men, but threatens them with a cane and escapes. Tony's uncle, Jasper Sharp, and O'Dell, his partner, are cruel in their treatment of Vesta Moore, who comes to pawn the family jewels. In Evan Bates, a customer, Tony thinks he finds the long-lost uncle of his chum, Billy Bates. Sharp refuses to let Bates redeem his valuables and betrays that he knows Jerrold. Tony is discharged when he takes Vesta's part against O'Dell and gets a job with Erastus Shell, a Government inspector. Tony saves a countryman whom Jerrold and Chalk are trying to fleece. Billy Bates comes to New York and his pocketbook is stolen. He recognizes Sommers, the thief, causes his arrest and recovers his property. A note from Vesta takes the boys to her home from which valuables have been stolen. In the description of a man who limps, presumably the thief, they see Chalk. They see O'Dell slip into the building where they believe Chalk is to be found. Jasper Sharp betrays he is a tool of O'Dell. As the boys leave a movie show O'Dell attacks them. As a climax to an exciting day they rescue the wealthy Mrs. Van Stanley from a runaway. O'Dell tells Jerrold and Chalk to get Tony out of the way. O'Dell goes to see Paul Norton, whom he had hired to rob the Moore home, and the latter, conscience-stricken, mails $10 to Mrs. Moore anonymously. O'Dell surprises Sharp looking over the stolen jewels and threatens him if he tries to return them. The boys are invited to Murray Hill by Mrs. Van Stanley, and each is presented with a beautiful gold watch. They are introduced to Pauline and Carolyn, Mrs. Van Stanley's young daughters. The next day Tony's employer gives him the task of watching for a suspected smuggler of diamonds. While at this work the boy is overtaken by Chalk, haled to a distant building and left firmly bound to a chair. He is discovered by a girl of 16, and finally prevails upon her and her one-armed newsboy friend, Tinky, to release him. Not finding his employer at the office, he goes to his own room, where Evan Bates awaits him. O'Dell arrives unexpectedly and a struggle between the two men ensues in which Bates is victor. Giving Tony O'Dell's office key, Bates sends him after his watch, since the boy knows the combination of the safe. Billy arrives and meets his uncle.

You can go on with the story from here. If you want the first part in full, back copies of the Ledger may be obtained from news dealers, our agents or direct by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 51, December 2:

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CHAPTER XI.

A DANGEROUS MISSION.

THE reader will readily recall Tony's interview on the street in front of the moving-picture show with his Uncle Jasper. Since that time, of course, he had not seen his relative. However, if he could have entered a certain house some distance from the business part of the city, he would have come face to face with Sam O'Dell's partner.

Jasper Sharp was sitting white-faced in an armchair in a small but well-furnished room in his own dwelling. He was a widower and childless, and among his business associates had a fairly good name. It was always said that but for his partner, Sam O'Dell, who never had any business standing, Jasper Sharp would stand high in business circles. It was the shadow of his associate, in other words it was a typical case of "poor dog Tray."

Jasper Sharp seemed to have aged ten years in as many hours. He looked like a man who was about to do something desperate.

All at once he struck the table with his hand and uttered an agonizing cry.

"If I only had the nerve to do it!" he cried. "I am bound hand and foot to Sam O'Dell and there's no hope for me so long as he holds me in bondage."

He arose and began to pace the room, wringing his hands like a person in despair.

Presently he heard the bell and some one going to open the street door.

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Sharp," announced the servant, who immediately vanished.

A moment afterward the door opened and Jerrold, the city shark, entered the chamber. He gave Jasper Sharp one look and coolly sat down.

Jasper did not speak. This was the last man he had expected to see in his own house.

"What is wanting, Mr Jerrold?" he asked, clearing his throat.

"I've called on a little business," was the reply as the speaker crossed his legs.

Mr. Sharp might have noticed that Jerrold wore good, sporty clothes, and that his mustache was waxed and the rest of his face cleanly shaven.

"Proceed," was the reply. "We are alone, and I cannot give you much time owing to an engagement that presses."

"Very well. I'll come to the point at once. I have just made a little deal and I want some backing. It's not much, Mr. Sharp."

"Well! Out with it."

"I have here an agreement which I want indorsed," and the shark took from his pocket a bit of paper, the creases of which he smoothed out with his hand. "I've got to pledge five thousand dollars in order to carry out my part of the deal and——"

He stopped of his own accord, for the face of the man before him had grown pale, and his eyes were fairly flashing.

"If you will indorse this paper for me I can make the loan at the Grand Central Bank and get the money."

"In other words," said Jasper, "you simply want me to give you five thousand dollars."

"It all depends on how you view the matter," grinned the immaculate Jerrold.

"Don't I take the right view of it?"

"Perhaps you do, Mr. Sharp. Surely you don't intend to refuse my request?"

"You know, sir, that you have no right to expect me to become your indorser for any sum," was the reply. "You have no financial standing, Mr. Jerrold——"

"I don't have to have any and if, by the way, I should open my mouth, how much would you have, pray?"

The words seemed to go to Jasper Sharp's brain like so many arrows.

He bit his lip as his gaze became fixed on his visitor. There was much behind the words the cool-headed scoundrel had uttered, and no one knew better than the broker himself.

"You have pen and ink handy," proceeded Jerrold. "Just put your name to the paper and the incident will be closed."

Jasper Sharp recoiled and looked hastily around the room.

"Do you know what is the proper name for your audacity?" he cried with vehemence.

"Call it what you please, sir. It matters little to me."

"It's blackmail!"

"You're rather plain, sir."

"I dare not submit to your proposition."

"Don't be so fast, Mr. Sharp," was the retort, accompanied by a malicious grin. "If you utterly refuse I'll just make a little statement to certain parties that will be interesting."

"You mean that you will inform the police?"

"Exactly."

"I've been a fool," cried Jasper Sharp, and the words seemed to be forced from him. "I'm a moth that played around the candle too long. You're a monster, Jerrold."

"Mebbe I am," was the reply. "You know what your safe holds at the office?"

"Heavens, man——"

"You see, I'm not altogether ignorant of some things," interrupted Jerrold, uncrossing his legs and rising. "If you don't care to transact business with me tonight I'll go elsewhere."

"Come back," exclaimed the broker, as the man walked toward the door. "Where's your infamous paper?"

"Here," and Jerrold extended the bit of paper. "I only want your indorsement."

Jasper Sharp nearly snatched it from Jerrold's hand and went to the table. Seating himself there he picked up a pen and dashed his well-known signature at the bottom.

"There!" he cried, flinging the paper at Jerrold. "There's your blood money."

With a mock bow Jerrold took the document and looked at the broker's [illegible]

"It's all right, sir," said he. "I thank you very much, Mr. Sharp. You can now fill your engagement which you spoke of."

With these words he thrust the paper into his pocket and moved to the door.

Jasper Sharp heard the man close the door behind him, and with a low cry he sank into the depths of the chair, a picture of despair.

"Sam O'Dell is at the bottom of this!" he exclaimed. "That man Jerrold is in league with him. Why didn't I start out as an honest man? It isn't too late yet to redeem the past if I only had the courage. I am in the snare of those men."

Presently he seemed to take courage of some kind, for he snatched his hat from a rack and darted from the house. His feet seemed to spurn the stones beneath them.

Later he reached the vicinity of the office in Gold street. The Mohawk Block loomed before him and he plunged into the building. He found the elevator boy asleep in his chair.

As the lad looked into his face, Jasper Sharp placed a coin in his hand and stepped into the elevator.

"Remember, Charley, I haven't been here tonight," he said, and the boy nodded.

A wild but determined expression lit up the broker's eyes as he almost ran down the corridor leading to the office of Sharp & O'Dell. The great building seemed deserted.

He stopped and looked around like a burglar. When he had gained the door he unlocked it and entered the place.

Without turning on the light he went to the table in the middle of the room and then over to the safe in the corner. It did not take him long to open it. The heavy doors swung back, revealing the interior of the safe, and he stooped before it.

"It's a desperate chance I'm taking," he said half aloud, as he thrust his hand forward and opened a little metallic drawer. "If Sam knew this——"

He did not finish the sentence, for he found some papers in the drawer which he took out and carried over to the table. A ray of light came into the room thru the half-opened transom and he was enabled to sort the papers he had abstracted.

From among them he selected one paper which he opened and read in silence.

If that paper were missing he could defy those who knew his secret. In other words, he would no longer be in the power of Sam O'Dell and Jerrold.

Jasper Sharp folded the paper and put it back. He hadn't the courage to keep it.

He gathered up all the papers and moved across the room again toward the safe.

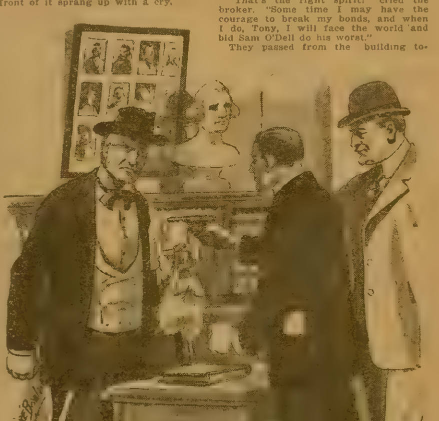
At this very moment a figure was moving down the corridor beyond the office. It threw a boyish shadow on one of the walls as it approached the door. Tony Woods had reached the building on his mission in Evan Bates' interest.

The boy caught hold of the knob and turned it softly and without noise. To his surprise the door was not locked, and he had no occasion to make use of Sam O'Dell's key.

Noiselessly Tony entered the office. He did not wholly close the door behind him.

"I won't be here long," he said to himself. "I'll open the safe, get the watch and slip out."

In another moment he was halfway across the room, and was in the act of bending toward the safe, when a figure in front of it sprang up with a cry.



"Just as I Expected," Cried Tony. "It Is Jerrold."

Tony recoiled with a startling ejaculation and seemed riveted to the floor with horror. He could not see just whom he confronted.

"Who are you? Stand back!" cried Jasper Sharp.

The voice startlingly revealed the truth. Tony stood face to face with his Uncle Jasper.

For a moment not another sound was heard in that room. Tony now saw the drawn features of his uncle, and also noticed the open safe door. He knew that his uncle was not there for any honest purpose.

"What—is—it—you want, Tony?"

"Yes, uncle, I——"

"What brought you here?"

What could the boy say? He fell back to the table, the edge of which he clutched with one hand to steady himself, while he studied the face before him.

At last he spoke. "I came for Evan Bates' watch," said he.

"Who sent you?"

"Evan Bates himself."

"But how did you expect to get into the office?"

"I have Sam O'Dell's key."

"Where is he?"

"Mr. Bates is watching him till I return."

"Tony! Tony!" cried Jasper. "Don't betray me. I came here to save my name." His voice died away in a groan.

CHAPTER XII.

UNMASKING A SCOUNDREL.

TONY pitied his uncle from the bottom of his heart. He was now confident in his own mind that his uncle was in the power of Sam O'Dell.

"I dare not tell you the truth, Tony," continued the broker. "I have not been an honest man all my life, but I would again become so, if I were only out of the clutches of the man whom I am forced to call my partner!"

The wretched one almost groveled at Tony's feet.

"It is up to you, uncle," said the boy. "You were going to take something from the safe?"

"Yes, yes!"

"But you haven't the courage?"

"No, my courage failed me at the last moment. I am afraid of that man. He is a great rascal. I have discovered that; he is in league with such men as Chalk and Jerrold, and others just as bad, no doubt. I guess I am simply reaping the whirlwind, Tony."

The boy turned away to hide his emotion.

"Take the watch which belongs to Evan Bates," said Jasper Sharp. "I will take nothing."

Tony found the watch, which should have been restored to its owner days before, and put it in his pocket. Then Jasper Sharp locked the safe and turned to his nephew.

"You must look out for the gang," he said to Tony. "They will turn on you."

The boy's eyes flashed defiantly.

"I think that I am able to take care of number one," said he. "I am not going to be afraid of Sam O'Dell and his friends."

"That's the right spirit!" cried the broker. "Some time I may have the courage to break my bonds, and when I do, Tony, I will face the world and bid Sam O'Dell do his worst."

They passed from the building together. On the street below they separated, and Jasper Sharp told the boy that he would go home. Tony made his way to his own lodging, where he found Sam O'Dell still under the guard of Evan Bates and Billy. The fellow glared at him like a tiger

"Now, Mr. O'Dell," said Evan Bates, when Tony had restored the watch, "you can go your way. I've got my property again."

"I'll get even with the whole kit of yer!" cried the maddened man "You've committed burglary tonight," and he turned his angry face toward Tony.

"More than that," said Sam, "I've got that delectable uncle of yours just where I want him. How would you like it said that one of your relatives was doing time in prison?"

"A man who will rob a widow and her daughter would do almost anything," retorted Tony, and with these words he turned away

Muttering curses, Sam O'Dell passed out of the house, and the three who remained exchanged glances of satisfaction

"I could have restored the jewels to the people in Pineapple street," remarked Tony. "I am sure they were in the safe, but I did not think that would be just the proper thing to do. However, I intend to see that they get them."

Overjoyed with the thought of having his watch in his possession and glad to have found his nephew, Billy, Evan Bates took his departure, promising that he would keep clear of Sam O'Dell, who would wreak some kind of vengeance upon him if he could.

Early the next morning Tony proceeded to the office of the Government inspector to make his report. He had a strange story to tell, for he did not omit his adventure with Mr. Chalk, his trials in the chair and his rescue by the girl and Tinky. To all of this Mr. Shell listened with keen interest.

"You did a good work, anyhow," he said. "I am now sure that I can lay my hands on some smugglers who have been bothering us very much of late. I have suspected that little jewelry store, and the man whom you saw enter it came on the liner and took the smuggled jewels to his confederates."

It was customary for the two boys to meet on a certain corner at the noon hour and proceed to a small restaurant where they dined.

When Tony reached the corner he found Billy already there and they put off.

"We are not yet clear of those rascals, Tony," Billy remarked as they walked along. "I believe I have been watched for some time by a man on the opposite side of the street."

"Where is he now, Billy?"

Billy Bates threw a scrutinizing glance across the street and then looked at his companion.

"That's the fellow yonder near the lamp post," said he. "I'm sure he's one of the old gang."

"It's not Jerrold, nor does he look like Chalk," replied Tony.

"That's what puzzles me," said Billy.

The boys walked on, now and then looking across the street, only to see that the person pointed out by Billy was keeping pace with them.

"He won't attempt anything in daylight," Tony said. "He's probably a new spy getting onto his job."

Seated in the restaurant, the boys soon forgot the episode, but for all this something seemed on their minds.

When they emerged from the place they found the same man on guard as before

"I'd like to get a better look at him," observed Tony. "Some time we may have to recognize him elsewhere."

"Be careful, Tony. If he catches us watching him he may play an unexpected game."

Tony went to the first crossing and darted across the street. The man apparently did not notice his absence, but was looking at Billy

Tony slipped into a doorway and waited for the stranger to come along. Suddenly the figure of the street spy loomed up before him. He nearly fell against the wall. To his utter surprise it was Sam O'Dell in a clever disguise

"Well," remarked the boy to himself, "this beats my time! So you're the tracker, Mr. Sam? It's a clever game you're playing, but it won't net you anything."

Unaware of his unmasking, the broker passed on. After a while Tony slipped from the area and followed. He sent a sign across the street to Billy and kept his eyes on Mr. O'Dell.

At last, to Tony's utter astonishment the man turned into a certain street and soon dodged into another, which Tony saw was the narrow thorofare where Vesta Moore and her mother lived

"What is the scoundrel doing in this part of the city?" the boy exclaimed "He can't be going to see the Moores whom he has robbed"

Most strange to say Sam O'Dell went straight to the modest home of the Moores, and mounting the steps, knocked. Tony's surprise was complete

No sooner had the door closed on the form of the broker than Tony darted forward and ran up the steps himself

The door was not locked, and he let himself into the hall, for he believed that the fellow was bent on mischief of some kind

The short hallway was not very well lighted, but he saw the door which he and Billy had entered upon their only visit to the house. At the same time he caught a sound of voices beyond it

"I have called," said the well-known voice of Sam O'Dell, "to say that you are proving very annoying to a business friend of mine"

"How so, sir?" was the reply, in a woman's tones. "I did not know that we have ever annoyed any one."

"You've had business with the firm of Sharp & O'Dell, haven't you?"

"That's the firm that is keeping our jewels unlawfully!" cried another voice, which sounded like Vesta's. "Don't you remember, mother?"

"Your daughter is right, but the house is not keeping the jewels unlawfully," replied the man, in harsher tones. "I am a representative of the firm and also a private officer. I have called to warn you to cease annoying the firm about those things."

"But they belong to us!" cried Mrs Moore. "The papers have been stolen—"

"That has been your cry before," interrupted the false broker. "It is an old dodge."

"They were taken from the bureau yonder while Vesta and I were at a neighbor's."

"You will have to produce the papers before you can have a single claim upon the pawned property. It would be well for you to make no further fuss about the matter, for you can be arrested for annoyance. Messrs. Sharp & O'Dell are the most reliable men in the brokerage and loan business, and they cannot afford to be pestered about such a small transaction as the one which passed between you and them. It must be stopped and at once, madam!"

"But, sir, am I to lose my wedding jewels?" cried the voice of the poor woman. "I am holding the money sufficient for their redemption."

"The incident is closed so far as we are concerned," said Sam O'Dell, coldly "Sharp & O'Dell cannot be annoyed. They will not be. Understand that"

The face of the boy who stood at the door was white with excitement and indignation. His hand was on the knob, and all at once he twisted it and bounded into the room.

Both Mrs Moore and Vesta uttered exclamations of surprise the moment they caught sight of him, and the face of the man in the middle of the room darkened.

"Your son, eh?" said Sam O'Dell, tho he knew very well who the newcomer was.

"You know me, Mr. O'Dell!" cried Tony as he returned the other's stare with one of illy suppressed merriment. "We have met before and but lately, Mrs. Moore," and Tony turned to the speechless widow. "This man is Sam O'Dell of the firm of Sharp & O'Dell. He is in disguise. He is the person who treated your daughter so harshly"

Vesta gave a little cry and fell back

"When he tells you that you will be arrested if you don't cease to claim your rights, he states a falsehood, for he dare not carry his designs to that length"

In another moment Sam O'Dell had stamped toward the door in an ungovernable rage, and halting there, he glared at Tony with all the animosity of a savage.

"I believe you came from Woodlawn!" he snorted, as he stood face to face with Tony with clinched hands. "Let me tell you one thing, you little farm rat, Woodlawn will never see her meddler again unless you quit the city on the next train."

With this he jerked the door open and the three left behind heard him stamping out of the house in his unchecked anger.

CHAPTER XIII

ENCOUNTERING AN OLD FOE.

QUITE late in the afternoon of the day that followed Tony's adventure with Sam O'Dell at the home of the

(Continued on Page 2[illegible])

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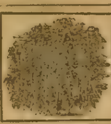

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Physicians Warn Public Against Taking Substitutes for Nuxated Iron

Say That Ordinary Metallic Iron Preparations Cannot Possibly Give the Same

STRENGTH, POWER AND ENDURANCE

Besides, they may upset the digestion, disturb the secretions and thereby do far more harm than good, and that Health Officials and Physicians everywhere should caution the public against accepting these inferior products.

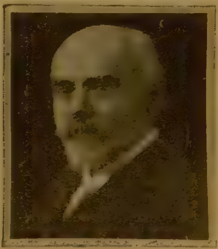
CAREFUL investigation by physicians among druggists and patients has revealed the fact that there are thousands of people taking iron who do not distinguish between organic iron and metallic iron and that such persons often fail to obtain the vital energy, strength and endurance which they seek, simply because they have taken the wrong form of iron. They seem to think iron is iron on the same theory that a potato would be a potato whether cooked or raw, entirely ignoring the fact that the cooking process makes certain important cellular changes in the potato that renders it far more easy of assimilation by the blood and tissues. No one would hardly expect to derive the same strength from eating raw potatoes that he would from eating cooked potatoes, yet according to the opinions of physicians who have made careful study of the subject, taking raw, unprepared, metallic iron is a good deal like eating raw potatoes.

Therefore, physicians advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to go to their family doctors and obtain a prescription calling for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and present this to their druggist so that there may be no question about obtaining the proper article. But if they do not wish to go to the trouble of getting a prescription for Nuxated Iron then be sure to look on the label and see that the words NUXATED IRON are printed thereon. Not Nux and Iron nor any other form of iron but NUXATED IRON.

The remarkable results produced by Nuxated Iron and its widespread sale (it being estimated that over three million people annually are today using it) has led to the offering of numerous substitutes and physicians say that health officials and doctors everywhere should caution the public against accepting these substitutes which may be nothing more than a metallic iron compound which may in many cases produce far more harm than good, just like a meal of raw potatoes might upset the stomach of a delicate person and really injure him instead of furnishing nutriment and strength.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan

Formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and West Chester County Hospital.



Former Health Commissioner Kerr

The widespread publication of this information has been suggested by Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner, and others, so that the public may be informed on this subject and protected from the use of metallic iron under the delusion that it is Nuxated Iron, or at least something as good as Nuxated Iron. In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron Dr. Sullivan says: "In my talks to physicians I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of their making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, rundown patients. Thousands of person go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle, tissue and brain. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through your body, something like corn through an old mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"But you can't make strong, vigorous, successful, sturdy iron men by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a semi-digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are so ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system."

Former Health Commissioner William R. Kerr of Chicago, says: "From my own experience with Nuxated Iron, I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country. I have taken it myself and experienced its health-giving, strength-building effect, and in the interests of the public welfare I feel it is my duty to make known the results of its use. I am well past my three score years and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is due largely today to my personal use of Nuxated Iron."

Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly physician in the Baltimore Hospital, and a Medical Examiner, says: "Throughout my experience on Hospital staffs and as Medical Examiner, I have been astonished at the number of patients who have vainly doctored for various diseases, when in reality their delicate, rundown state was simply the result of lack of iron in the blood. Time and again I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality. I took Nuxated Iron myself to build me up after a serious case of nervous exhaustion. The effects were apparent after a few days, and within three weeks it had virtually revitalized my whole system and put me in a superb physical condition."

Dr. Ferdinand King

New York Physician and Medical Author

Dr. Ferdinand King says: "Doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of the anaemic man or woman is pale, the flesh flabby, the muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, said: "Nuxated Iron is a wonderful remedy. Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty, and full of vigor, vim and vitality, in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health, at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

"If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases, and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real true cause which started their disease was nothing more or less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood. Thousands of people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained."

Dr. E. Sauer

A Boston Physician who has studied in great European Medical Institutions.

Dr. H. B. Vail

Formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner

NOTE—Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

By Paths of Peril.

(Continued From Page 23.)

Moores, he entered the office of Mr. Shell, the Government inspector. That official was absent and Tony was the only occupant of the place.

A visitor, who appeared to be a man of 70, entered, leaning heavily on a cane. His beard was white and long and Tony wondered what could have brought him to the inspector's office.

"You're alone, I see," said the old man, in a drawling tone, as he eyed Tony.

"Mr. Shell is out just now."

"Yes? Will he be gone very long?"

Tony glanced at the memorandum on the inspector's desk and said that his employer would be back within an hour.

"I'll just wait," was the reply, and the speaker settled back in a chair and stretched out his feet. Tony turned to some work and ceased to notice him any further.

The boy had his head full of his adventure in the office of Sharp & O'Dell, where he had chanced upon his uncle before the steel safe. He remembered the woe-begone face which Jasper Sharp had turned upon him, and he knew that the man was in the power of his wicked partner.

Once Tony glanced at the man in the chair, noticing that his head had fallen upon his breast, and that he was apparently fast asleep. This circumstance would have thrown the boy entirely off his guard if he had not accidentally noticed the man's hands.

They were not the hands of a man of 70; they were too fresh and fair-skinned for that, and Tony, leaning forward, saw that the nails were well manicured.

There was something wrong.

Pretending to be engrossed with his office duties, he made out to watch his visitor closely.

All at once the man arose.

"Won't you wait for Mr. Shell?" said the boy.

"I'm afraid he won't come back soon."

"His time is almost up, and he is one of the most punctual men you ever saw."

"What's his business out?'

"That I do not know," answered Tony.

"You run errands for him, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Therefore you should know something about his affairs."

"He's a Government officer, you know."

"Yes, he's connected with the customs service."

"An inspector, if you please."

By this time the man stood very close to Tony, who leaned slightly against the table, and was looking up into a pair of brilliant black eyes. He now felt that the fellow had not come to the office for any good.

"You've been poking yourself into other people's business," suddenly blurted the man.

"Sir?" cried the startled boy.

"I mean just what I've said," the stranger continued. "You are one of Uncle Sam's little spies."

Tony slid around the table and reached his desk in one corner of the room. The man came after him with the tread of a wild beast, and the boy noticed that his hands were now clinched till the veins shone thru the skin.

With a quick movement Tony threw up the lid of the desk, and his hand gripped a revolver that reposed beneath it. His movement was sudden enough to bring the man to a halt.

"Go back to your chair and sit down!" commanded the boy.

The other did not stir, but glared at the determined young boys with all eyes.

"Sit down till Mr. Shell comes back," continued Tony, showing the weapon in a manner which caught the man's gaze.

"See here, boy, you wouldn't make use of that weapon?" the stranger growled.

"It all depends on what you do," was the retort. "Take the chair you've just left. When Mr. Shell comes in you can transact your business with him."

Biting his lower lip till it grew crimson, the man hustled back to the chair and dropped sullenly into it. He looked across the space that separated him from Tony, but did not speak. As for the boy, he leaned against the desk with the revolver in his hand.

Not a word passed between them, and half an hour passed and yet Mr. Shell did not return.

"You don't intend to keep me here till night?" said the man, speaking at last.

"You shall remain where you are till my employer comes back."

"He may not come back tonight."

"Then, sir, you shall remain here till morning."

A harsh word came from the stranger's lips.

"You're just treasuring up trouble," said he, still eying Tony. "In the first place, you don't know whom you're dealing with."

"I know that your mission here is for no good," answered the boy. "Your hands give you away. I've been noticing them for some time. Old men don't, as a rule, take such good care of their hands."

The listener glanced down at his hands.

"If you will promise not to interfere with our business any more," he said, "we'll call it quits."

"What is your business?" asked Tony.

"I mean that if you will leave Mr. Shell's employ you'll get rid of a lot of trouble."

"You might as well save your breath in that direction," was the prompt answer.

"Very well. You will have to put up with what comes."

Another ten minutes passed.

"I guess I'll go," said the man in the chair, making a movement as if he were about to carry out his intention.

"Don't be in a hurry," replied Tony, and the revolver once more covered the fellow's head. "I'm sure Mr. Shell will soon be here."

"I'm not particular about seeing him now."

"But he may be pleased to see you."

The man settled back in the chair and gave Tony another look.

Now footsteps came down the outside hallway, and Tony's heart gave a joyous leap.

The door opened and Mr. Shell came in. As the inspector took off his hat and moved toward his desk, he spied Tony's prisoner.

"This man called to see you, Mr. Shell," said the boy, still holding the weapon.

The Government officer turned upon the man.

"Well, sir," said he, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing just now, I believe. I'll call another time."

At the same moment he shot a rapid glance toward Tony, who did not speak.

"I'm at leisure, sir," resumed Mr. Shell, crossing his legs. "I believe you have not given your name."

"Oh, that's not necessary," was the answer. "My business can wait, Mr. Shell," and with this he moved toward the door.

"Wait a moment!" called out the clear voice of the boy, and the man stopped in the middle of the room.

Tony executed a sudden movement, and got between his caller and the door.

Mr. Shell stared at the boy, wondering what his movement meant.

"Take off your beard!" commanded Tony.

There was no movement of the hands of the one addressed and the official's stare increased.

"Mr. Shell, that beard is false," said Tony to his employer. "That man came here for no good. He has called me a spy, and wanted to make me a traitor to your interests."

"Is that true, sir?"

The voice of Mr. Shell was harsh and stern, and he was looking the accused one fairly in the face.

"You will obey the boy's command," he went on. "If the beard you wear is false, you will remove it or I will."

There was a muttered growl on the man's part, and his hand went slowly towards his face. In another instant the beard had been withdrawn, and was clutched in his hands.

"Just as I expected!" cried Tony. "It is Jerrold!"

"And who, pray, is Jerrold?" asked the inspector.

"The man who trapped me on the train when I came to the city."

"Well, Mr. Jerrold, since you are unmasked, you will please remain a little longer."

Mr. Shell turned to the telephone on his desk and called a number. A sudden paleness overspread Jerrold's face.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" cried he, springing to his feet with the rage of a wild animal. "I am armed, too!" and a revolver flashed suddenly in his hand. "Stand back, both of you! Don't call the police, Mr. Shell, and don't precipitate matters."

He backed toward the door with the weapon in front of him, and Tony and his employer could only stare at the man's audacity.

"I'll see you again—perhaps," he continued. "And the kid yonder can rest assured that we're not thru with him."

With this the man jerked the door open with one hand, while he gripped the revolver with the other, and within another second he was gone.

Mr. Shell and Tony heard him stamping down the corridor and the rumble of the descending elevator reached their ears.

"That's a cool fellow," commented the inspector, as he looked at Tony. "He's playing a desperate game of some sort."

"Yes, but he couldn't face the call for the police," laughed the boy.

"Oh," was the reply, "he'll not be hard to pick up when we want him since we know his name. He had no business with me, Tony."

"No, his business was wholly with me," answered Tony. "I had him under the revolver's muzzle for nearly an hour, and during that wait I figured out that he must be Jerrold, Mr. Chalk's partner."

"Watch out for him," advised the inspector. "These men are really dangerous. But you seem able to take care of yourself, Tony."

"I'll never call for assistance until I find that I am not," was the response, which met with Mr. Shell's approval, for he nodded smilingly and turned to his desk as if nothing exciting had just happened.

Tony went back to his duties, which would soon terminate for the day, but he could not dismiss from his mind his last adventure with Jerrold, the desperate city sharp.

Tobias Green comes back into the story in a surprising manner in the next installment of "By Paths of Peril." Also the boys find that they are not done with Chalk by a long shot, and their adventures in a big city, already unusual, are more startling than ever.

* * *

The English Language.

SOME queer sentences turned out by pupils of the Methodist Girls' School at Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. One can easily distinguish the subject and tell what the child tried to say at least.

When the form of a verb is changed it is called congregation.

The prime meridian is called the eternal date line.

Gibraltar is the keynote in the Mediterranean.

The finest wheat that ever cropped grows in Russia.

The masculine of spinster is bore.

He had nothing on except a sword and he was unarmed.

A wife is the upset (opposite) of the husband.

The place was taken by storm and thunder.

Benjamin Franklin looked very funny with his clothes behind and a loaf of bread in his mouth.

The cat was thin and pale.

Gibraltar is known as the keyhole of England.

St. Helena is a place where Napoleon had been diminished.

The Barbarian States are Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli and Turnips.

Queen Victoria reigned sixty years. She was the longest sovereign that ever ruled in England.

A frog is a bug with four legs. It stands up in front and sits down behind.

* * *

His Mistake.

MRS. AUSTIN had asked her husband many times to varnish the kitchen oilcloth. Finally, in desperation, he donned his overalls one Saturday afternoon and went at the job. They were very careful to stay off the floor on Sunday, but on Monday morning it had not dried a bit.

"Something is certainly wrong with that varnish, George," said Mrs. Austin in dismay. "Where did you put the can?"

"I set it back on the cellar shelf," replied George absently, as he looked up from his morning paper.

Mrs. Austin disappeared, but soon returned with the can in her hand. She stood in front of her husband in ominous silence. He looked up at her inquiringly.

"Well, George Austin," she exclaimed as she held the can toward him. "can't you read? Do you know what you've done? You've varnished the kitchen oilcloth with pure Vermont maple sirup!"—Puck.

* * *

The Same Thing.

Fond Mother (reading)—"'Our captain is one of the best, and we're ready to follow him to H—l!' I suppose he means the Hindenburg line."

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MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. [illegible]
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PRISON MADE HER A PATRIOT

LIKE "The Man Without a Country," Mrs. Margaret Cornell learned an abiding patriotism in a prison cell.

Nearly a year ago, sentenced for conspiring with Franz von Bopp, then German consul general in San Francisco, to violate American neutrality, she entered the penitentiary hating the United States and reviling the flag.

Today she is a free woman and a woman reborn.

Long days of reflection behind stone walls have implanted a deep love for the Stars and Stripes where venom and defiance had blazed into traitorism.

"It has been a bitter lesson," she said here upon her liberation, "but I have learned it. Today my one wish is to have my American citizenship restored. Losing for a time the freedom that is America, I have come to appreciate it perhaps more deeply than those who have never had such an experience."

When sentenced, Mrs. Cornell, an American citizen, had gone defiantly to the bar. She asked no mercy of the court—no special consideration because of her sex. Publicly she denounced her country and renounced allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

Her change of heart began when she became convinced that Germany's adept plotters had used her as a tool, ready to be cast aside after they had made of her a living dagger at the heart of the Nation.

MRS. MARGARET CORNELL.

The Prophecy Came True

ALL during the latter part of her journey thru the strange, wild, bristling western country Monica Cone had wondered much about what she should find at her destination. She had not been able to build many expectations from the few letters her brother had written her and her own idea of mining life, culled from hastily studied and inadequate sources.

From first to last the whole thing was an adventure. So far, Monica had only read of adventures. Her own life had been quiet enough. First, for years there had been the little side hill farm where she and Trav were born. They were poor, but somehow Monica had got an education. Trav had not cared for one. When their father died they sold the place and moved into town. Trav worked restlessly for a while, then he went West. Monica began to teach school and by her earnings kept her mother, as long as she lived, comfortably. After that had followed several years of loneliness, of saving against the dreaded rainy day, of struggling to learn more and more. Suddenly came illness, the last thing Monica had believed possible. With red in her cheeks and light in her eyes Monica had doubted the doctor's stern command that she get into the open and live, if she would live at all. And all because she had a sore spot over one collar bone.

Where should she go? A letter from her brother, a little more intimate than usual, inclosing a worn $100 bill, his first contribution, set her thinking. Why not go to him? She told the doctor and he encouraged her. Colorado was the place of all places. Among the pines she would recover her health, he said.

So Monica wrote to Trav and Trav wrote back more or less lucid directions how she was to reach him. After that, nothing remained but to pack needfuls and depart.

Now she was nearing the end of her journey. At 4 o'clock that afternoon the train paused in the sunshine before a rough station. About the station were perhaps a dozen houses. This was Starbird City. Monica stood on the platform staring about her at the dark, uprearing mountains, the tumultuous creek pounding between the rocks and this dreary bit of near-civilization spawned by necessity. A road followed the creek and disappeared among the pines. That road she knew led to Trav's cabin. But where was Trav? She, however, felt no sinking of heart at his absence. She decided to start in hope of meeting him before she had gone far.

"You can't miss my cabin," he had written, "it being the first, last, and only one on Upper Creek trail."

Monica left her luggage with the station agent, who indicated his willingness to look after it by a nod of the head. She at first had thought him dumb, but finally decided that he was merely shy. Obviously women travelers did not often alight upon that platform, especially young women travelers who were pretty to look at and wore clothes of distinctly genteel cut and quality. Courageously she set forth. She had no fear.

After a mile or so she came suddenly upon the cabin set on the verge of the creek, with an open space of turf about it. Some hollyhocks and verbenas grew beside it, and Monica remembered that she had sent the seed to her brother. Mingled with the joy of her arrival was astonishment that she had not met him on the way, and that she saw no signs of him anywhere. He had perhaps not got her letter. He would be pleasantly surprised then when he came home from his work and found her.

Monica opened the door and entered. The cabin was beautifully clean, but empty of all save the barest necessities. The one touch of decoration was her own picture, framed rudely, which hung over the low bunk. It, more than all else, assured her that she was at home.

The kettle was boiling and Monica stood peeling potatoes when she heard a step and glanced up. A man stood on the doorstone. He stared at her and she stared at him. She saw that he was young, brown, firmly made. Then it came to her swiftly that he was seeking Trav.

"Good afternoon!" she said, pleasantly.

He stared as if he had lost his tongue.

"Trav, my brother, isn't home yet," she added.

He seemed to wake up. "So you're Trav's sister?" he said. His eyes went beyond her to her picture. "I might have known," he muttered, flushing. He leaned against the doorjamb, studying the worn threshold. His head sank more and more. Suddenly he lifted it. "When did you come?" he inquired.

"About two hours ago," Monica replied cheerfully, going on with her potato peeling. "I wrote Trav to meet me and supposed he would. When I found he did not I started out alone. I had his directions. And, anyway, he said this was the only cabin up this way for miles. I knew I couldn't miss it."

"That's right." He drew a deep breath, looked away at the mountains and then back at her. "I—I sent you a telegram four days ago," he said gently.

Monica started. "You sent me a telegram? What for?" she demanded. "Who are you?"

"My name's McKelway—Larry McKelway. I'm—I was Trav's partner."

Monica went swiftly toward him. "What do you mean?" she breathed.

He stepped aside. "Sit down on the doorstep, Miss Cone, and I'll try to tell you." As she obeyed he added. "'Twon't be easy for me to tell or for you to hear."

Monica lifted her white face. "Trav's dead," she whispered.

He nodded. "Dead and buried three days ago. The reason no one met you is—I thought I was in time with my telegram."

"Oh, my God!" moaned Monica, and covered her face with her hands. There was a long silence. When she looked up again she saw that he had turned his back upon her and was sternly regarding a flower that had pushed thru the sod at his feet.

"What shall I do?" Monica asked.

"Why, you'll stay, now you're here. You can have the cabin and I'll go down the creek aways to where there's a couple of fellows I know. You see, miss, it's just as well you have come. The mine has just began to pan out. Trav's share is worth quite a bit, and it'll be worth more if you can hang on to it for a while. He left it to you by writing."

"I don't know anything about mines" Monica said. "But I can learn. And I'll hang on. But I can't drive you out of your cabin. I'm not used to living alone, anyway. I'll go down to Starbird City, to where I saw a sign for boarders. And tomorrow, when I am rested and can think clearly, you can come to see me and we'll talk things over. If you are as honest as you look and as I think you are, I don't see why you can't be my partner as well as Trav's."

She got up from the doorstone, put on her coat and hat and stepped into the trail. He looked after her wistfully, but he made no attempt to follow.

At the turn Monica looked back at him. It came to her like a prophecy that some day she would be going back to the cabin and to him to stay; she had found her mate as well as Trav's partner.

WOMEN IN THE NAVY

Our American women were quite startled when they first heard of women being given the rank of yeoman, in the navy, for the work they can do in type-writing or similar office work.

That women can fight has been demonstrated by the so-called "Battalion of Death," or regiment of Russian women. But so many of our American women are worn out, anemic, and suffering from the peculiar weakness of womankind. To build up, strengthen and cure these weaknesses, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is a woman's true herbal tonic. It does not contain a particle of alcohol, nor anything deleterious to women's delicate constitution. For fifty years it has proven its merit, and can now be obtained in tablet form as well as in liquid, at almost any drug store. Tablets 60 cents, or send 10c for trial pkg. of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

THAT WEAK BACK

Accompanied by pain here and there—extreme nervousness—sleeplessness—maybe faint spells, chills or spasms—all are signals of distress for a woman. She may be growing from girlhood into womanhood—passing from womanhood to motherhood—or later suffering during middle life, which leaves so many wrecks of women. At any of these periods of a woman's life, "Favorite Prescription" is the best herbal tonic and nervine prescribed for just such cases by a physician of vast experience in the diseases from which women suffer. You can write Dr. Pierce, Pres. Invalids' Hotel, in full confidence and receive free medical advice.

Chicago Ledger

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GENTLE JABS.

Money talks—and it also stops talk.

If there were no fools the fads would die out.

Virtue that is born of necessity may be all right.

A man of one idea isn't so bad if the idea is good.

How we poor folks like to find fault with the rich!

A woman's smile is more dangerous than her frown

Words of a silent man are never repeated in court.

Gossips and phonographs repeat everything they hear.

Under the classification "married men" are many unknown heroes.

If you can't marry dollars the next best thing is to marry sense.

Many a broadcloth man owes it to marriage with a calico woman.

Altho the gas meter never fails to register it isn't allowed to vote.

Satan loves hypocrites because they serve him best and require no wages.

The man who is always looking for trouble overlooks many a good opportunity.

Some wives, being much taken up with the rights of women, forget that their husbands have any

It is human nature to be ungrateful to the man who fights your battles for you and gets licked.

Sometimes a man is unable to make ends meet because he keeps them headed in opposite directions.

Gold dissolved in a woman's tears is said to make an excellent cement for mending a broken heart

Many a drunkard despises himself for his weakness—and despises watered liquor for the same reason.

Lots of folks are willing to let you have your own way if you are modest about it and pay generously.

A cynic is a man whose disappointment is due to the fact that the world was made without his a[illegible]

Don't think because a girl loves you from the bottom of her heart that there isn't plenty of room at the top.

A man's wife may lay down the law to her husband, but she is always willing to let him lay down the carpets.

Staying awake nights contemplating the wonderful things that you are going to do doesn't pay the taxes on your household goods

When a woman arrives three minutes late at a railway station she imagines that the engineer saw her coming and pulled out just for spite.

Among the War Waifs

THE United States has not been content with sending armies, munitions and food to the aid of her French allies. Early last September the Chicago Committee of the American Fund for French Wounded provided a medical unit to work among the women and children in the devastated districts of northern France. The Red Cross and an English nursing society had already made plans for work in this region, and the new unit joined forces with those already in the field. Dr. Alice Barlow-Brown was in command of the medical part of the work, and a nurse, especially trained for work among children and an interpreter who can speak not only French, but Flemish, formed an important part of the equipment.

The party was stationed first at Toul, where 450 children in greatest need not only of medical care, but every attention, had been gathered together from the ruined towns recently captured by the Allies' army. Many of these children were fatherless, and their mothers worked from four in the morning until dark while the babies suffered for proper food.

Dr. Brown saw at once that more equipment must be provided if she was to attack the problem of suffering before her and bring about satisfying results. She cabled home for more money, and America quickly responded with five thousand dollars more. Her first purchase was a small camionette to take these children from crowded places where they were huddled to the hospitals or nurseries. Many were too weak to go by themselves. They have worn themselves out trying to earn a living breaking stones for road building. Their only sleeping-place has been straw thrown on the floor in tumbled-down sheds. The need for physicians and nurses to care for children alone is very great. Many of the towns of large population are without even one doctor. For the past three years many of the civilian population have had no medical attendance except such as they could snatch from the surgeons of passing regiments. The need for clothing and food is also very acute. The state of the children is most pathetic. One day nine children—little girls—came thru the infirmary, having been sent from Verdun on their way to Brittany to be placed in homes. They were miserably clad, but each one clutched in her thin little hand some small treasure from which, even thru the months of bombardment and privation, she had not been separated.

Many of the children have been so frightened by constant shelling that they cannot eat or sleep. Their eyes look unnaturally large and their skin is sallow. A very large number of them are already infected with tuberculosis, while skin diseases of the most irritating nature are very common

On November 3 the first baby was born under the care of the American unit. It was a boy, and he was named after General Joffre, with Dr. Alice Brown as his godmother. He is a husky youngster, the fourteenth child of his mother. But of this large family only five are living.

The military men of all the Allies take a great interest in these children. One [illegible] day the English Flying Corps made a flight quite low over the town dropping green fuses to the great amusement and delight of the children.

Another day Dr. Brown went to Nancy to buy shoes and food for the children. While her party was in one of the shops, the siren sounded. This is the signal that an aeroplane raid is coming, and that every one must disappear into caves or cellars. The French storekeeper at once became hostess to the party, and took them into an old wine cellar which she had furnished with beds for her children and some rough stools for the older people.

No sooner had they reached shelter than the French guns began to fire high explosives at the German planes, while the invaders' bombs could be easily distinguished. (The French guns fire for three minutes and rest five, as it takes eleven men to fire one shot.) The German aircraft arrived one every five minutes, making a fleet of twenty or more.

At the end of an hour they came very near to the party in the cellar, and the bombs shook the ground beneath them. One old woman's face was the picture of despair of the ages. When the bombs dropped too near she groaned, and all the others groaned with her. However, when the attack was over Dr. Brown and her party returned safely to Toul.

The greatest care is exercised in the infirmary at night to cover all lights in the building, as it is on a hill and can [illegible] be seen from a distance. The [illegible] are making cretonne curtains lined with black muslin for the windows, sixty-five for each building. When they are finished, lights can be used in the [illegible]. At present they go about with "ever readies," or little electric torches. If the hospital was known to be sheltering French children it would be in danger of shelling by the enemy. It is at present provided with caves to shelter the children in time of necessity. The unit is feeding six hundred people, has two groups of nurses at work and a group of English nurses of long experience assisting who are loaned to them for a short time.

Toul and Nancy are only two of the many French towns suffering from three years of invasion and desolation. America can give no greater service to France than to save these little citizens.

TO KEEP themselves clean, specially as to teeth and nails, is one thing that the women in charge of war work among the children in France and England emphasize, in their training of these little tots.

NATIONAL WORK AT HOME.

While the men are away, fighting [illegible]lly at the front to convince a determined foe that democracy is an effective thing, the women are summoned to defend the structures of democracy at home. Thus writes Mary O'Connor Newell of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

If our men should come back to find all the laboriously built contributions to social democracy in ruin they would be defeated indeed, however victorious at the front.

For the first time in history a Government has called its woman power into cooperation, and why?

Appointing a woman's committee to aid its war council was an entirely original attempt. Why was it done?

Perhaps to restate the purpose of the Council of National Defense will help clarify to women the nature of the work [illegible]ed of them in the present hour [illegible] reason for establishing a council of National defense was to coordinate industries and resources for the National security and welfare, and to create a new and direct channel of intercourse and cooperation between men and women and all departments of the Government.

The Woman's Committee has as its part, then, so to coordinate the activities and resources of the organized and unorganized women of the country that their power may be immediately utilized in time of need, and furthermore that it may contribute continuously to the welfare of the country.

To knit and to make surgical dressings are essential. But to do these things solely and ignore other National needs would be as if a mother felt her duty to her children to be done when she filled their stomachs and covered their backs.

Spiritual values of inestimable import to the Nation are at stake. Women must help to conserve them

Surgical dressings must be made—ceaselessly. Woolen garments must be furnished—endlessly. But, curiously enough, the making of these is no longer considered employment exclusively for women.

Simultaneously with the modern concept that women must come out of domestic seclusion to help keep National industries going and preserve the life of the social service agencies of the country, has come the feeling that any one with deft enough fingers, be he man, woman or child, should turn in and help make hospital supplies and field comforts for the military forces.

The call has gone out all over the country for men as well as women to give their leisure time to surgical dressings workrooms. School children, boys and girls both, are being taught the knack of turning out supplies for operating surgeons.

The knitting man or boy is no longer ridiculed.

No more is the girl driving a motor truck, or the woman who gives her days to fighting the battle for the preservation of labor standards. Nobody asks her why she does not stay at home and knit. Her fight is recognized as quintessential war work, of as great ultimate value to victory as fighting in the trenches and of far greater relative importance considering her abilities as a leader than all the knitting she could turn out.

UNIFORMED WOMEN.

The capital is a fascinating place at all times, but when the [illegible]ion is at war it is bewilderingly fa[illegible]ting—it is [illegible] the very quintessence of fascina[illegible], Frances Hooper writing from Washington

Perhaps it [illegible] the unusual number of [illegible] Stripes which you see [illegible] from every window and [illegible] post. Perhaps it is in the air of secrecy and mystery and the overpowering dignity of it all. Perhaps it is the many world-big men who have centered there. Perhaps it is the many uniforms.

But I am inclined to believe that it is mostly the uniforms. The Army officers with their olive drabs, their smart puttees, their swagger sticks; the Navy officers in their rich navy-blue and with their gorgeous buttons—the soldiers—the sailors—the airmen. And then, the women—even they are in uniform.

In Washington the Red Cross workers in all branches of actual service wear a uniform. And such trig affairs! The motor service women can be spotted by their long gray patch-pocketed, trench-belted motor coats, their soft, kiltielike caps, their riding breeches, their white and tan leggings, mannish shirt with a plain, stunning black tie.

The most common uniform is that of the supply service, in which there are more workers than all the other branches. These are the makers of surgical dressings and such supplies. The uniform consists of a long blue veil and white dress with blue arm band.

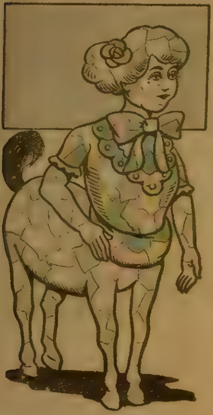
The members of the clerical service wear a little gray chambray, very, very becoming, with a dainty white muslin collar. The refreshment service has a dress stiff and starchy, of dark blue and white stripes with chic white collars and cuffs, completed by a white apron, upon the bib of which appears a lovely red cross.

A director or captain of a group or company wears above the broad arm band a narrow band of the same color upon which appears in silver the two bars of a captain, the first and second lieutenants wearing the single bars of the lieutenant's rank. Where there are several groups or companies forming a corps the commanding officer of the corps wears the eagle of the colonel and his aids or adjutants the leaf of the major, both in silver.

No service outside of home localities is required of members of the uniformed corps, but all must be members of the Red Cross and take and sign the oath of allegiance. Uniform permits are to be issued by chapter authorities and the right to withdraw these permits is reversed in case of disloyalty.

WHAT HAPPENED IN CRAZYQUILT LAND.

WHISPERING BILL SHOWS RAYMOND AND LUCILLE SOME REAL SIGHTS



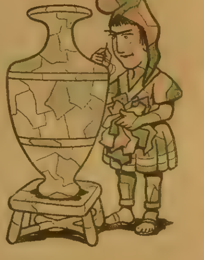
RAYMOND and Lucille, the duplicate children, hadn't been in Crazyquilt Land many days before they heard of Ragatag, the Crazyquilt colony of artists and rich folk. They heard of it so many times, in fact, that they soon became possessed of a keen desire to go there for a visit.

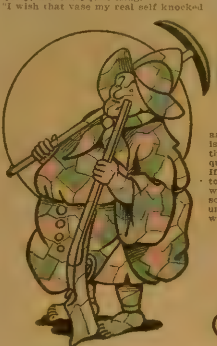
Imagine the two children's surprise and pleasure then, when Whispering Bill, the Crazyquilt Inspector, announced one day that the leading social light of the colony, the fashionable Mrs. Ragatag herself, had sent around her prancing Crazyquilt steeds and her Crazyquilt chariot ridden by a prancing Crazyquilt maiden, to take Raymond and Lucille and Whispering Bill to her house.

The steeds and the chariot and the maiden were even then waiting in front of Whispering Bill's house. Whispering Bill told the children they had better hurry if they wished to go to Ragatag, for the prancing steeds, and the prancing maiden, might get impatient, as they didn't like to prance very long in one place.

So the children and the Crazyquilt Inspector clambered onto the chariot and away went the prancing steeds, waltzing and two-stepping down the road at lightning speed. There was no bridle to guide the Crazyquilt steeds, as they knew the way to Ragatag without guidance, and the prancing maiden was too busy prancing, anyhow, to give much thought to driving. It wasn't long before the chariot and its occupants were in the well-known colony of Ragatag.

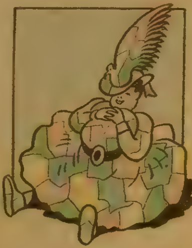
"Hey, want to buy one of my beautiful Crazyquilt vases?" called out a man who was making Crazyquilt vases at the side of the road. The party stopped to watch him and Raymond and Lucille saw that he didn't use clay at all, but just stitched on patch after patch of brightly colored cloth until he had a large Crazyquilt vase completed. "I'm the Crazyquilt Potter," he announced proudly, "vase-maker to the charming Mrs. Ragatag and his Majesty, the Crazyquilt King."

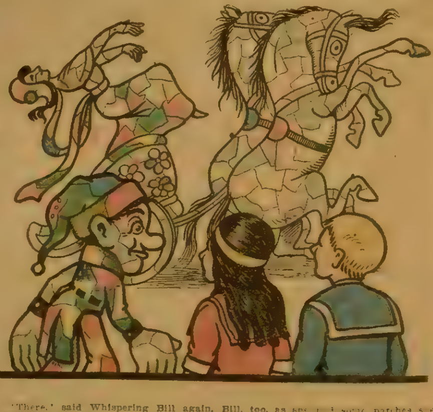




"I wish that vase my real self knocked off the mantel last month had been a Crazyquilt vase," mused Raymond. "Then it wouldn't have smashed to smithereens."

The little party then went on in the chariot until they saw a very stout lady seated on the ground. "There," said Whispering Bill, "is a lady who never stands up. Of course she used to walk around like the rest of us, but one day as she sat down on the very spot where she is now seated, a Crazyquilt worm came up and took hold of one end of a stitch of her skirt and carried it 'way down into the ground before she knew it. The farther the worm carried the thread, the more the lady became unraveled. To tell you the truth, she hasn't any back, as what was once her Crazyquilt back is now one long thread strung out under the ground to the place where the Crazyquilt worm carried the end of the stitch. If the lady gets up and walks, she is apt to unravel herself entirely and then she won't be anything but a hank of thread, so she prefers to remain where she is until she becomes ragged." The chariot with its occupants went on.





"There," said Whispering Bill again, when they passed a beautiful Crazyquilt statue which was part lady and part horse, "there is Marginette the Beautiful, or rather the upper half of her is Marginette. One day Marginette was riding her Crazyquilt horse when both horse and rider plunged over a precipice into a chasm. Both were ripped and torn, and the stupid seamstress who was called to sew them together properly made a mistake and sewed Marginette's head and trunk to the body of the horse. Somewhere in Crazyquilt Land the beautiful Marginette's limbs are walking around surmounted by the horse's head. It always pays to employ the very best seamstress in case of accident."

"Who is that man over there?" asked Raymond, pointing to a stout man carrying a gun and a pick.

"That," answered Whispering Bill, "is the Crazyquilt Hunter, who, instead of peering into caves when hunting wild Crazyquilt animals, digs his own cave, crawls into it and waits for the animals to do the peering."

"Well," said Lucille, "you've shown us some queer sights today, Whispering Bill."

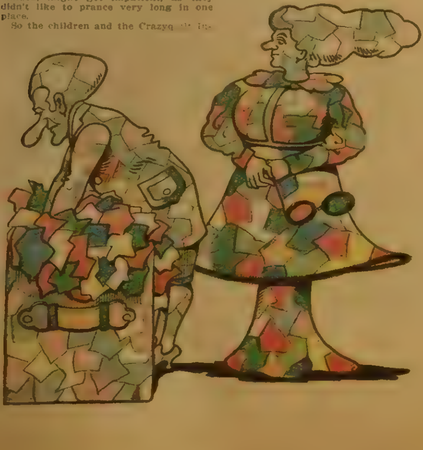
"Maybe they do seem queer to you," replied Whispering Bill, "but such things are not uncommon in Crazyquilt Land. Here we are now at Mrs. Ragatag's, thanks to the efforts of the prancing steeds and the prancing maiden who have brought us here."

Mrs. Ragatag was delighted to meet the duplicate children of whom everybody in Crazyquilt Land had been speaking. She was glad to see Whispering Bill, too, as she had some patches she wanted inspected to find out if they were of the best material.

"James," Mrs. Ragatag called to her man servant after a while, "I am going to give a reception tonight with Raymond and Lucille and Whispering Bill as the guests of honor. Send out Crazyquilt invitations to all of our best people and mind that you get my very best patches out of my trunk, so that I may look presentable. I don't want it said that Mrs. Hemstitch and Mrs. R[illegible] have patches brighter and better than mine. And James, isn't it about time you had a blue patch sewed on the end of your nose instead of that red patch you have been wearing for more than a week? What will the neighbors say?"

"Yes, ma'am, very good, ma'am. You are quite right," replied James, while Raymond and Lucille grinned because they realized that even in Crazyquilt Land folks like to be stylish.

(To Be Continued.)



The Pirate Ring

A Story for Children

THE little Princess Pigtails cried and cried.

The good king was perplexed and sorrowful. Oh, dear, what should he do? The chamberlain had said that all the court was talking about it and that it was an outrage. He grew very red in the face with anger and wanted to know how he, the grand chamberlain, was going to preserve the royal dignity of the house if the king allowed such things to go on. And she, Pigtails, the only princess in the realm.

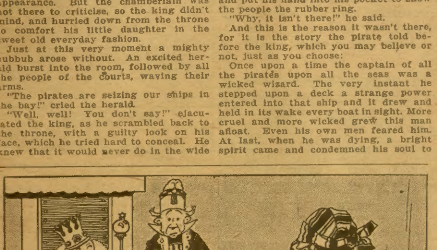
You see, the little girl had been out in the back yard making mud pies with the fisher boy Chris.

Chris was good and sweet, so she liked him, and when her royal father had put a stop to her playing in the dirt with him she wept and wept and wept. The king grew sorrier and sorrier until his great crown tipped over his left eye, spoiling very much the dignity of his appearance. But the chamberlain was not there to criticise, so the king didn't mind, and hurried down from the throne to comfort his little daughter in the sweet old everyday fashion.

Just at this very moment a mighty hubbub arose without. An excited herald burst into the room, followed by all the people of the courts, waving their arms.

"The pirates are seizing our ships in the bay!" cried the herald.

"Well, well! You don't say!" ejaculated the king, as he scrambled back to the throne, with a guilty look on his face, which he tried hard to conceal. He knew that it would never do in the wide world to let the court catch him loving any one, and he was afraid the herald would suspect something, for he had dropped the Princess Pigtails in such a hurry when the door opened.



"Well, well," said the king again, trying hard to work up a worried little wrinkle between his eyes. Then he composed, with tremendous effort, this mighty proclamation:

"H. R. H. Otto, King of Borderland, offers his daughter and his crown to the one who rids the sea of this lawless pirate band!"

While this was being cried among the stirred-up people, rushing this way and that about the city streets, unhappy Chris was going home, as he had been ordered by the strutting chamberlain. He was thinking how he never again should see his kind little Princess Pigtails.

Because he was sorry and tearful, his eyes were on the ground, and he saw a rubber ring lying in his path. He picked it up and kept it.

He was a manly little fellow and did not want anybody at home to see tears in his eyes, so he went down to the shore and hoisted his wee sail, and, altho it was very late, put out on the sunset sea.

The motion of the waves lulled him to sleep. The day passed into night. The boat rocked farther and farther away, and Chris dreamed that a strange thing happened. A long line of black shadow ships seemed to be following in his wake. They came silently on, obeying his every turn as tho his boat were their rudder. Across the high bows rows of white scared faces peered at him, their lips moving in frightened whispers. At last in the still night he caught the strange words:

"The rubber ring! The rubber ring!"

Cold and shivering he wakened and looked around. His dream was true! Sure enough, there were the black ships, the white, scared faces and the softly whispered words. What should he do? He put his hand into his pocket, and there he felt the rubber ring. He rubbed it and in a minute he was softly floating homeward, and after him followed the black ships.

Morning dawned, and a group of wondering people stood on the shore watching a wee brown boat bobbing over the waves with all the pirate fleet in tow. Nearer and nearer it came, and a great glad cheer went up from all the king's men when they recognized the shining head of Chris the little fisher boy. You see, everybody knew Chris and loved him—everybody but the sallow, puffed-up chamberlain, who couldn't see anything beyond the end of his old nose, anyhow.

Somebody ran and told the story to the king, who sat up in bed with his red nightcap on and rubbed his eyes.

"Well, well! You don't say! Well, well!" he yawned, trying to wake up. "Bring the boy to me with the leader of the pirate band. Let there be rejoicing thruout the land, for from its most dreaded foe it is at last delivered!"

So Chris washed his face and went up to the court with the big black-haired pirate, who seemed ridiculously afraid of him, and he was so little.

"Well, well!" cried the king, quite awake, as Chris finished his simple story and put his hand into his pocket to show the people the rubber ring.

"Why, it isn't there!" he said.

And this is the reason it wasn't there, for it is the story the pirate told before the king, which you may believe or not, just as you choose:

Once upon a time the captain of all the pirates upon all the seas was a wicked wizard. The very instant he stepped upon a deck a strange power entered into that ship and it drew and held in its wake every boat in sight. More cruel and more wicked grew this man afloat. Even his own men feared him. At last, when he was dying, a bright spirit came and condemned his soul to be bound in a rubber ring. Never could it be free until some one by chance found it and, all unknowing, should lead his ships into the captivity of the people he had so often wronged—the subjects of the king of Borderland.

The night before, as the men were planning to pillage the coast, they felt the old familiar power drawing their ships, and, pale with fear, they remembered the soul in the rubber ring.

The king knew the rest.

So he did. He gave the pirates to the people that they might make good citizens of them. To the boy Chris he offered his daughter, the Princess Pigtails, and half his crown. (He'd thought it all over and decided that it was wiser than giving the whole, and so it was, so it was!)

But Chris did not seem overjoyed with the gifts. He said he thought the crown must be heavy, and he guessed he'd rather go home and whittle out a ship like the biggest one of the pirate fleet. He promised to come up sometimes, when he felt like it, to make mud pies in the back yard with Pigtails, but he didn't think he would like to have a girl around all the time.

❦

A Bit of Catnip.

The big black cat wasn't supposed to come into the house, but once in a while he would slip in, in spite of the most careful watching. One day when the family were eating dinner, there was the faintest, most apologetic little "miaow" beside the little girl's chair, and when she looked down, there was the big black cat purring softly as if to say: "This is very nice in here. Please let me stay."

All at once the big cat's eyes grew bright and eager, and he stood up on his hind feet beside father's chair, sniffing at father's pocket and pulling gently at it with his claws.

"What is he doing?" and "What does he want?" asked every one.

Father said, "Here, here, what are you doing?" but the big cat didn't pay any attention.

Suddenly father laughed and put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a little dried-up green leaf, which he threw on to the floor. At once the cat left the pocket and sniffed at the faded leaf, and lovingly rubbed his head on it and then ate it. Father found a few more tiny pieces in his pocket and threw these down on the floor.

"I know," cried the little girl, "it's catnip."

"Yes," said father. "When I was in the country one day several weeks ago I picked a tiny spray of catnip, and I must have put into my pocket and forgot all about it."

Cats have a keen sense of smell, and the big black cat had soon found that there was catnip around and had hunted until he found it. He ate every tiny scrap; he rubbed his head on the floor, first one side and then the other, where the leaves had been; then he lay down and rolled over and over on the place where there was still some of the catnip smell.

"If you like it that well, you shall surely have some more catnip if I can find any," cried the little girl. "I never saw a cat act like that before."

Perhaps you have a cat, and if you ever want to give it a present that will please it more than anything else, just try giving it a spray of catnip or hang a tiny ball of dried catnip on the Christmas tree, and then you'll see some fun.

❦

SMART OFFICE BOY.

A foreign book contains an interesting anecdote that Baron de Reuter told to the author:

"I had just made a start in London," said the founder of the famous news agency, "and had gone to eat a modest lunch, when my little office boy, who had been told where to find me, rushed in breathlessly to say that a gentleman had called to see me—a foreign-looking gentleman, he added.

"Why did you let him go?" I exclaimed. "I would have come round at once to see him."

"'Please, sir, I didn't,' was the reply. 'He is still at the office. I've locked him in!'"

And so one of Reuter's earliest and most prized subscribers was acquired. The resourceful office boy subsequently became secretary and later a director of the company.

❦

HARD TO DO.

An Irish priest was proudly boasting to his visitor, an English clergyman, of the great respect of his parishioners for their pastor. Strolling along a country road at the time, they met a little boy, who was endeavoring to keep in check a large goat. The clergyman passed, but the boy did not raise his hat.

"Is that one of your parishioners?" demanded the English priest.

"I'm sorry to say he is," replied the other. And, calling to the boy, he demanded: "Is that the way you are taught to respect your clergy? Why did you not salute?"

The youngster, with both hands on the rope, replied:

"If yer revirence houlds this wan I'll salute ye."

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There was the usual pause which pupils indulge in because it flatters the teacher by making her suppose her problem is a very deep one, and that her wisdom is, therefore, profound. Then a bright little girl held up her hand.

"Please, miss," she said, "you would sell it to a friend."

A NEAT JOB.

Phillips Brooks sent to a religious paper an article in which he said: "We pray too loud and work too little." The compositor made a neat job, and when the article appeared the sentence read: "We bray too loud and work too little."

"I let it go at that," said the Bishop, in telling the story. "The fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never ventured to correct him."

Classified Want Ads

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For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

Wide Lace of Attractive Pattern

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

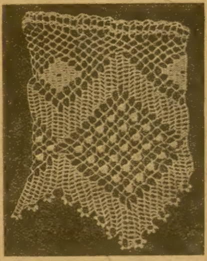
THIS very attractive pattern of crocheted lace can be made of any size thread, according to the use for which it is intended. Of coarse thread, in either ecru or white, it is very handsome for the ends of library table scarf or round linen centerpiece; in finer thread in white for towel ends, pillow case ends, dresser scarfs, table runners, etc., of very fine thread it will be elegant around an embroidered linen centerpiece, luncheon cloth, etc.

Start with 67 ch sts.

First Row—1 do cr into the 4th st, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 2 do cr into the same st, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 do cr, 1 do cr into each of the next 6 sts, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 do cr into each of the next 6 sts, 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 do cr, * 1 ch st, skip 1 st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have made 9 do cr, 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 do cr, * 1 ch st, skip 1 st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have made 9 do cr, 8 ch sts, catch back into the 4th st, forming a picot, p. 5 ch sts, form 1 p, 5 ch sts, 1 p, 3 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—1 do cr into ch st, back of first p, * 1 ch st, skip 1 st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have made 9 do cr, catching do cr into do cr of previous row, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr, catch into last do cr of the 9 of previous row, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr into center st of loop, 5 ch sts, skip 1 do cr, make 1 si cr, * 1 ch st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have 8 do cr, 1 ch st, 1 do cr, 1 ch st, 1 do cr all over loop, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr over next loop, 5 ch sts, skip 2 do cr, 1 do cr into each st until you have 11 do cr, * 5 ch sts, 1 si cr over loop, repeat *, 5 ch sts, 2 do cr into do cr, 2 ch sts, 2 do cr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Third Row—1 do cr, 2 ch sts, 2 do cr, 3 ch sts, 1 si cr over loop, * 5 ch sts, 1 si cr over next loop, repeat * 5 ch sts, skip 2 do cr, 1 do cr into each of the next 7 sts, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr over loop, 5 ch sts, 1 do cr over next loop, 1 ch st, 1 do cr over same loop, * 1 ch st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have 8 do cr, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr over loop, 5 ch sts, * wrap once over hook and loop loosely over ch, repeat * for 8 times, once over hook thru all 5 ch sts, 1 si cr over next loop, 5 ch sts, skip 2 do cr, 1 do cr, * 1 ch st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have 8 do cr, making the last 2 do cr over ch before p, 8 ch sts, catch back into the 4th st, forming a p, 5 ch sts, form 1 p, 5 ch sts, 1 p, 2 ch sts, turn.



Fourth Row—1 do cr into first ch st, 1 ch st, skip 1 st, 1 do cr, * 1 ch st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have 7 do cr, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr, repeat until you have 4 loops, 5 ch sts, skip 2 do cr, 1 do cr, * 1 ch st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have 9 do cr, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, 3 do cr over the 3 center sts of gr, * 5 ch sts, 1 si cr, repeat * until you have 4 loops, 2 do cr, 2 ch sts, 2 do cr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fifth Row—1 do cr, 2 ch sts, 2 do cr, 3 ch sts, 1 si cr, * 5 ch sts, 1 si cr, repeat * until you have 5 loops, 1 do cr over next loop, 1 ch st, 1 do cr over same loop, * 1 ch st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have 7 do cr, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, 8 loop st as described in 3d row, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, 8 loop st, 5 ch sts, 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, skip 2 do cr, 1 do cr, * 1 ch st, 1 do cr, repeat * until you have 9 do cr, 8 ch sts, catch back, make 3 p, 2 ch sts, turn.

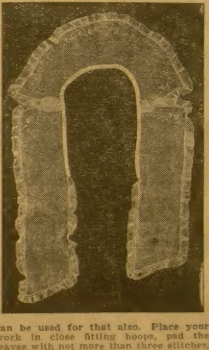
The remaining rows are a repetition of these, widening each row until the 11th row, then narrow each row to the 21st row, which repeats the 1st row, completing the pattern.

Handy Collar and Cuff Set

THE handy girl can make many pretty collar and cuff sets for her jacket and blouse. The collar, with long tabs, shown in this illustration, requires very little work, but it will transform the plain waist of last season into a most attractive, up-to-date dressy portion of her attire. A one-yard fine piece of sheer lawn or other thin wash material is required.

Hemstitching plays a prominent part in the making of all the dainty dress accessories. Most of the better sewing machines have the hemstitching attachment; if one has not such an attachment, the department stores take orders and do this work at so much per yard; it is not expensive.

The frill edging the collar and long tabs should be one inch wide when finished. The edge instead of being hemmed is picot edged; this gives a very dainty finish and is simple to make. Cut the frill about two and one-half inches wide, hemstitch thru the center and cut exactly thru the center of the hemstitching; thus you have picoted the edge of two pieces at once. If sent out to be done, make up the entire collar before sending.



The simple design of small leaves and dots follows the general shape of the collar. Use 6 strand mercerized embroidery cotton for this fine work. Use two threads in the needle at once; the padding is so slight that the same thread can be used for that also. Place your work in close fitting hoops, pad the leaves with not more than three stitches, taken lengthwise of the leaf, then turn and work across with even stitches close together. Do not draw them too tight, as this material is fine and easily pulled. For the dots, work in the same manner, and outline the stems.

The open flowers are padded more heavily than the leaves and require care in shaping each petal. For the center, make a round eyelet in each flower. Finish the inside edge of the collar with a bias band of lawn. The tab at the right hand side is two inches longer than the opposite one; when they are brought together and caught with a long bar pin one end hangs below the other.

Cuffs five inches wide match the tabs and have the same flower design on the top corner.

The same shaped collar can be finished without the frill by rolling a tiny hem, and over this crochet with No. 100 mercerized crochet cotton, making 7 sl cr, 3 ch sts, forming a picot; repeat for all edges.

Any of the other narrow finishing edges of crochet or tatting, in white or the dainty colors, can be used with good effect.

⁂

THE WAISTCOAT.

Some one asserts that within five years all women will be wearing coats and trousers in the street. Be that as it may, one feature of the masculine wardrobe has been already taken over, vestpocket, lapel and buckled belt complete—and that is the waistcoat. What with her natty little cane and her white expanse of waistcoat, the New York young woman looks very swagger indeed as she strolls up the avenue. These new waistcoats are mostly of white pique cut in double breasted style with flat pearl buttons and a rather high neck opening finished with narrow, flat lapels exactly like a man's waistcoast. Neither is the little buckled belt which insures a neat fit in man's waistcoat forgotten in the feminine replica.

⁂

USE OF COLOR.

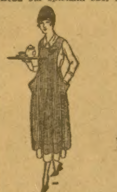
The world is wiser and better dressed when the great artists produce glorious colors as accessories to gowns of somber tones. Even then, there are a thousand women who go astray to a dozen who go right. The helpful artists in dress will explain to women with intelligent patience that any kind of color can be managed in a costume if it is not placed next to the skin. It is for this reason, and this alone, that those who deal in evening gowns have made an artistic success in choosing the most difficult color for the skin, if they so wish, and then building a bodice of tulle or crystals that rests against the skin of the neck without doing it any harm.

Pattern Coupons Free!

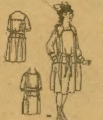
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

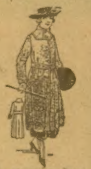
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



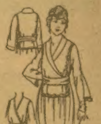
No. 9598 Work Apron, 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 bust.



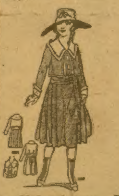
No. 9588 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.



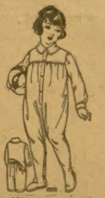
No. 9400 Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



No. 9580 Blouse in Surplice Effect, 36 to 44 bust.



No. 9594 Girl's Dress, 10 to 14 years.



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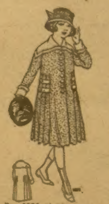
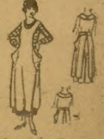


No. 9572 Girl's Coat 4 to 8 years.



No. 9582 Work Apron, 34 or 36, 38 or 40, 42 or 44 bust.

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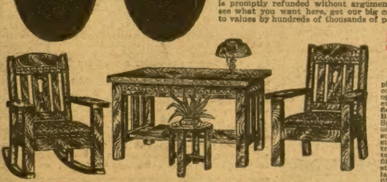

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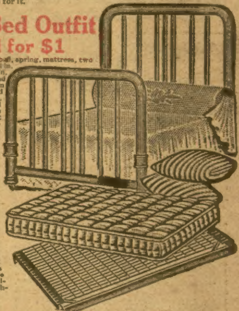
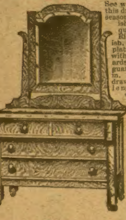


Handsome Dresser Shipped for $1



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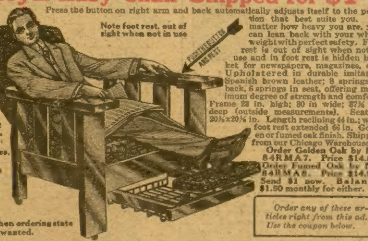
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Note foot rest, out of sight when not in use

A basket for newspapers, magazines, etc., is hidden in foot rest. Made in Golden Oak or Fumed Oak. When ordering state which is wanted.

Press the button on right arm and back automatically adjusts itself to the position that best suits you. No matter how heavy you are, you can lean back with your whole weight with perfect safety. Foot rest is out of sight when not in use and in foot rest is hidden basket for newspapers, magazines, etc. Upholstered in durable imitation Spanish brown leather; 8 springs in back, 6 springs in seat, offering maximum degree of strength and comfort. Frame 28 in. high; 30 in wide; 37¾ in. deep (outside measurements). Seat is 20½x20¾ in. Length reclining 44 in.; with foot rest extended 66 in. Golden or fumed oak finish. Shipped from our Chicago Warehouse.

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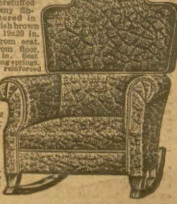

A superb design. Two panel back. Overstuffed arms. Mahogany finish. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather. Seat 19x20 in. Back 28 in. from seat. Seat 15 in from floor. Total height 40 in. Seat rests on nine strong springs. Back and seat reinforced with steel bands. A big, roomy, easy chair that gives comfort to body and elegance to the room. Shipping weight 55 lbs. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory in Western N.Y. State. Order by No. 94 RMA 7. Price $8.95 Send only $1 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1 each.

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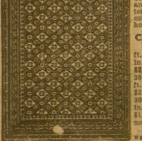

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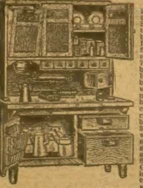

Saves work in the kitchen. Has everything right at hand. Sent on 30 days' free trial. A sensational bargain. Solid oak. Has 40 lb. capacity flour bin with metal sifter. Spice drawers. 7 lb. capacity sugar bin. Rolling pin rack. Roomy china cupboard. 42x25 in. whitewood table top. Removable kneading board. Handy utensil cupboard with wire rack. Bread and cake box. Drawer bottoms 3 ply lumber, will not warp or split. Base mounted on invisible slides. Moves easily and does not scratch floor. Height 66 in. Glossed golden oak finish. Shipped from factory in Central Indiana. Shipping weight 175 lbs. **Order by No. 277RMA3. Price $15.95. Send $1 now. Balance $1.75 monthly.**

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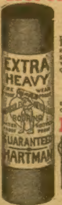

If you are going to roof your house, get our prices and easy terms on the famous Hercules Roofing. Made in all plys and weights. Flint surfaced, marble surfaced, red rock surfaced, green rock surfaced. Rust proof, water proof, weather proof. Send coupon or post card request for FREE Samples and Book.

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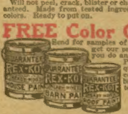

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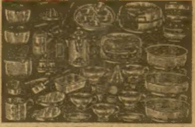
42-Piece Aluminum Set



Sent for $1 Will not rust, scald, chip or crack. Set comprises following articles: 9-piece combination double roaster with 2 outer shells, inside pudding pan, 5 custard cups with perforated pan holder. 2 outer shells make an excellent roaster for chicken, steaks and other meats; using perforated inset and small pudding pan; it is a combination cooker and steamer. The three pans are also used separately over the fire as cake pan, bake dish, pudding pan or for any purpose where open pans are used; 7 cup coffee percolator with inset (2 pieces); 6-qt. preserving kettle, 2 bread pans, 2 pie plates, 1 and 2 qt. lipped sauce pans, 1 ladle, 2 jelly cake pans with loose bottoms (4 pieces), 1 caster set, salt and pepper shakers, toothpick holder and frame (4 pieces), measuring cup, 1 combination funnel (6 pieces), 3 measuring spoons, 1 strainer, 1 sugar shaker, 1 grater; 1 cake turner, 1 lemon juice extractor. Shipping weight about 10 lbs.

Shipped direct from Chicago warehouse. Order by No. 415RMA12. Price complete set of 42 pieces. Packed in special carton only $9.76. Send $1 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1 each.

Hartman Furniture and Carpet Co.,
3926 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 1155, Chicago, Ill.

Send me the merchandise marked X, it being understood that I am to have the use of it for 30 days and if, for any reason, I do not want to keep it I can return it at the end of that time and you will pay freight both ways and refund my payment. If I keep it I am to have the benefit of the terms given in this advertisement. I enclose $1 on each article marked.

☐ Bed Outfit No. 153RMA19. White Finish.	☐ Bed Outfit No. 153RMA20. Vernis Martin Finish.	☐ 4-Piece Library Set. No. 110RMA7.	
☐ Rocker. No. 94RMA7.	☐ Easy Chair No. 84RMA7. Golden Oak Finish.	☐ Easy Chair No. 84RMA8. Fumed Oak Finish.	
☐ Dresser. No. 189RMA9.	☐ Kitchen Cabinet. No. 277RMA3.	☐ Roofing and Paint, Book and Samples.	☐ Catalog Only
☐ 8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. Rug. No. 30RMA15.	☐ 9x12 ft. Rug No. 30RMA16.	☐ 11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft. Rug. No. 30RMA17.	☐ Aluminum Set No. 415RMA12.

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